

# SPIRITUAL SONGS

FOR CHURCH AND CHOIR

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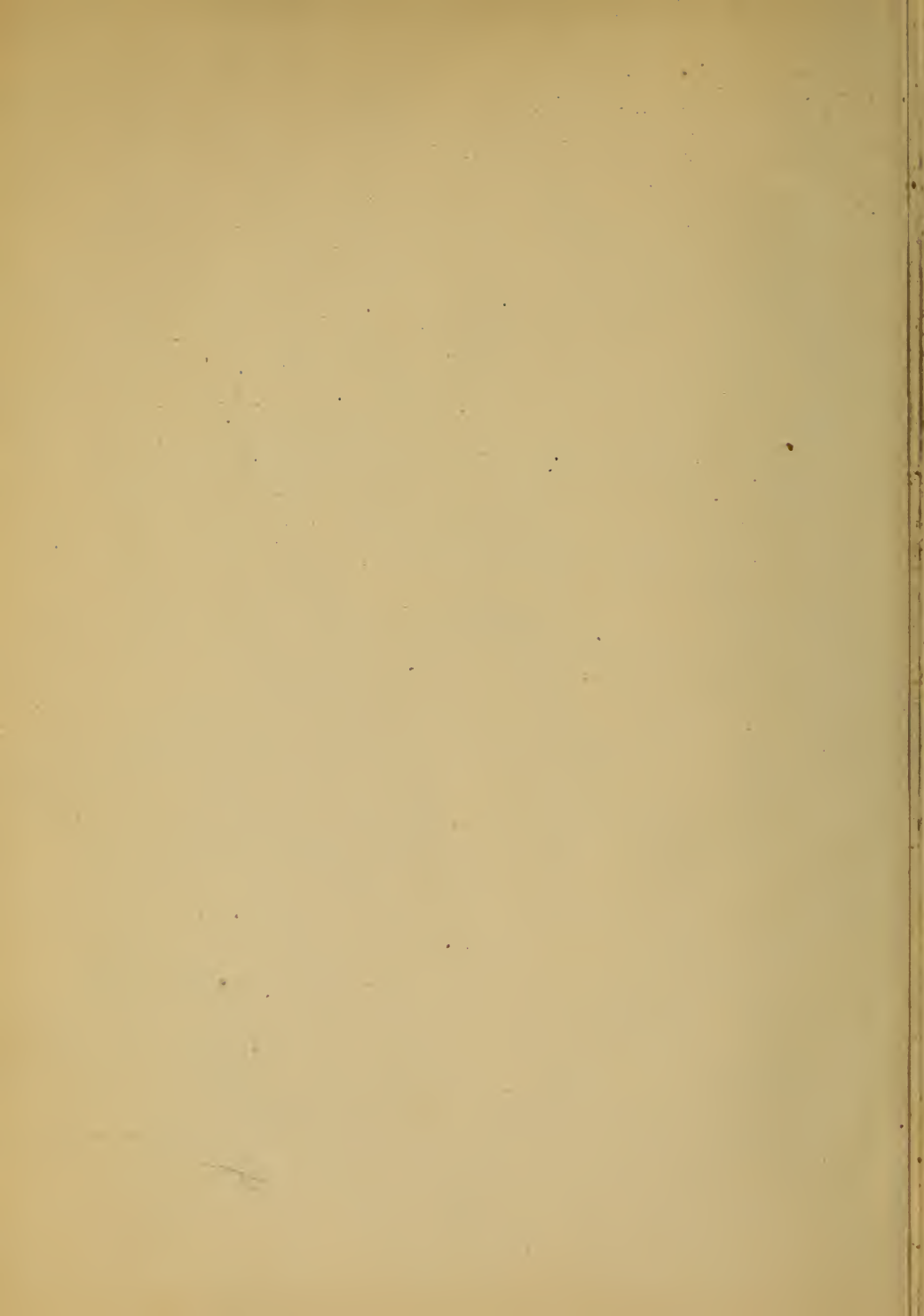
before his presence with singing.

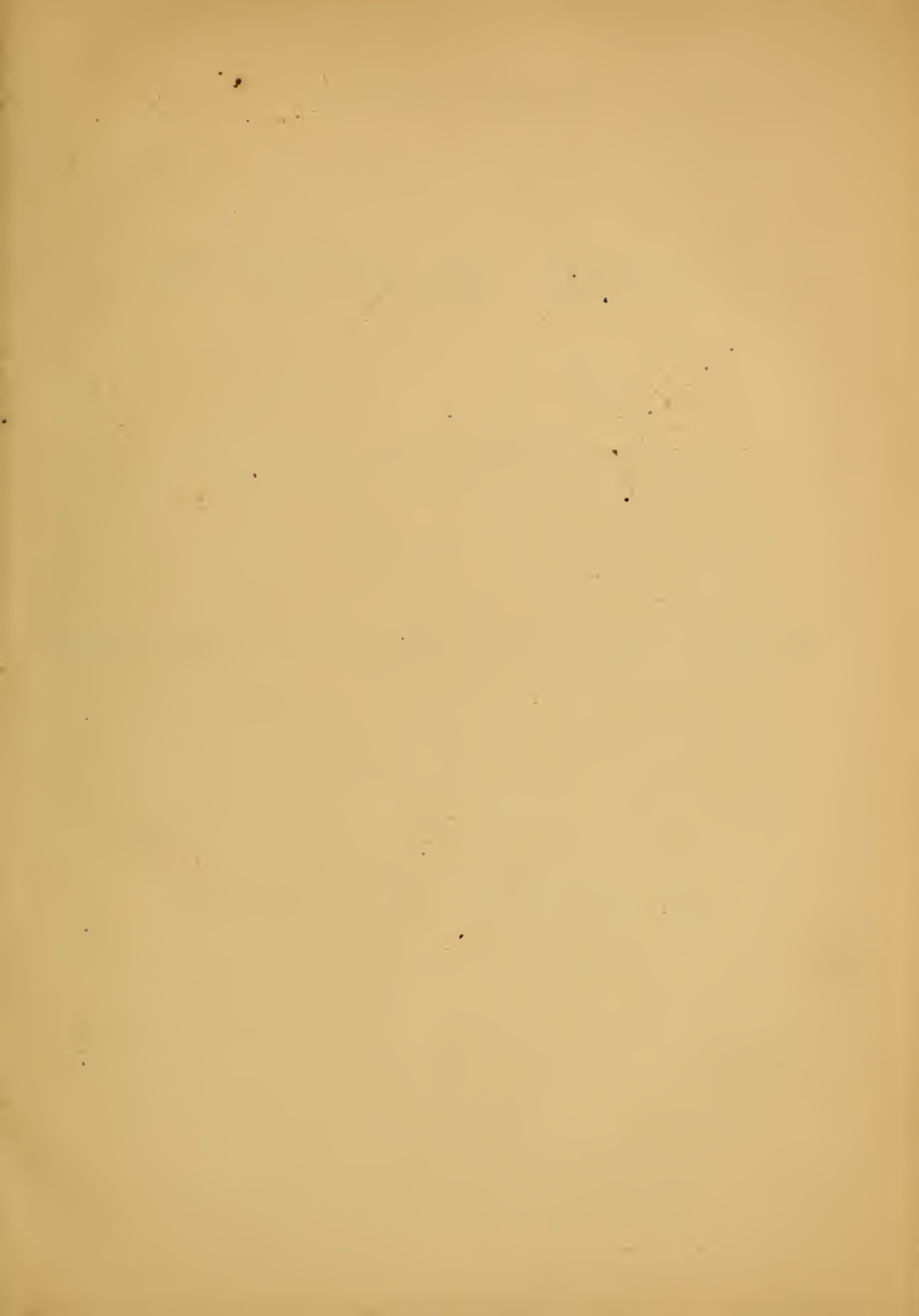
Enter into his gates with thanks-  
giving, and into his courts with praise:  
be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let  
all the people praise thee. Then shall  
the earth yield her increase; and God,  
even our own God, shall bless us.











A SELECTION OF



# SPIRITUAL SONGS

WITH MUSIC

FOR THE CHURCH AND THE CHOIR.

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SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D.

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THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.



The books of the Spiritual Songs Series are now offered to the Christian public for use in the three departments of religious work and devotion: I. Spiritual Songs for the Church and the Choir; II. Spiritual Songs for Social Worship; III. Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-School. It is believed that the use of such a series of Manuals in the singing of the people, young and old together, will at once elevate the taste and increase the interest of all.

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## PREFACE: 1883.

It is evident that there have been for several years two diverging drifts of sentiment in reference to the service of song in public worship: on the one hand, a preference for music of decided melody and hymns accompanied by a refrain; on the other, a taste for tunes constructed on the model of the English and German chorals, and hymns of a more stately character and varied rhythm. To meet the popular need of the present day a manual must include much that is new, while retaining whatever is standard and well beloved.

The plan of this book, by which some hymns (about one-fifth of the entire number) are printed without music, was that employed in "Songs for the Sanctuary," and in both collections it has received the approval of thousands of churches. It is thought to be, on the whole, the best for the largest number of congregations. The unset hymns are intended more especially for the use of choirs, who may adapt them to tunes of their own choice from this book or others; the remaining hymns may be sung by choir and congregation together to the music furnished, of which a wide choice is afforded here. A hymn need not be considered as fixed to the music under which it stands, for oftentimes mechanical reasons have constrained its position, and more appropriate music may be found upon the opposite page. It so happens that the unusual meters and the strange structures of some modern hymns are precisely what most artistic leaders of trained choirs love to find; and, with proper notice, such hymns can be made most profitably to take the places of anthems and set pieces in the services.

When the minister wishes to use an unset hymn, he should confer with the leader before giving it out, that a tune may be selected, and this, as well as the hymn, should be announced to the congregation.

In the present volume, while ample provision has thus been made for strictly congregational singing, yet, as its title suggests, SPIRITUAL SONGS FOR CHURCH AND CHOIR may be used to an equal advantage when a trained choir conducts the service of praise.

CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

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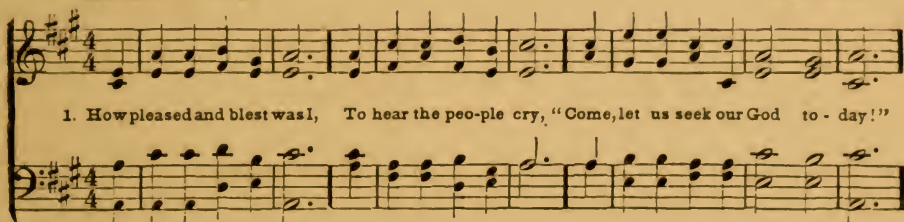
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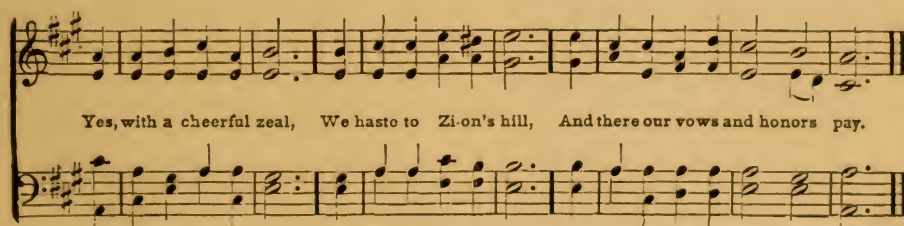
# SPIRITUAL SONGS.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"



Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

1

*Psaln 122.*

I. WATTS.

How PLEASED and blest was I,  
To hear the people cry,  
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"  
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—  
Adorned with wondrous grace,  
While walls of strength embrace thee round: For here my friends and kindred dwell;  
In thee our tribes appear,  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

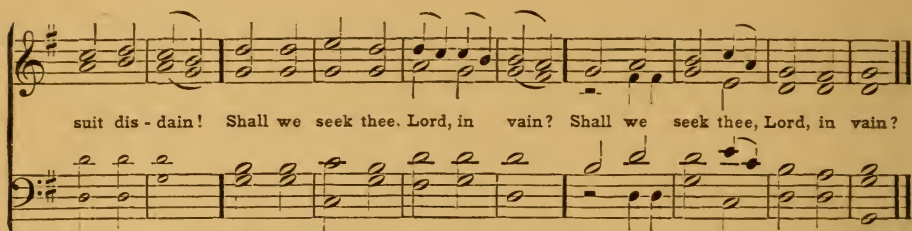
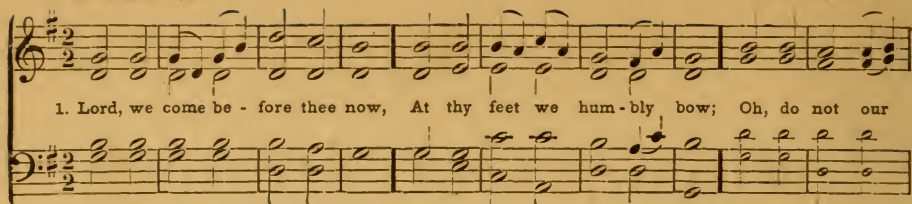
3 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of every guest:  
The man who seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest!

4 My tongue repeats her vows,  
"Peace to this sacred house!"  
For here my friends and kindred dwell;  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.



## HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.



2

*"Thy face we seek."*

W. HAMMOND.

LORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
Oh, do not our suit disdain!  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee; here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those that are cast down lift up;  
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick; the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

3

*Jesus intercedes.*

J. MONTGOMERY.

To ~~thy~~ temple we repair—  
Lord, we love to worship there,  
When within the vail we meet  
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,  
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

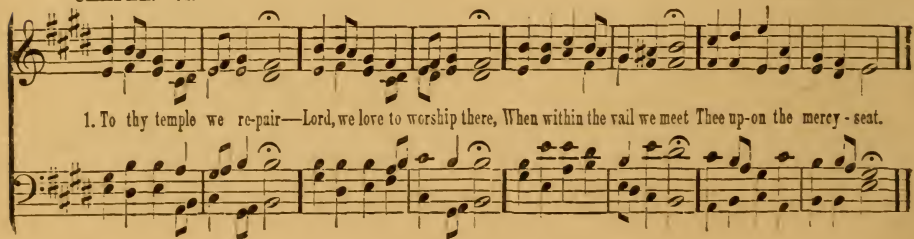
3 While to thee our prayers ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend;  
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,  
While we tremble at thy law,  
Let thy gospel's wondrous love  
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn;  
That at evening we may say—  
"We have walked with God to-day."

## CHAPEL. 7s.

GERMAN CHORAL.





## DIJON. 7a.

GERMAN EVENING HYMN.

1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heaven-ly Shepherd, lead thy charge,

And my couch with ten-d'rest care, 'Mid the springing grass pre-pare.

4

*Psalm 23.*

J. MERRICK.

5

*Twilight.*

S. F. SMITH.

To thy pastures fair and large,  
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,  
And my couch, with tenderest care,  
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
With thy rod and staff supplied,  
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;  
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath day;  
Gently as life's setting sun,  
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;  
'Tis the holy peace of God—  
Symbol of the peace within  
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,  
Where the evening worshiper  
Seeks communion with the skies,  
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be  
Days of joy and peace in thee,  
Till in heaven our souls repose,  
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

## WEBER. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

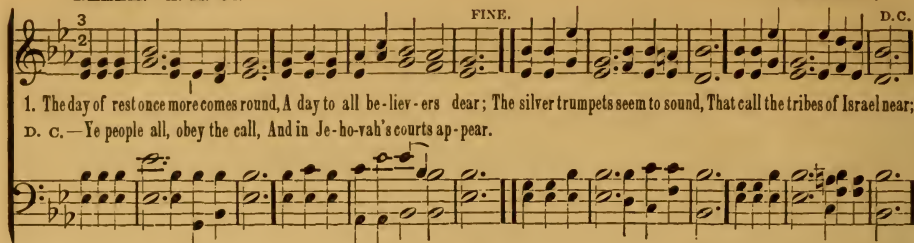
1. Soft-ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho-ly Sab-bath day;

Gent-ly as life's set-ting sun, When the Chris-tian's course is run.

RAKEM. L. M. 61.

I. B. WOODBURY,

D. C.



1. The day of rest once more comes round, A day to all be-liev-ers dear; The silver trumpets seem to sound, That call the tribes of Israel near;  
D. C. — Ye people all, obey the call, And in Je-ho-rah's courts ap-pear.

6

"Day of Rest."

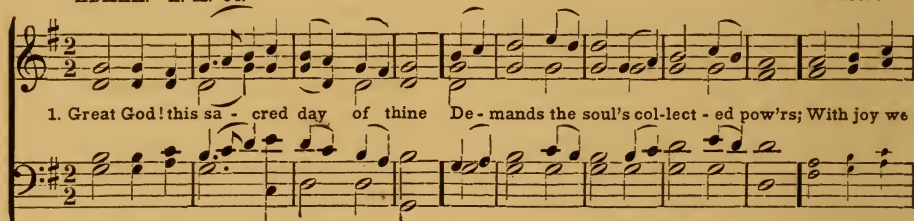
T. KELLY.

THE day of rest once more comes round,  
A day to all believers dear;  
The silver trumpets seem to sound,  
That call the tribes of Israel near;  
Ye people all, obey the call,  
And in Jehovah's courts appear.  
2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,  
We to thy sanctuary come;

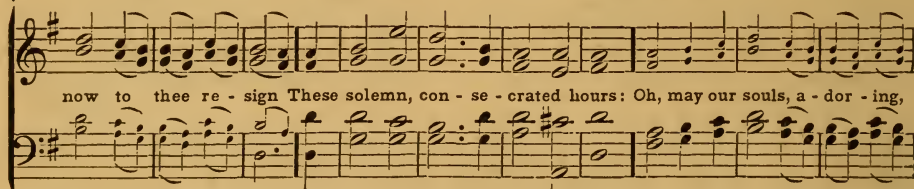
Thy gracious presence here afford,  
And send thy people joyful home;  
Of thee our King, oh, may we sing,  
And none with such a theme be dumb.  
3 Oh, hasten, Lord, the day when those  
Who know thee here shall see thy face;  
When suffering shall for ever close,  
And they shall reach their destined place;  
Then shall they rest, supremely blest,  
Eternal debtors to thy grace.

ADMAH. L. M. 61.

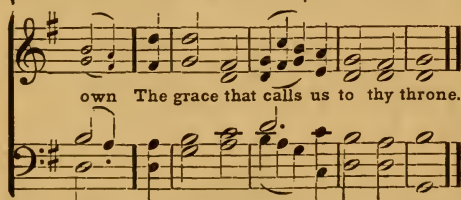
LOWELL MASON.



1. Great God! this sa - cred day of thine De - mands the soul's col - lect - ed pow'rs; With joy we



now to thee re - sign These solemn, con - se - crated hours: Oh, may our souls, a - dor - ing,



own The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!  
Where God resides appear no more;  
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore;  
Oh, may thy grace our hearts refine,  
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

7

Grace in Service.

A. STEELE.

GREAT God! this sacred day of thine  
Demands the soul's collected powers;  
With joy we now to thee resign  
These solemn, consecrated hours;  
Oh, may our souls, adoring, own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;  
Oh, may thy word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear and warm the heart;  
Then shall the day indeed be thine;  
Then shall our souls, adoring, own  
The grace which calls us to thy throne.



BROWNELL. L. M. 61.

FROM F. J. HAYDN.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

8

Psalm 23.

J. ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,

My weary, wandering steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy presence shall my pains beguile:  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned;  
And streams shall murmur all around.

YOAKLEY. L. M. 61.

W. YOAKLEY.

1. { When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes mine eyes, } [away,  
Sun of righteousness divine, On me with beams of mercy shine!] Oh, chase the cloud of guilt  
away, And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King  
My morning-sacrifice I bring,  
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,  
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;  
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,  
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
And, as each morning sun shall rise,  
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

9

Constant Devotion.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,  
The morning light salutes mine eyes,  
O Sun of righteousness divine,  
On me with beams of mercy shine!

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
And, as each morning sun shall rise,  
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

LISCHER. H. M.

F. SCHNEIDER.



1. { Welcome, delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest; }  
 { I hail thy kind re - turn;— Lord, make these moments blest: } From the low train Of mortal toys,  
 I soar to reach Im - mor - tal joys, I soar.... to reach Im - mor - tal joys.  
 I soar to reach Immor - tal joys.

10

*Welcome Worship.*

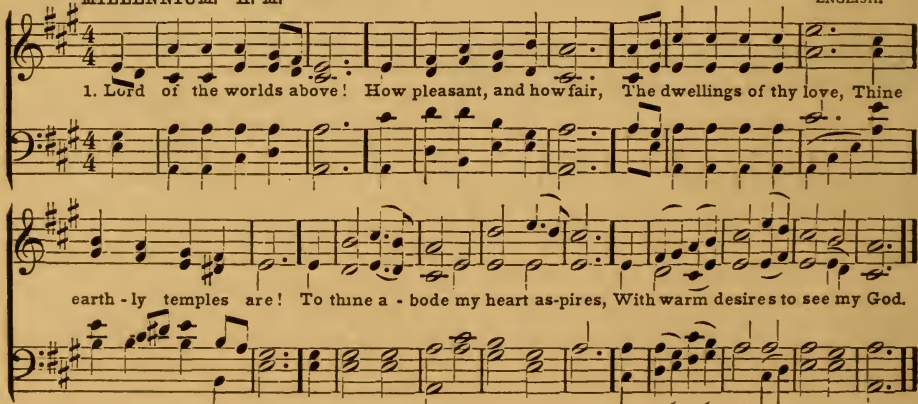
HAYWARD.

WELCOME, delightful morn,  
 Thou day of sacred rest;  
 I hail thy kind return;—  
 Lord, make these moments blest:  
 From the low train | I soar to reach  
 Of mortal toys, | Immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,  
 And fill his throne of grace;  
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
 While saints address thy face:  
 Let sinners feel | And learn to know  
 Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Disclose a Saviour's love,  
 And bless these sacred hours:  
 Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be  
 New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

MILLENNIUM. H. M.



1. Lord of the worlds above! How pleasant, and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine  
 earth - ly temples are! To thine a - bode my heart as - pires, With warm desires to see my God.

11

*Psalm 84.*

I. WATTS.

LORD of the worlds above!  
 How pleasant, and how fair,  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thine earthly temples are!  
 To thine abode my heart aspires,  
 With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls who pray,  
 Where God appoints to hear!  
 Oh, happy men who pay  
 Their constant service there!  
 They praise thee still; and happy they,  
 Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears;  
 Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,  
 Shall thither bring our willing feet!

ENGLISH.



12

H. M.

*Psalm 43.*

T. DWIGHT.

Now, to thy sacred house,  
 With joy I turn my feet,  
 Where saints, with morning-vows,  
 In full assembly meet:  
 Thy power divine shall there be shown,  
 And from thy throne thy mercy shine.  
 2 Oh, send thy light abroad;  
 Thy truth with heavenly ray  
 Shall lead my soul to God,  
 And guide my doubtful way;  
 I'll hear thy word with faith sincere,  
 And learn to fear and praise the Lord.

3 Here reach thy bounteous hand,  
 And all my sorrows heal;  
 Here health and strength divine,  
 Oh, make my bosom feel;  
 Like balmy dew shall Jesus' voice  
 My heart rejoice, my strength renew.

4 Now in thy holy hill,  
 Before thine altar, Lord,  
 My harp and song shall sound  
 The glories of thy word:  
 Henceforth, to thee, O God of grace!  
 A hymn of praise, my life shall be.

SABBATH. 7s. 6l.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Safe - ly through ano - ther week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing

seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem

of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

13

*Sabbath morning.*

J. NEWTON.

SAFELY through another week,  
 God has brought us on our way;  
 Let us now a blessing seek,  
 Waiting in his courts to-day:  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest.  
 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
 Show thy reconciling face—  
 Take away our sin and shame;  
 From our worldly cares set free,—  
 May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;  
 Let us feel thy presence near;  
 May thy glory meet our eyes,  
 While we in thy house appear:  
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief for all complaints:  
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
 Till we rest in thee above.



## HALLE. 7s. 6l.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. { Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light, }  
Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night; }

Day - spring from on high, be near, Day - star in my heart ap - pear.

14

*Morning.*

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Day-spring from on high, be near,  
Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
If thy light is hid from me;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till thy inward light impart,  
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
More and more thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

15

*Evening.*

T. HASTINGS.

Now, FROM labor and from care,  
Evening shades have set me free;  
In the work of praise and prayer,  
Lord! I would converse with thee:  
Oh, behold me from above,  
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,  
Wither all my earthly joys;  
Naught can charm me here below,  
But my Saviour's melting voice;  
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,  
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,  
For the mercies of this hour,  
For the gospel's cheering ray,  
For the Spirit's quickening power,—  
Grateful notes to thee I raise;  
Oh, accept my song of praise.

## SAVANNAH. 10s.

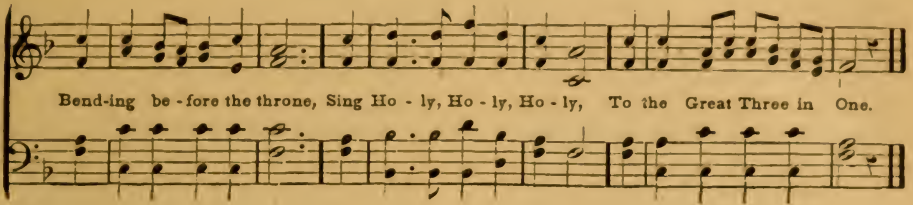
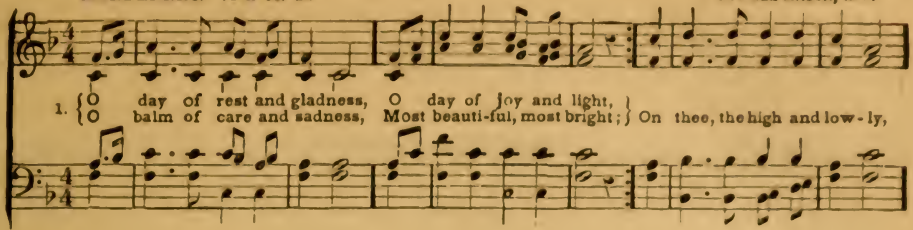
I. PLEYEL.

1. Hail, hap - py day! thou day of ho - ly rest, What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast!

When Christ, the God of grace in love descends, And kind - ly holds communion with his friends.

MELENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



16

"Day of Rest" C. WORDSWORTH.

O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On thee, the high and lowly,  
Bending before the throne,  
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
To the Great Three in One.

2 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest.

To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To thee, blest Three in One.

17

"Thine holy day." RAY PALMER.

THINE holy day's returning,  
Our hearts exult to see;  
And with devotion burning,  
Ascend, O God, to thee!  
To-day with purest pleasure,  
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;  
We search for heavenly treasure,  
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,  
Lord of the Sabbath day;  
Each voice in gladness raises  
Its loudest, sweetest lay!  
Thy richest mercies sharing,  
Inspire us with thy love,  
By grace our souls preparing  
For nobler praise above.

18

IOS. Communion in love. P. H. BROWN.

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,  
What heavenly peace and transport fill  
our breast!

When Christ, the God of grace, in love  
descends,  
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,  
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;

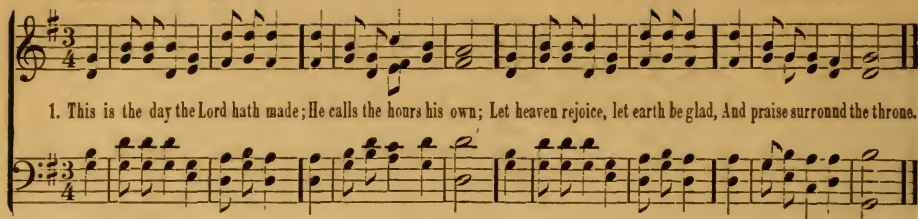
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,  
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the  
skies,

And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:  
Oh, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,  
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

MARLOW. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



19

Psalm 118.

I. WATTS.

- THIS is the day the Lord hath made;  
 He calls the hours his own;  
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,  
 And Satan's empire fell;  
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,  
 To David's only Son;  
 Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring  
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men  
 With messages of grace;  
 Who comes, in God his Father's name,  
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise;  
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,  
 Shall give him nobler praise.

20

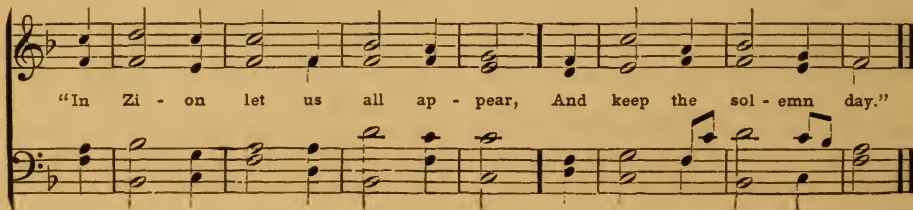
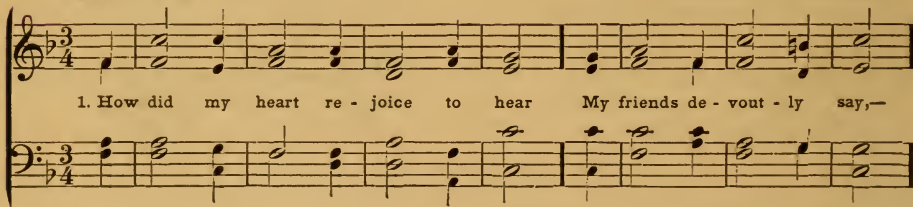
Psalm 122.

I. WATTS.

- How did my heart rejoice to hear  
 My friends devoutly say,—  
 "In Zion let us all appear,  
 And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;  
 The Church, adorned with grace,  
 Stands like a palace built for God,  
 To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,  
 The holy tribes repair;  
 The Son of David holds his throne,  
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,  
 And joy a constant guest;  
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace,  
 Be her attendants blest.
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
 While life or breath remains;  
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
 There God, my Saviour reigns.

MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS.





## LANESBORO. C. M.

W. DIXON.

1. Ear-ly, my God, without de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spir - it faints a - way, My thirsty spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

21

*Psalms 63.*

I. WATTS.

EARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face;  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine;  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.

BEMERTON. C. M.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

H. W. GREATORREX.

1. Lord! when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,  
Oh, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

22

*Sincerity.*

J. D. CARLYLE.

LORD! when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;  
True penitence impart:  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
Nor let a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies;  
And teach our heart 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

## OAKSVILLE. C. M.

C. ZEUNER.

1. Sing we the song of those who stand A - round th'e - ter - nal throne,  
Of ev - ery kin - dred, clime, and land, A mul - ti - tude un - known.

## 23

*"Worthy the Lamb!"* J. MONTGOMERY.

SING we the song of those who stand  
Around the eternal throne,  
Of every kindred, clime, and land,  
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:  
To-day the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and his flock appear  
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, sufferings still await  
On earth the pilgrim throng;  
Yet learn we in our low estate  
The Church Triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—  
Cry the redeemed above,  
"Blessing and honor to obtain,  
And everlasting love!"

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,  
"Who died our souls to save!  
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?  
Thy victory, O Grave!"

## 24

*Psalm 122.*

H. F. LYTE.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day  
Which God hath called his own;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!  
Where willing votaries throng  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell  
Within thy church below;  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;  
Let all her sons unite  
To spread with grateful zeal around  
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day  
Which thou hast called thine own;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at thy throne.

## 25

*"The Rising Day."*

I. WATTS.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heaven on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.

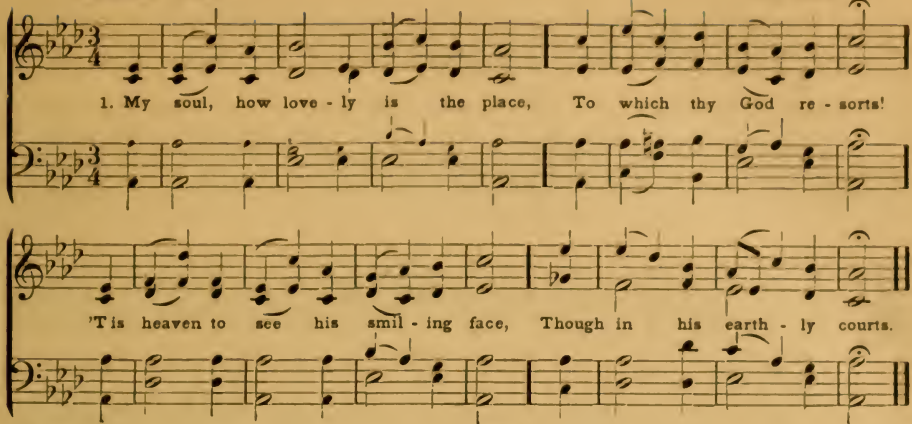
3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.



CHURCH. C. M.

J. F. HOLBROOK.



1. My soul, how love-ly is the place, To which thy God re-sorts!  
 'Tis heaven to see his smil-ing face, Though in his earth-ly courts.

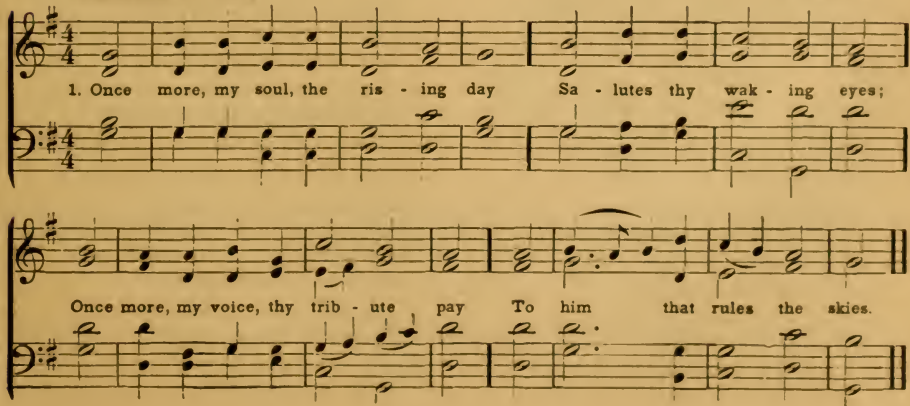
26

*Psalm 84.*

I. WATTS.

My soul, how lovely is the place,  
 To which thy God resorts!  
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,  
 Though in his earthly courts.  
 2 There the great Monarch of the skies  
 His saving power displays;  
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,  
 With kind and quickening rays.  
 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove  
 Descends and fills the place;  
 While Christ reveals his wondrous love,  
 And sheds abroad his grace.  
 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare  
 The secrets of thy will;  
 And still we seek thy mercy there,  
 And sing thy praises still.

PETERBORO'. C. M.



1. Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Sa-lutes thy wak-ing eyes;  
 Once more, my voice, thy trib-ute pay To him that rules the skies.

27

*Psalm 25: 14.*

C. WESLEY, alt.

SPEAK to me, Lord, thyself reveal,  
 While here on earth I rove;  
 Speak to my heart, and let me feel  
 The kindling of thy love.  
 2 With thee conversing, I forget  
 All time and toil and care;  
 Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
 If thou, my God, art here.  
 3 Thou callest me to seek thy face;  
 Thy face, O God, I seek,—  
 Attend the whispers of thy grace,  
 And hear thee inly speak.  
 4 Let this my every hour employ,  
 Till I thy glory see,  
 Enter into my Master's joy,  
 And find my heaven in thee.

## ST. THOMAS. S. M.

HANDEL. A. WILLIAMS' COLL.

1. How charm-ing is the place Where my Re-deem-er, God,  
Un-vails the beau-ty of his face, And sheds his love a-broad!

## 28

*The Sanctuary.*

S. STENNETT.

- HOW CHARMING is the place  
Where my Redeemer, God,  
Unvails the beauty of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces,  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit  
And smile on all around.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

## 29

*Psalm 63.*

I. WATTS.

- MY God! permit my tongue  
This joy, to call thee mine;  
And let my early cries prevail  
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul  
Thy mercy doth implore;  
Not travelers, in desert lands,  
Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life, without thy love,  
No relish can afford;  
No joy can be compared to this,—  
To serve and please the Lord.

- 4 In wakeful hours at night,  
I call my God to mind;  
I think how wise thy counsels are,  
And all thy dealings kind.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies;  
And, on thy watchful providence,  
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

## 30

*Psalm 84.*

I. WATTS.

- WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise!  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here may we sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place  
Where my dear Lord hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Within the tents of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

## GLORY. S. M.

RALPH HARRISON.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join  
in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.

31

*"Immanuel's ground."*

I. WATTS.

- COME, we who love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song of sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

32

Rev. 15: 3.

W. HAMMOND.

- AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love;  
Sing of his rising power;  
Sing, how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims! on the road  
To Zion's city, sing!  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—  
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,—  
"Ye blessed children! come;"  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## LISBON. S. M.

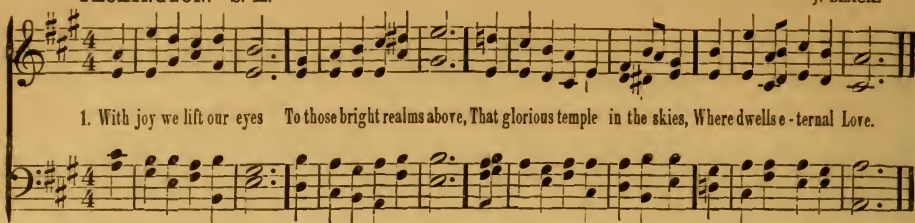
DANIEL READ.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise, Welcome to this re - viving breast, And these rejoic - ing eyes.



## PACKINGTON. S. M.

J. BLACK.



1. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms above, That glorious temple in the skies, Where dwells e - ternal Love.

## 33

*Hymn of praise.*

T. JERVIS.

WITH joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies,  
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,  
O thou almighty King;  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,  
And tune our lips to sing;  
Nor from thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

## 34

*Christian outlook.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

NOW LET our voices join  
To raise a sacred song;  
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,  
With music pass along.

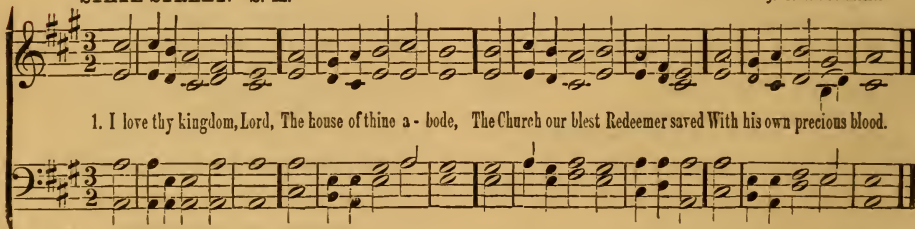
2 See—flowers of paradise,  
In rich profusion, spring;  
The sun of glory gilds the path,  
And dear companions sing.

3 See—Salem's golden spires,  
In beauteous prospect, rise;  
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,  
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name,  
Who marks the shining way,—  
To him who leads the pilgrims on  
To realms of endless day.

## STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

## 35

*Psalms 137.*

T. DWIGHT.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thine hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;

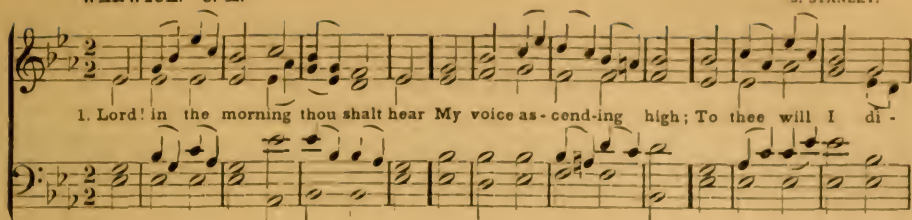
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

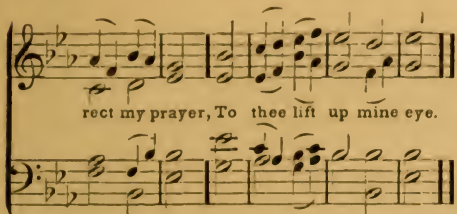
5 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY.



1. Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high; To thee will I di-



rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

36

Psalm 5.

I. WATTS.

LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye;—

2 Up to the hills, where Christ has gone  
To plead for all his saints,

Presenting, at his Father's throne,  
Our songs and our complaints.

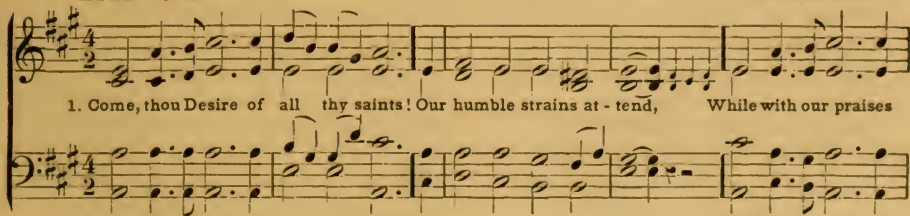
3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

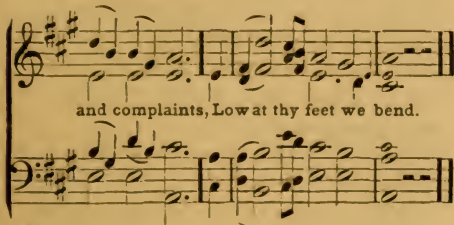
5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet,  
In ways of righteousness;  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

## HYMN. C. M.

MODERN HARP.



1. Come, thou Desire of all thy saints! Our humble strains at-tend, While with our praises



and complaints, Low at thy feet we bend.

37

"Come, Lord!"

A. STEELE.

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints!  
Our humble strains attend,  
While with our praises and complaints,  
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,  
With warm devotion rise!

How should our souls, on wings of love,  
Mount upward to the skies!

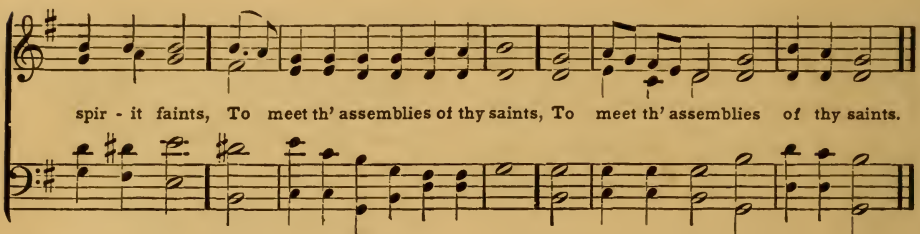
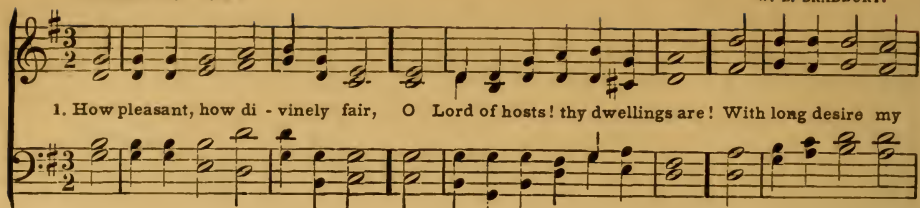
3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise  
In us the heavenly flame;  
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,  
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine  
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,  
Come, great Redeemer! come,  
And bring the bright, the glorious day,  
That calls thy children home.

ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



## 38

*Psalms 84.*

I. WATTS.

HOW PLEASANT, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints,  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God! my King! why should I be  
So far from all my joys, and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

## 39

*Psalms 84.*

I. WATTS.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs;  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace!  
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all the assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory, too;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
Display thy grace, exert thy power,  
Till all on earth thy name adore!

## 40

*Morning Hymn. J. CHANDLER, tr.*

O CHRIST! with each returning morn  
Thine image to our hearts be borne;  
And may we ever clearly see  
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee!

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;  
May meekness form our early ray,  
And faithful love our noontide light,  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

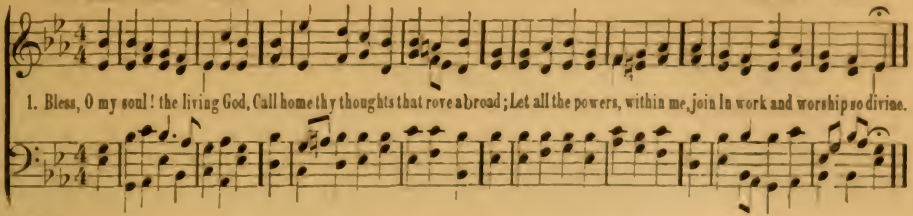
3 May grace each idle thought control,  
And sanctify our wayward soul;  
May guile depart, and malice cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;  
Make plain the way of holiness:  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And cheer at last our journey's end.



## MELCOMBE. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBER.



1. Bless, O my soul! the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the powers, within me, join In work and worship so divine.

41

Psalm 103.

I. WATTS.

BLESS, O my soul! the living God,  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;  
Let all the powers, within me, join  
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;  
His favors claim thy highest praise:  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul! who sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done:  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,  
Let the whole earth adore his grace;

The Gentile with the Jew shall join  
In work and worship so divine

42

Psalm 135.

I. WATTS.

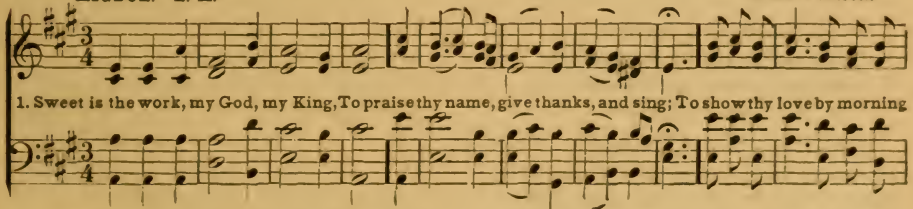
PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his name,  
While in his earthly courts ye wait,  
Ye saints, that to his house belong,  
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;  
To praise his name is sweet employ:  
Israel he chose of old, and still  
His church is his peculiar joy

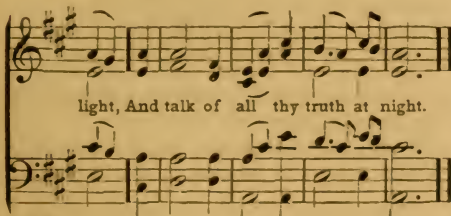
3 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love,  
People and priests exalt his name;  
Among his saints he ever dwells;  
His church is his Jerusalem.

## MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praisethy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning



light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

43

Psalm 92.

I. WATTS.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal care shall seize my breast;

Oh, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

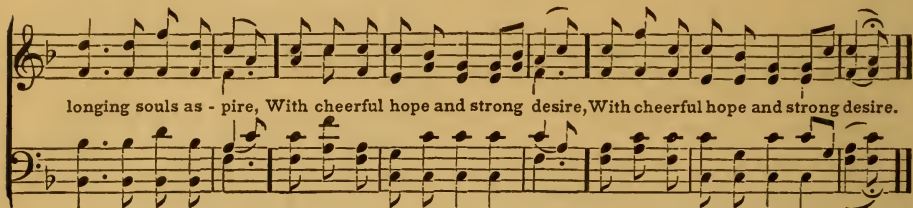
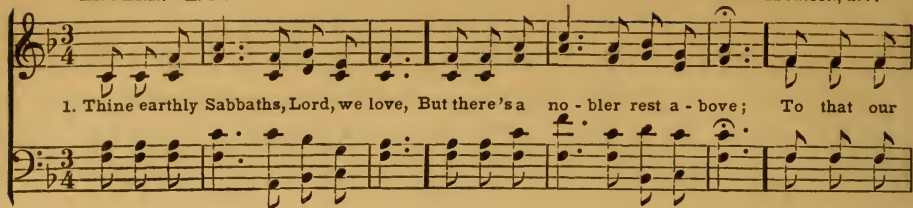
3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works and bless his word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.



## ANVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

44

"A nobler Rest."

P. DODDRIDGE.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

45

Invocation.

I. WATTS.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,  
By faith and love, in every breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and length  
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts and wishes know,  
Be everlasting honors done,  
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

46

Morning.

J. HUTTON.

My opening eyes with rapture see  
The dawn of thy returning day;  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,  
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away;  
Nor let me feel one vain desire—  
One sinful thought through all the day.

3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,  
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
The wonders of thy love declare,  
And join the strains which angels sing.

47

"Return, my soul!"

J. STENNETT.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun;  
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

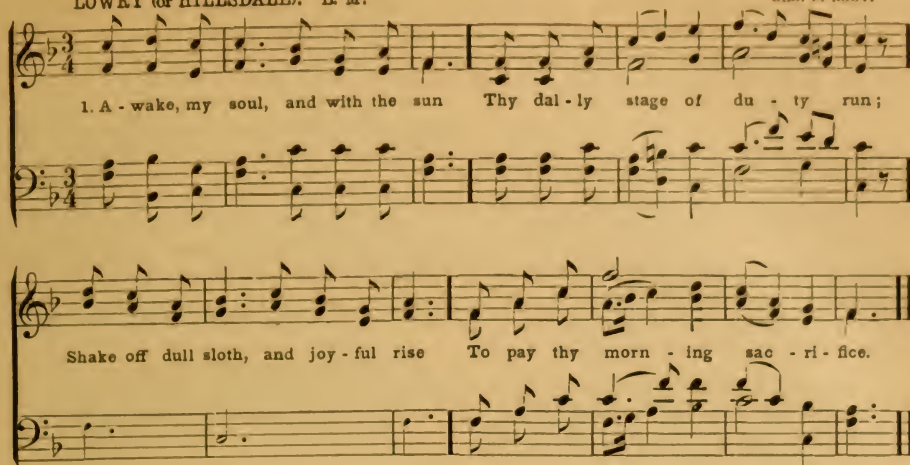
2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense to the skies;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains—  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

LOWRY (or HILLSDALE). L. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dal - ly stage of du - ty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

48

*Morning.*

T. KEN.

49

*Psalms 65.*

H. F. LYTE.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praises to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me when I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

PRaise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;  
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;  
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,  
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!  
How surely kept! how richly fed!  
Saviour of all in earth and sea,  
How happy they who rest in thee!

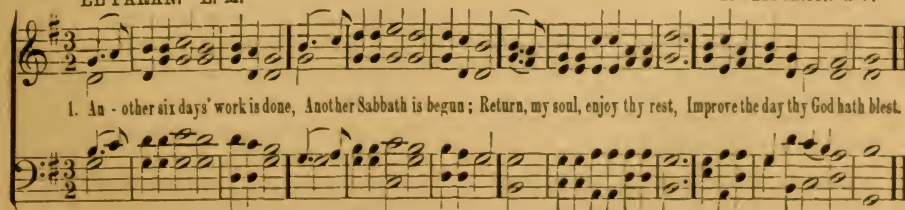
3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,  
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills!  
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,  
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with thy goodness crowned;  
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;  
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,  
And nature smiles and owns her king.

5 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;  
The moral waste within restore;  
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,  
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

EL PARAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON arr.



1. An - other six days' work is done, Another Sabbath is begun; Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day thy God hath blest.

50

7s.

*Redeeming Love.*

G. BURDER.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,  
When the saints together meet;  
When the Saviour is the theme,  
When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move:  
He beheld the world undone,  
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love:  
How he left the realms above,  
Took our nature and our place,  
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love:  
With our wretched hearts he strove,  
Took the things of Christ, and showed  
How to reach his blest abode.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,  
Where the saints in glory meet;  
Where the Saviour's still the theme,  
Where they see, and sing of him.

51

C. M.

*The Mercy-Seat.*

A. STEELE.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat

My soul for shelter flies:

'Tis here I find a safe retreat  
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,  
If thou, my God, art near;  
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,  
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!  
Thy constant aid impart;  
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word  
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove  
From this divine retreat;  
Still let me trust thy power and love,  
And dwell beneath thy feet.

52

C. M.

*Retirement.*

W. COWPER.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree;

And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!  
Sweet Source of light divine,  
And—all harmonious names in one—  
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe thee, and what  
love—  
A boundless, endless store—  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.

53

C. M.

*Public Worship.*

A. L. BARBAULD.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,  
Man comes to meet his God,  
What rites, what honors shall he pay?  
How spread his praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires  
Shall clouds of incense rise?  
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck  
The costly sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord  
Thy offerings well may spare;  
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find  
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

54

S. M.

*Psalm 92.*

H. AUBER.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,  
Thy glorious name to sing;  
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,  
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,  
Thy boundless love to tell;  
And, when approach the shades of night,  
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,  
To join in heart and voice,  
With those who love and serve thee best,  
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our blest employ  
Eternally in heaven.



55

L. M.

*Hour of Prayer.*

T. RAFFLES.

- BLEST hour! when mortal man retires  
To hold communion with his God,  
To send to heaven his warm desires,  
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour! when earthly cares resign  
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,  
While all around, the calm divine  
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour! when God himself draws  
nigh,  
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,  
To hush the penitential sigh,  
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts,  
Foretastes of future bliss are given;  
And mortals find his earthly courts  
The house of God, the gate of Heaven!

56

L. M.

*"Gate of Heaven."*

T. KELLY

- How sweet to leave the world awhile,  
And seek the presence of our Lord!  
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,  
And come, according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with thee  
Ah, Lord! behold us at thy feet;  
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.
- 3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face:  
Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
And let thy presence fill this place.

57

8s, 7s, 4s.

*"We draw near."*

T. KELLY.

- IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, thy people, now draw near;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;  
Speak, and let thy servants hear;  
Hear with meekness—  
Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to thee;  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be,  
Till thy glory  
Without cloud in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
All thy people shall adore;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Than they could conceive before;  
Full enjoyment,  
Full and pure for evermore.

58

L. M.

*Invocation.*

I. WATTS.

- FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be-  
gone!  
Let my religious hours alone:  
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see:  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire:  
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare,  
How sweet thine entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste, above,  
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!  
In thee thy Father's glories shine:  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One  
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

59

L. M.

*"Two or Three."*

S. STENNETT.

- WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise;—
- 2 There will the gracious Saviour be,  
To bless the little company;  
There, to unvail his smiling face,  
And bid his glories fill the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord!  
Relying on thy faithful word;  
Now send the Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

60

S. M.

*Invitation.*

E. TAYLOR.

- COME to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, come;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there—  
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love;  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be  
dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow; your voices raise;  
Let not your hearts his praise disown  
Who gives the power to praise.

## DALLAS. 7s.

FROM M. L. CHERUBINI.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je-sus loves to an-swer prayer;  
He him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay.

61

*A Prayer in Need.* J. NEWTON.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin:—  
Lord! remove this load of sin;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast:

There, thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die thy people's death.

## DIJON. 7s.

GERMAN EVENING HYMN.

1. Lord! I can-not let thee go, Till a blessing thou bestow; Do not turn away thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

62

*The Case Argued.* J. NEWTON.

LORD! I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow;  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;  
Mercy heard and set him free—  
Lord! that mercy came to me.

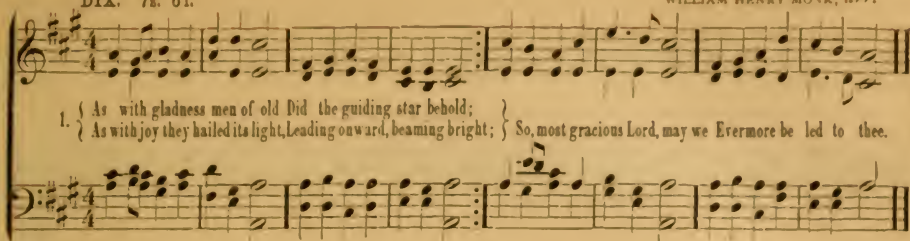
3 Many days have passed since then,  
Many changes I have seen;

Yet have been upheld till now;  
Who could hold me up but thou?

4 Thou hast helped in every need—  
This emboldens me to plead;  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;  
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;  
I can no denial take,  
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

DIX. 7s. 6l.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, *arr.*

1. { As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold;  
 As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright; } So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to thee.

63

*The Guiding Star.*

W. C. DIX.

As with gladness men of old  
 Did the guiding star behold,  
 As with joy they hailed its light,  
 Leading onward, beaming bright;  
 So, most gracious Lord, may we  
 Evermore be led to thee.

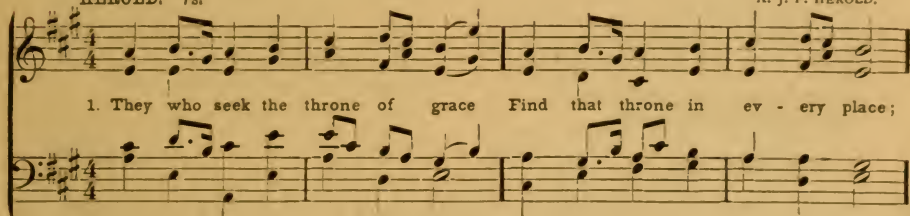
2 As with joyful steps they sped,  
 Saviour, to thy manger bed,  
 There to bend the knee before  
 Thee whom heaven and earth adore;  
 So may we with willing feet  
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
 At thy cradle rude and bare,  
 So may we with holy joy,  
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
 All our costliest treasures bring,  
 Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

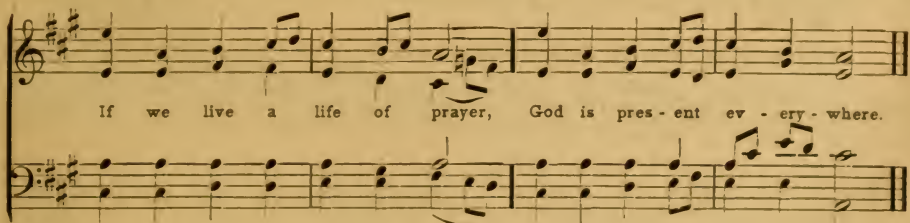
4 Holy Jesus, every day  
 Keep us in the narrow way;  
 And, when earthly things are past,  
 Bring our ransomed souls at last  
 Where they need no star to guide,  
 Where no clouds thy glory hide.

HEROLD. 7s.

A. J. F. HEROLD.



1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - ery place;



If we live a life of prayer, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.

64

*God everywhere.*

O. HOLDEN.

THEY who seek the throne of grace  
 Find that throne in every place;  
 If we live a life of prayer,  
 God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,  
 In our want, or in our wealth,  
 If we look to God in prayer,  
 God is present everywhere.

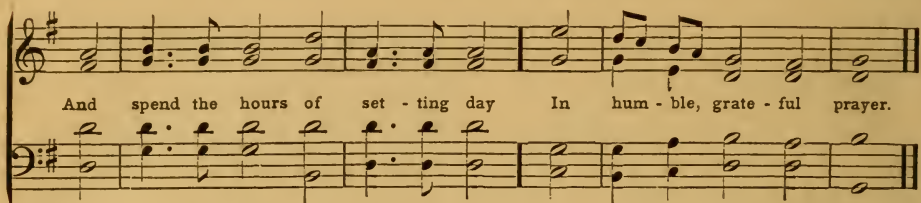
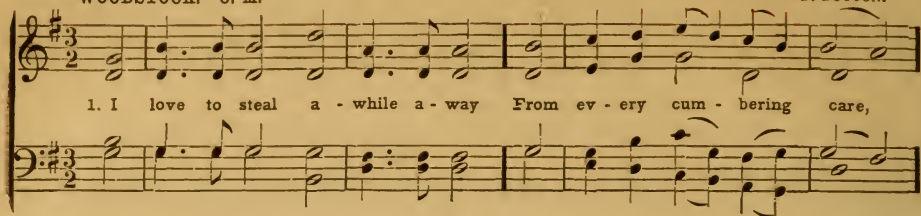
3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
 When the foes of life prevail,  
 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;  
 God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
 To thy Father come, and wait;  
 He will answer every prayer:  
 God is present everywhere.



## WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON.



## 65

*Retirement.*

P. H. BROWN.

I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,

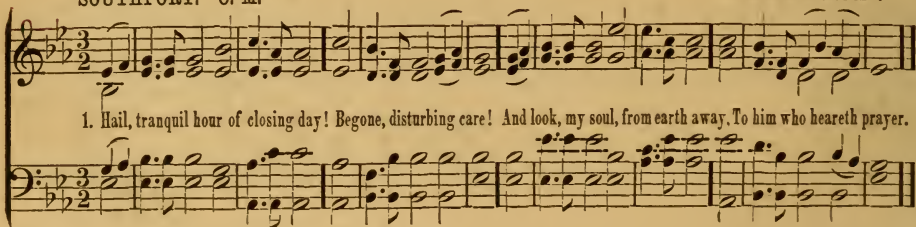
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

## SOUTHPORT. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



## 66

*"Tranquil hour."*

L. BACON.

HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!  
Begone, disturbing care!  
And look, my soul, from earth away,  
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,  
Before his throne of grace,  
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,  
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, thro' long remembered years,  
His mercies to recall;

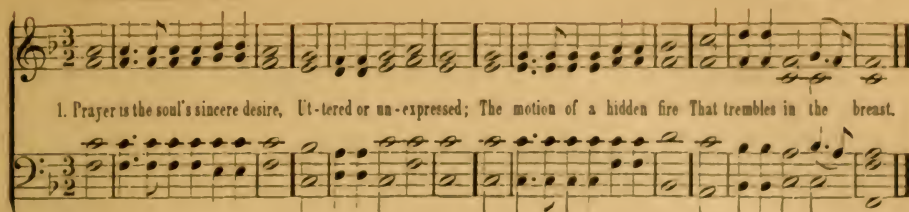
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and  
To trust his love for all. [fears,

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,  
Beyond this fading sky,  
And hear him call his children up  
To his fair home on high.

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven  
To dawn beyond the west;  
So let my soul, in life's last even,  
Retire to glorious rest.

## BYEFIELD. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Ut-tered or un-expressed; The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

67

*What prayer is.* J. MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air:  
His watchword at the gates of death—  
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry—"Behold he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God—  
The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;  
Lord! teach us how to pray.

68

*"The sacred fire."* B. BEDDOME.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,  
Returning whence it came;  
Love is the sacred fire within,  
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,  
And soothes the troubled breast;  
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,  
He hath an ear to hear;  
To him there's music in a sigh,  
And beauty in a tear.

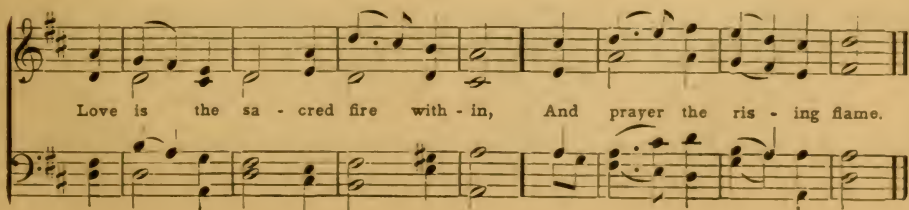
4 The humble suppliant cannot fail  
To have his wants supplied,  
Since He for sinners intercedes,  
Who once for sinners died.

## COLCHESTER. C. M.

H. PURCELL.



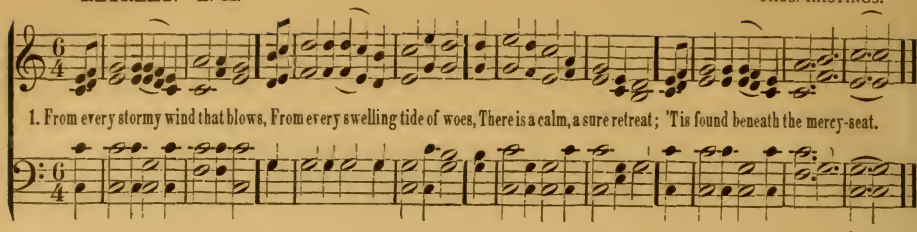
1. Prayer is the breath of God in man, Re - turn - ing whence it came;



Love is the sa - cred fire with - in, And prayer the ris - ing flame.

## RETREAT. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



69

*The mercy-seat.*

H. STOWELL.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads,—  
 A place than all besides more sweet;  
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
 Around one common mercy-seat.

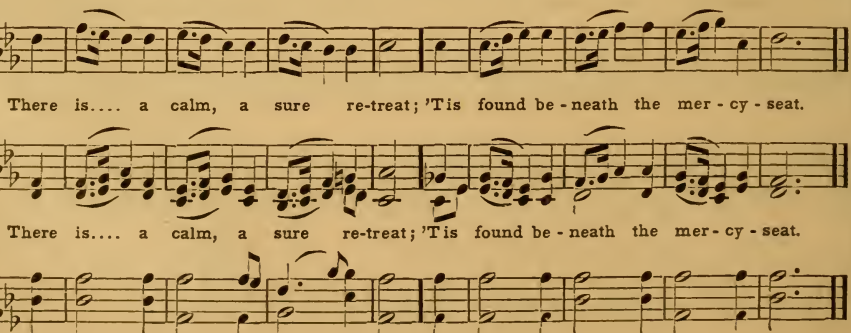
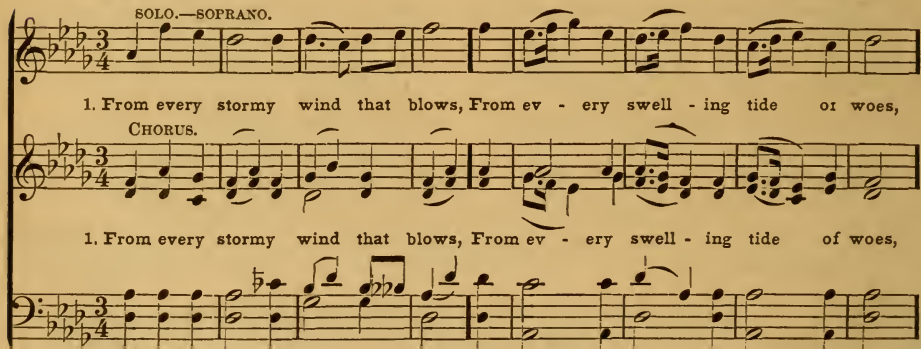
4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
 And sense and sin molest no more,  
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,  
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
 This throbbing heart forget to beat,  
 If I forget the mercy-seat.

STOWELL. L. M.

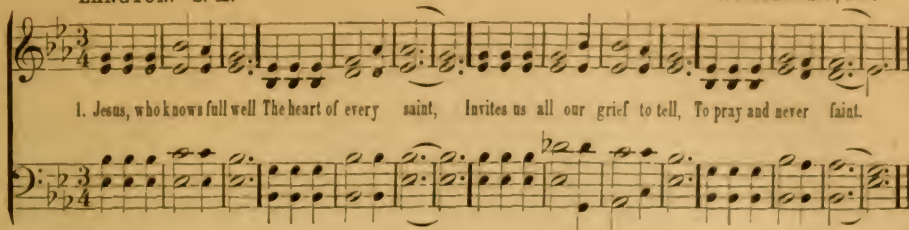
SOLO.—SOPRANO.

SOLON WILDER.





LANGTON. S. M.

C. STREETFIELD, *opp.*

70

*Importunity.*

J. NEWTON.

Jesus, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our grief to tell,  
To pray and never faint.

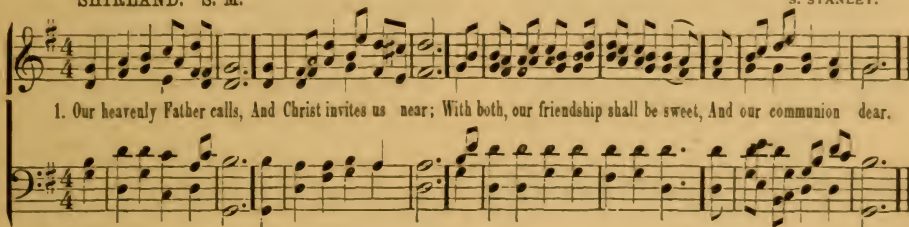
2 He bows his gracious ear,—  
We never plead in vain;  
Then let us wait till he appear,  
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
His chosen when they cry;  
Yes, though he may a while forbear,  
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,  
And never faint in prayer;  
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,  
Will make our cause his care.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

S. STANLEY.



71

*"God pities."*

P. DODDRIDGE.

OUR heavenly Father calls.  
And Christ invites us near;  
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:  
He pardons every day;  
Almighty to protect our souls,  
And wise to guide our way.  
3 How large his bounties are!  
What various stores of good,  
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,  
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,  
We bless thy faithful care;  
Our Advocate before the throne,  
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!  
Here wait, my warmest love!  
Till the communion be complete,  
In nobler scenes above.

72

*"The throne of grace."*

J. NEWTON.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!  
The promise calls me near;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God  
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;  
Thou canst not be too bold:  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;  
Conform my will to thine:  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.



## SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, }  
 And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit) . . . . . } wish-es known:  
 D. C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet (Omit) . . . . . hour of prayer.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

D. C.

73

"Sweet hour."

W. W. WALFORD.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
 That calls me from a world of care, Thy wings shall my petition bear  
 And bids me, at my Father's throne, To him, whose truth and faithfulness  
 Make all my wants and wishes known: Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
 In seasons of distress and grief, And, since he bids me seek his face,  
 My soul has often found relief, Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare, I'll cast on him my every care,  
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer! And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

## LINWOOD. L. M.

GIOACCHIMO ROSSINI.

1. Je - sus, where'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold thy mer - cy - seat;

Where'er they seek thee thou art found, And ev - ery place is hal - lowed ground.

74

The mercy-seat.

W. COWPER.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,  
 And every place is hallowed ground.

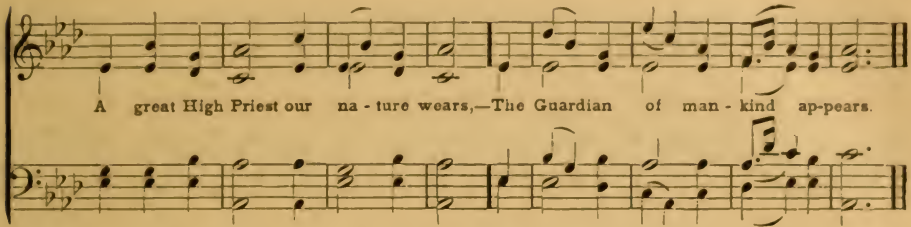
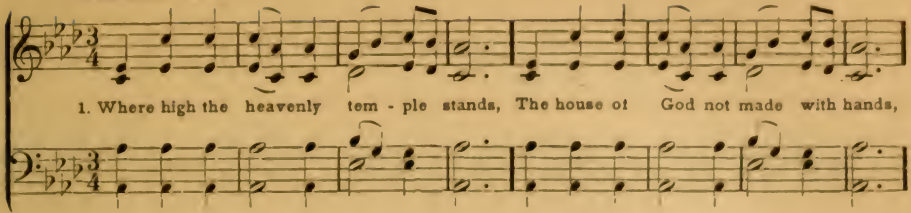
2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
 Inhabitest the humble mind;  
 Such ever bring thee where they come,  
 And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
 Thy former mercies here renew;  
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
 To teach our faint desires to rise,  
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

OBERLIN. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS, arr.



75

*"The evil hour."*

M. BRUCE.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,—  
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains;  
And still remembers, in the skies,  
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aid of heavenly power,  
To help us in the evil hour.

76

*"What thou wilt."*

J. NEWTON.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"  
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:  
I pray to be released from guilt,  
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;  
More of thine image let me bear:  
Erect thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,  
And from thy joy to draw my strength:  
Oh, be thy boundless love revealed  
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign:  
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,  
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

77

*Prayers hindered.*

W. COWPER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-  
draw;

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill a fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions! bow with sa - cred joy:

Know that the Lord is God a - lone: He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.

78

*Psalm 100.*

I. WATTS.

- BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy:  
Know that the Lord is God alone:  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,—  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker! to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity, thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

79

*Psalm 100.*

W. KETHE.

- ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid he did us make:  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.

- 3 Oh, enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto:  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

80

*Doxology.*

T. KEN.

- PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

81

*Doxology.*

I. WATTS.

- To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

82

*Psalm 117.*

I. WATTS.

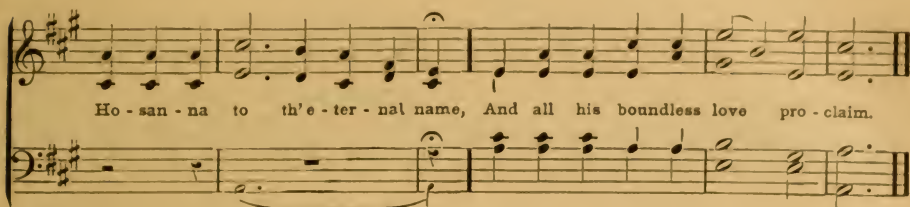
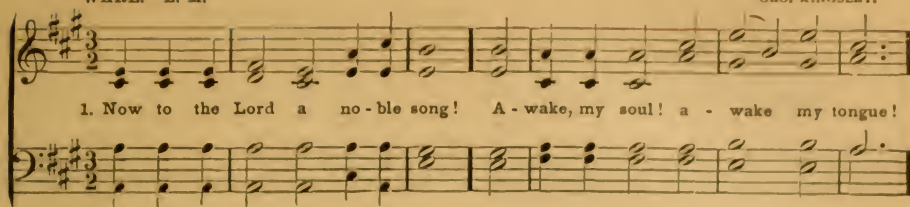
- FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise:  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!  
Eternal truth attends thy word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.



WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



83

*God's grace.*

I. WATTS.

Now to the Lord a noble song!  
 Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!  
 Hosanna to the eternal name,  
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—  
 The brightest image of his grace!  
 God, in the person of his Son,  
 Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme:  
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:  
 Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:  
 Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach that happy place,  
 Where he unveils his lovely face,  
 Where all his beauties you behold,  
 And sing his name to harps of gold.

84

*Psalms 36.*

I. WATTS.

High in the heavens, eternal God!  
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
 As mountains their foundations keep:  
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent thy grace!  
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs;  
 The sons of Adam, in distress,  
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house  
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
 There, mercy like a river flows,  
 And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
 Springs from the presence of my Lord;  
 And in thy light our souls shall see  
 The glories promised in thy word.

85

*"Te Deum."*

T. COTTERILL, alt.

Lord God of Hosts, by all adored!  
 Thy name we praise with one accord;  
 The earth and heavens are full of thee,  
 Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name  
 Angels and seraphim proclaim;  
 Eternal praise to thee is given  
 By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,  
 The prophets aid to swell the song,  
 The noble and triumphant host  
 Of martyrs make of thee their boast.

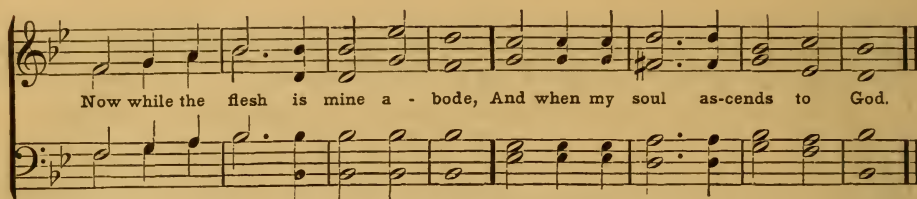
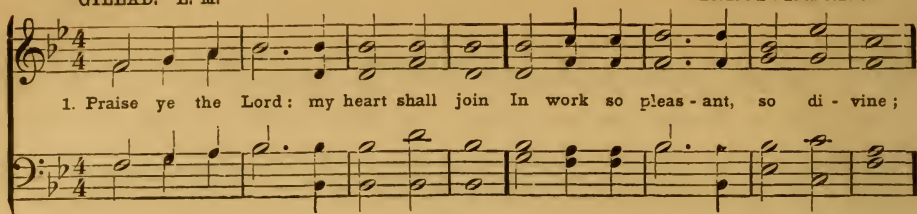
4 The holy church in every place  
 Throughout the world exalts thy praise;  
 Both heaven and earth do worship thee,  
 Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we  
 Highly exalt and honor thee;  
 Thy name we worship and adore,  
 World without end for evermore.



## GILEAD. L. M.

ETIENNE HENRI MEHUL.



## 86

*Psalm 146.*

I. WATTS.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join  
In work so pleasant, so divine;  
Now while the flesh is mine abode,  
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,  
While immortality endures;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell;  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

## 87

*Psalm 147.*

I. WATTS.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord!—'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise;  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,  
And gathers nations to his name;  
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars—those heavenly flames,  
He counts their numbers, calls their names:  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—  
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,  
And all his glories infinite:  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 But saints are lovely in his sight;  
He views his children with delight;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks, and loves his image there.

## 88

*Psalm 29.*

I. WATTS.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and power;  
Ascribe due honors to his name,  
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,  
O'er all the ocean and the land;  
His voice divides the watery cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood;  
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;  
But makes his church his blest abode,  
Where we his awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language, there the Lord  
The counsels of his grace imparts:  
Amid the raging storm, his word  
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

89

L. M.

Psalm 145.

I. WATTS.

My God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days:  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue  
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine:  
Let Zion in her courts proclaim  
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;  
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

H. BOND.

1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath, And, when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

90

Psalm 146.

I. WATTS.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath,  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

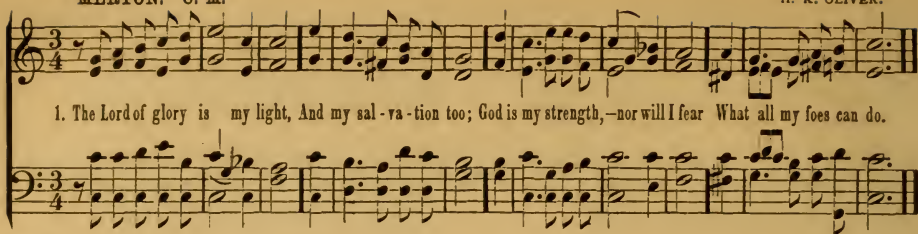
2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train:  
His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;  
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints—he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell:  
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;  
Let every tongue, let every age,  
In this exalted work engage:  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

MERTON, C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. The Lord of glory is my light, And my sal-va-tion too; God is my strength,—nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

91

*Psalm 27.*

I. WATTS.

THE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too;  
God is my strength,—nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,—  
Oh, grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,—  
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still;

Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,  
There may his children hide;  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around;  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound.

HENRY, C. M.

S. B. POND.



1. Praise waits in Zi - on, Lord! for thee; There shall our vows be paid;

Thou hast an ear when sin - ners pray; All flesh shall seek thine aid.

92

*Psalm 65.*

I. WATTS.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord! for thee;  
There shall our vows be paid;  
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;  
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 O Lord! our guilt and fears prevail,  
But pardoning grace is thine;  
And thou wilt grant us power and skill,  
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men, whom thou wilt choose  
To bring them near thy face;

Give them a dwelling in thy house,  
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,  
Thy truth and terror shine;  
And works of dreadful righteousness  
Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see  
The Lord is good and just;  
The distant isles shall fly to thee,  
And make thy name their trust.



## SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

93

*Psalm 95.*

I. WATTS.

COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing:  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord:  
We are his work, and not our own,  
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own our gracious God.

94

*Psalm 81.*

H. F. LYTE

SING to the Lord, our Might,  
With holy fervor sing;  
Let hearts and instruments unite  
To praise our heavenly King.

2 The Sabbath to our sires  
In mercy first was given;  
The Church her Sabbaths still requires  
To speed her on to heaven.

3 We still, like them of old,  
Are in the wilderness;  
And God is still as near his fold,  
To pity and to bless.

4 Then let us open wide  
Our hearts for him to fill;  
And he, that Israel then supplied,  
Will help his Israel still.

## BARBER. S. M.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Sing to the Lord, our Might, With ho - ly fer - vor sing;

Let hearts and in - stru - ments u - nite To praise our heavenly King.



## NICAEA. P. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Holy, holy, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;

Holy, holy, ho - ly! mer-ci - ful and mighty! God in three persons, blessed Trini - ty!

## LEONI. 6, 8, 4s.

RABBI LEONI, *arr.*

1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned above, Ancient of everlasting days, And God of love:

Jehovah, great I AM, By earth and heaven confessed; I bow and bless the sacred name, For ever blest.

## 95

"I Am."

T. OLIVERS.

THE God of Abraham praise,  
 Who reigns enthroned above,  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of love!  
 Jehovah! great I AM!  
 By earth and heaven confessed;  
 I bow and bless the sacred name,  
 For ever blest!

2 The God of Abraham praise!  
 At whose supreme command  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
 At his right hand:

I all on earth forsake,  
 Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
 And him my only portion make,  
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise!  
 Whose all-sufficient grace  
 Shall guide me all my happy days  
 In all my ways:  
 He calls a worm his friend!  
 He calls himself my God!  
 And he shall save me to the end  
 Through Jesus' blood!

96

P. M. *The triune God.* R. HEBER.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
 Early in the morning our song shall rise  
 to thee;  
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

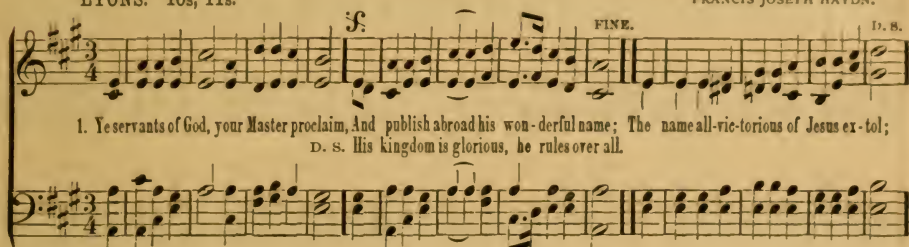
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore  
 thee,  
 Casting down their golden crowns  
 around the glassy sea;  
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-  
 fore thee,  
 Which wert and art and evermore shalt be

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness  
 hide thee,  
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory  
 may not see;  
 Only thou art holy; there is none beside  
 thee,  
 Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in  
 earth and sky and sea;  
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;  
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

LYONS. 10s, 11s.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his won-derful name; The name all-vic-tor-ious of Jesus ex-tol;  
 D. s. His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

97

"Salvation to God." C. WESLEY.

Ye servants of God, your Master pro-  
 claim,  
 And publish abroad his wonderful name;  
 The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;  
 His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
 And still he is nigh—his presence we have;  
 The great congregation his triumph shall  
 sing,  
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,  
 Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;  
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their faces and worship the  
 Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,  
 All glory, and power, and wisdom and  
 might;  
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
 And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of  
 days,  
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with  
 praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might and sing of his  
 grace,  
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy  
 space;  
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-  
 clouds form,  
 And dark is his path on the wings of the  
 storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can  
 recite?  
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the  
 plain,  
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the  
 rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as  
 frail,  
 In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;  
 Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the  
 end!

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and  
 Friend.

98

"Worship the King." R. GRANT.

Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above,  
 And gratefully sing his wonderful love;

HAMLIN. 7s. D.

J. DOWLAND.

1. Let us with a joy - ful mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind, For his mer - cies  
shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. Let us sound his name abroad, For of  
gods he is the God Who by wis - dom did cre - ate Heaven's expanse and all its state;—

99

"Ever faithful."

J. MILTON.

LET us with a joyful mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.  
Let us sound his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God  
Who by wisdom did create  
Heaven's expanse and all its state;—

2 Did the solid earth ordain  
How to rise above the main;  
Who, by his commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light:  
Caused the golden-tresséd sun  
All the day his course to run;  
And the moon to shine by night,  
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need;  
Let us, therefore, warble forth  
His high majesty and worth.  
He his mansion hath on high,  
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;  
And his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

100

Psalm 107.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name;  
For his mercies firm and sure,  
From eternity the same,  
To eternity endure.  
Let the ransomed thus rejoice,  
Gathered out of every land,  
As the people of his choice,  
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

2 In the wilderness astray  
Hither, thither, while they roam,  
Hungry, fainting by the way,  
Far from refuge, shelter, home,—  
Then unto the Lord they cry;  
He inclines a gracious ear,  
Sends deliverance from on high,  
Rescues them from all their fear.

3 To a pleasant land he brings,  
Where the vine and olive grow,  
Where from flowery hills the springs  
Through luxuriant valleys flow.  
Oh, that men would praise the Lord  
For his goodness to their race;  
For the wonders of his word,  
And the riches of his grace.



ONIDO. 7s, D.

LOWELL MASON, arr.

1. God e - ter - nal, Lord of all! Lowly at thy feet we fall: All the world doth worship thee;

We a - midst the throng would be. All the ho - ly an - gels cry, Hail, thrice-ho - ly,

God most high! Lord of all the heavenly pow'rs, Be the same loud anthem ours.

## 101

"Te Deum." J. E. MILLARD, tr.

God eternal, Lord of all!  
 Lowly at thy feet we fall:  
 All the world doth worship thee;  
 We amidst the throng would be.  
 All the holy angels cry,  
 Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!  
 Lord of all the heavenly powers,  
 Be the same loud anthem ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,  
 Night and day, continual praise;  
 Hast thou not a mission too  
 For thy children here to do?  
 With the prophets' goodly line  
 We in mystic bond combine;  
 For thou hast to babes revealed  
 Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,  
 Of thy cross are heard to boast;  
 Since so bright the crown they wear,  
 We with them thy cross would bear.  
 All thy church, in heaven and earth,  
 Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;—  
 Seated on the judgment-throne,  
 Number us among thine own!

## 102

"In Excelsis."

C. WESLEY.

GLORY be to God on high,—  
 God, whose glory fills the sky;  
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,—  
 Man, the well-beloved of heaven.  
 Sovereign Father, Heavenly King!  
 Thee we now presume to sing;  
 Glad thine attributes confess,  
 Glorious all, and numberless.

2 Hail, by all thy works adored!  
 Hail, the everlasting Lord!  
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—  
 God of power, and God of love!  
 Christ our Lord and God we own,—  
 Christ the Father's only Son;  
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
 Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus! in thy name we pray,  
 Take, oh, take our sins away!  
 Powerful Advocate with God!  
 Justify us by thy blood.  
 Hear, for thou, O Christ! alone,  
 Art with thy great Father one;  
 One the Holy Ghost with thee;—  
 One supreme eternal Three.

103

75, D.

*"God on High."*

G. SANDYS.

Thou who art enthroned above,  
 Thou by whom we live and move !  
 Oh, how sweet, with joyful tongue,  
 To resound thy praise in song !  
 When the morning paints the skies,  
 When the sparkling stars arise,  
 All thy favors to rehearse,  
 And give thanks in grateful verse.

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,  
 When devotion fills the breast,  
 When we dwell within thy house,  
 Hear thy word, and pay our vows ;  
 Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,  
 Fill its courts with joyful praise ;  
 With repeated hymns proclaim  
 Great Jehovah's awful name.

3 From thy works our joys arise,  
 O thou only good and wise !  
 Who thy wonders can declare ?  
 How profound thy counsels are !  
 Warm our hearts with sacred fire ;  
 Grateful fervors still inspire ;  
 All our powers, with all their might,  
 Ever in thy praise unite.

104

85, 75.

*"Praise to Thee."*

J. FAWCETT.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !  
 Praise to thee from every tongue ;  
 Join, my soul, with every creature,  
 Join the universal song.

2 Father ! source of all compassion !  
 Pure, unbounded grace is thine :  
 Hail the God of our salvation,  
 Praise him for his love divine !

3 For ten thousand blessings given,  
 For the hope of future joy,  
 Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,  
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high !

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
 Praise him, every living creature,  
 Earth and heaven's united host.

5 Joyfully on earth adore him,  
 Till in heaven our song we raise ;  
 Then enraptured fall before him,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

105

115.

*"Alleluia."*

ANON.

Oh, join ye the anthems of triumph that  
 rise  
 From the throne of the blest, from the  
 hosts of the skies ;  
 Alleluia, they sing in rapturous strains,  
 Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent  
 reigns !

2 He gave to the light its beneficent  
 wings ;  
 He controul'd the councils of senates  
 and kings ;  
 From his throne in the clouds the light-  
 nings are hurled,  
 And he ruleth the factions that rage  
 through the world.

3 Rejoice, ye that love him ; his power  
 cannot fail ;  
 His omnipotent goodness shall surely  
 prevail ;  
 The triumph of evil will shortly be  
 passed,  
 The omnipotent King shall conquer at  
 last.

106

75, 65.

*Psalm 150.*

C. WESLEY.

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
 And keeps his courts below ;  
 Praise him for his boundless love,  
 And all his greatness show !  
 Praise him for his noble deeds ;  
 Praise him for his matchless power ;  
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
 Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around,  
 The great Immanuel's name ;  
 Let the gospel trumpet sound,  
 The Prince of Peace proclaim !  
 Praise him, every tuneful string ;  
 All the reach of heavenly art,  
 All the power of music bring,  
 The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,  
 Let every creature sing ;  
 Glory to our Saviour give,  
 And homage to our King :  
 Hallowed be his name beneath,  
 As in heaven, on earth adored ;  
 Praise the Lord in every breath,  
 Let all things praise the Lord.

107

75, D.

*Singing to God.* J. MONTGOMERY.

Songs of praise the angels sang,  
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
 When Jehovah's work begun,  
 When he spake, and it was done.  
 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
 When the Prince of Peace was born;  
 Songs of praise arose, when he  
 Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away—  
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
 God will make new heavens and earth—  
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.  
 And shall man alone be dumb,  
 Till that glorious kingdom come?  
 No; the Church delights to raise  
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
 Learning here, by faith and love,  
 Songs of praise to sing above.  
 Borne upon their latest breath  
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
 Then, amid eternal joy,  
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

108

C. M.

*"Hearts to Pray."*

J. NEWTON.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,  
 And to thy courts repair;  
 Again with joyful feet we come,  
 To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!  
 Thy presence now display;  
 We bow within thy house of prayer;  
 Oh, give us hearts to pray!

3 The clouds which veil thee from our  
 sight,  
 In pity, Lord, remove;  
 Dispose our minds to hear aright  
 The message of thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
 The humble mind, bestow;  
 And shine upon us from on high,  
 To make our graces grow.

5 Show us some token of thy love,  
 Our fainting hopes to raise;  
 And pour thy blessing from above,  
 To aid our feeble praise.

109

L. M.

*Psalm 39.*

I. WATTS.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;  
 His robes are light and majesty;  
 His glory shines with beams so bright,  
 No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;  
 His justice guards his holy law;  
 Yet love reveals a smiling face,  
 And truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom  
 shines,  
 And baffles Satan's deep designs;  
 His power is sovereign to fulfill  
 The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend  
 To be my Father and my Friend?  
 Then let my songs with angels join;  
 Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

110

L. M.

*"God is Here."*J. WESLEY, *tr.*

Lo, God is here!—let us adore!  
 And own how dreadful is this place!  
 Let all within us feel his power,  
 And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here!—him day and night  
 United choirs of angels sing:  
 To him, enthroned above all height,  
 Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! oh, may our praise  
 Thy courts with grateful incense fill!  
 Still may we stand before thy face,  
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

111

C. M.

*"Light in thy Light."*

C. WESLEY.

ETERNAL SIN of righteousness,  
 Display thy beams divine,  
 And cause the glory of thy face  
 Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light, in thy light, oh, may I see,  
 Thy grace and mercy prove,  
 Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee  
 The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,  
 And let thy happy child  
 Behold, without a cloud between,  
 The Father reconciled.

4 On me thy promised peace bestow,  
 The peace by Jesus given;—  
 The joys of holiness below,  
 And then the joys of heaven.



## HURSLEY. L. M.

W. H. MONK, *arr.*

1. Sun of my soul! thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

112

*"Sun of my soul!"*

J. KEBLE.

SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near:  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,  
Ere through the world my way I take;  
Abide with me till in thy love  
I lose myself in heaven above.

## EVENING HYMN. L. M.

THOS. TALLIS.

1. Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:

Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Be-neath thine own al-might-y wings.

113

*Evening song.*

T. KEN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!  
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

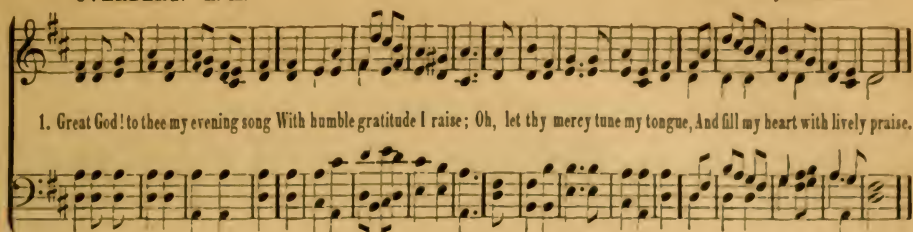
2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill which I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed:  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!  
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

OVERBERG. L. M.

J. C. H. RINK.



114

*Twilight.*

A. STEELE.

GREAT God! to thee my evening song  
With humble gratitude I raise;  
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
And every gentle, rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Jesus; his dear name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God!  
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

115

*Benediction.*

J. NEWTON.

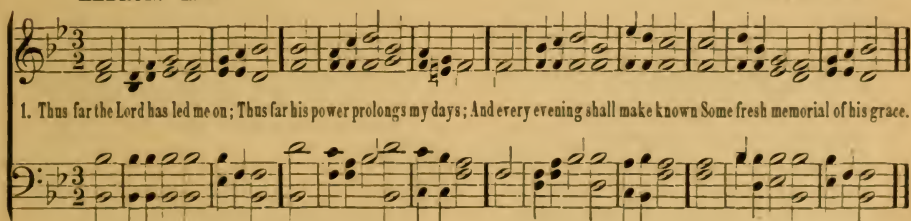
THE peace which God alone reveals,  
And by his word of grace imparts,  
Which only the believer feels,  
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 And may the holy Three in One,  
The Father, Word, and Comforter,  
Pour an abundant blessing down  
On every soul assembled here!

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



116

*Evening.*

I. WATTS.

Thus far the Lord has led me on;  
Thus far his power prolongs my days;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home,  
But he forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

117

*Dismissal.*

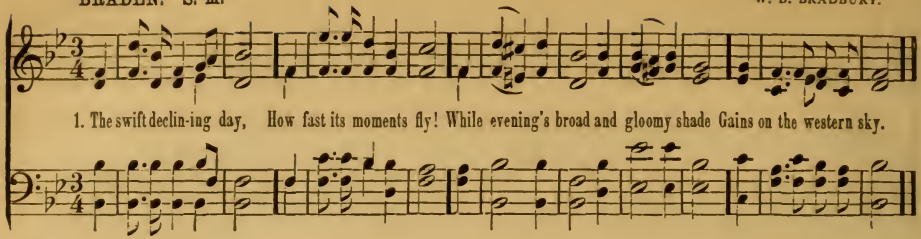
J. HART.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!  
Help us to feed upon thy word;  
All that has been amiss, forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;  
Give every burdened soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

BRADEN. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



118

*Evening.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

THE swift declining day,  
How fast its moments fly!  
While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,  
And use the hours of light;  
And know, its Maker can command  
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the whirling sphere;  
Submissive at his footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break  
Through death's impending gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging light,  
In your celestial home.

119

*"Abide with us."*

J. M. NEALE.

THE day, O Lord, is spent;  
Abide with us, and rest;  
Our hearts' desires are fully bent  
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,  
That happy land, as yet,  
Where holy angels round thee stand,  
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,  
Our day is almost o'er;  
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou  
Shine on us evermore!

120

*"Still with thee."*

J. D. BURNS.

STILL, still with thee, my God,  
I would desire to be:  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with thee.

2 With thee when dawn comes in,  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning to begin  
With thee my God in prayer.

3 With thee when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind;  
The setting, as the rising, sun  
With thee my heart would find.

4 With thee, in thee, by faith  
Abiding I would be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with thee.

121

*Doxology.*

I. WATTS.

TO God the only wise,  
Who keeps us by his word,  
Be glory now and evermore,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,  
Who from the Father came;  
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
And ever bless his name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,  
The Father's boundless love,  
The Spirit's blest communion, too,  
Be with us from above.

122

*The final rest.*

W. J. BLEW.

THE day is past and gone,  
Great God, we bow to thee;  
Again, as shades of night steal on,  
Unto thy side we flee.

2 Oh, when shall that day come,  
Ne'er sinking in the west,  
That country and that happy home,  
Where none shall break our rest;—

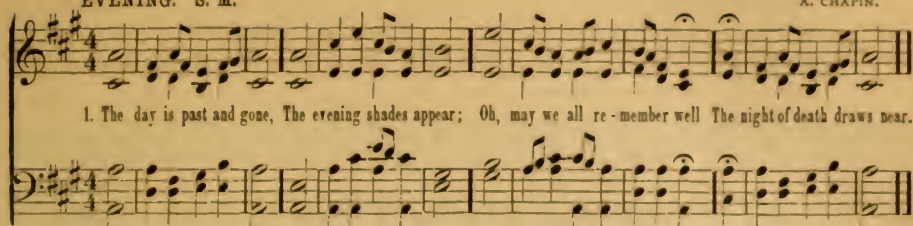
3 Where all things shall be peace,  
And pleasure without end,  
And golden harps, that never cease,  
With joyous hymns shall blend;—

4 Where we, preserved beneath  
The shelter of thy wing,  
For evermore thy praise shall breathe,  
And of thy mercy sing.



## EVENING. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.



1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; Oh, may we all re-member well The night of death draws near.

## 123

*Home Hymn.*

J. LELAND.

THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear;  
Oh, may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near!

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,  
And view the unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love!

## 124

*"Closing hour."*

E. T. FITCH.

LORD, at this closing hour,  
Establish every heart  
Upon thy word of truth and power,  
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;  
Fill all our hearts with love;  
In faith and patience may we live,  
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,  
We would thy will pursue;  
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,  
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,  
In every age adored,  
Let glory from the church arise  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

## 125

*Sabbath ended.*

J. ELLERTON.

THE day of praise is done;  
The evening shadows fall;  
Yet pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all!

2 Around thy throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;  
Too soon of praise we tire;  
But oh, the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord! to thy dear will  
If thou attune the heart,  
We in thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.

5 Shine thou within us, then,  
A day that knows no end,  
Till songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.

## 126

*At Dismission.*

J. HART.

ONCE more, before we part,  
Oh, bless the Saviour's name!  
Let every tongue and every heart  
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,  
That blessing still impart;  
We met in Jesus' sacred name,  
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word  
Help us to feed, and grow,  
Still to go on to know the Lord,  
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,  
Help us to bless thy name:  
Let every tongue and every heart  
Adore and praise the same.

## EVENTIDE. 10s.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the ev-en-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-bide!

When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a-bide with me!

127

*"Abide with us."*

H. F. LYTE.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour,  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?  
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee!  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

## PAX DEL. 10s.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Saviour, a-gain to thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;

We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease, And now, de-parting, wait thy word of peace.

128

*"Go in peace."*

J. ELLERTON.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;  
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,  
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace,

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;  
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts  
from shame,

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;  
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict  
cease,  
That in this house have called upon thy name. Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

## HOLLEY. 7a.

GEO. HEWS.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;  
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

129

Evening.

G. W. DOANE.

SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity;  
Then from thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

130

"Foretastes." J. MONTGOMERY.

For the mercies of the day,  
For this rest upon our way,  
Thanks to thee alone be given,  
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Cold our services have been,  
Mingled every prayer with sin:  
But thou canst and wilt forgive;  
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,  
May thy love our footsteps lead;  
When our journey here is past,  
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joys above;  
While their steps thy children bend  
To the rest which knows no end.

## SEYMOUR. 7a.

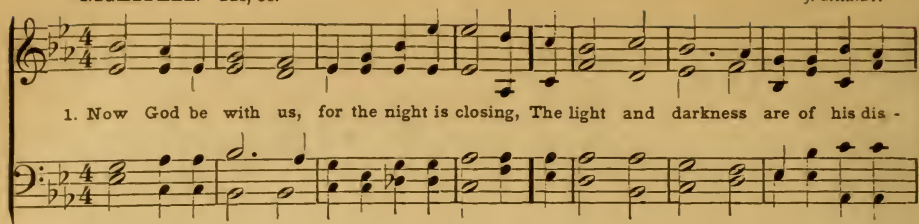
GREATORREX COLL.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;  
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

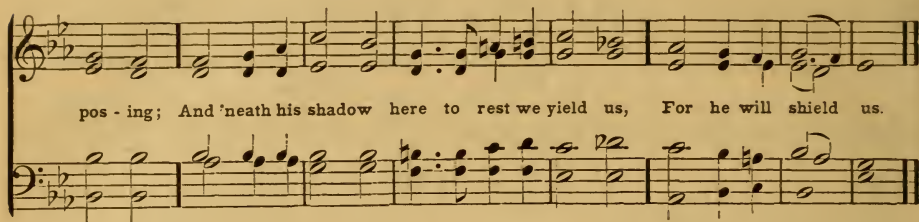


## NIGHTFALL. 11s, 5s.

J. BARNEY.



1. Now God be with us, for the night is closing, The light and darkness are of his dis-



pos-ing; And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us, For he will shield us.

131

*"Lord everlasting."* C. WINKWORTH, tr.

132

*Evening confession.*

J. BOWRING.

- Now God be with us, for the night is closing,  
The light and darkness are of his disposing;  
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield  
us;  
For he will shield us.
- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us,  
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father!  
o'er us;  
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,  
Thine angels send us.
- 3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep  
o'ertakes us;  
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morn-  
ing wakes us;  
All sick and mourners, we to thee commend  
them,  
Do thou befriend them.
- 4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,  
But thee, O Father! who thine own hast  
made us;  
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver  
Us now and ever.
- 5 Praise be to thee through Jesus our sal-  
vation,  
God, three in one, the Ruler of creation,  
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy  
casting,  
Lord everlasting!
- FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,  
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father!  
hear it,  
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness!  
Forgive its weakness!
- 2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us!  
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts  
us:  
And then we turn away; and still thy kind-  
ness  
Forgives our blindness.
- 3 Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou  
delightest  
To win with love the wandering; thou in-  
viteest,  
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,  
Man from his errors.
- 4 Father and Saviour! plant within each  
bosom  
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom  
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,  
And spring eternal.
- 5 Then place them in thine everlasting  
gardens,  
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the  
wardens;  
Where every flower escaped through death's  
dark portal,  
Becomes immortal.

## LAST BEAM. P. M.

T. V. WEISENTHAL.

1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining; Father in heaven, the day is de- clining;

Safe-ty and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night; From the

fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime.

## REFRAIN.

2d verse.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## 133

"The Last Beam."

HUNTINGTON.

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,  
 Father in heaven, the day is declining;  
 Safety and innocence fly with the light,  
 Temptation and danger walk forth with the night:  
 From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,  
 Shield me from danger, save me from crime!—REF.

2 Father in heaven, oh, hear when we call!  
 Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;  
 Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might;  
 In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;  
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,  
 Wake in thine arms when morning returns.—REF.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s, 4s.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jeho-vah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty;

Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

134

*Guidance.*

P. WILLIAMS.

- GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s, 4s.

135

*"Lead us!"*

J. EDMESTON.

- LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but thee;  
Yet possessing Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us;  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,  
Through the desert thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy;  
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy

powerful hand: Bread of hear-en, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.



GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; } Let us each thy love possessing, }  
 D. C. Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Traveling through this wilderness. } Triumph in re - deem - ing (omit) } grace;

1st. 2d. D.C.

136

*Dismissal.*

J. FAWCETT.

- LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each, thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace;  
 Oh, refresh us,  
 Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For thy gospel's joyful sound,  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound;  
 May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
 Upraise us from earth to call away;  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,  
 May we, ready,  
 Rise and reign in endless day.

137

*"Keep us safe."*

T. KELLY.

- GOD of our salvation! hear us;  
 Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go;  
 When we join the world, be near us,  
 Lest we cold and careless grow.  
 Saviour! keep us;  
 Keep us safe from every foe.
- 2 As our steps are drawing nearer  
 To our everlasting home,  
 May our view of heaven grow clearer,  
 Hope more bright of joys to come;

And, when dying,  
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

138

*Benediction.*

J. NEWTON.

- MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
 Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord;  
 And possess in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

139

*Evening blessing.*

J. EDMESTON.

- SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
 Ere repose our spirits seal;  
 Sin and want we come confessing;  
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrow near us fly,  
 Angel guards from thee surround us,  
 We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;  
 Thou art he who, never weary,  
 Watcheth where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 And our couch become our tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

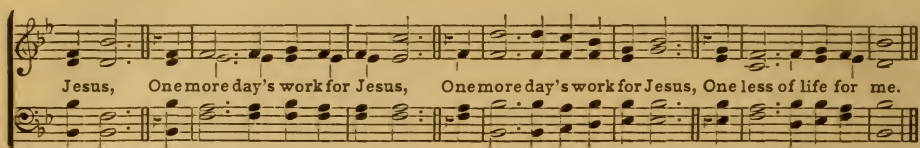
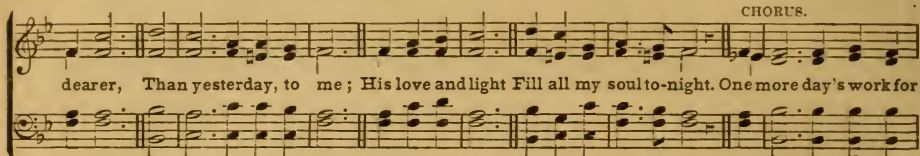
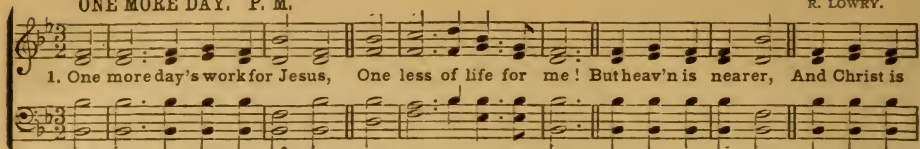
STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal; Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

## ONE MORE DAY. P. M.

R. LOWRY.



140

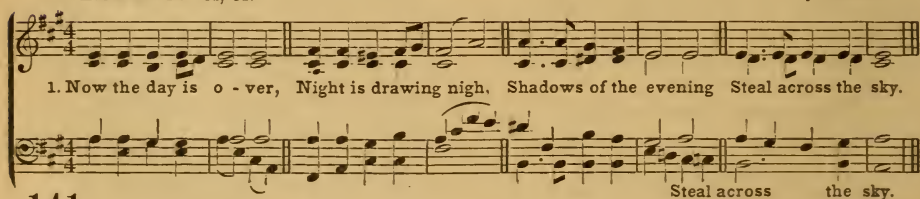
"One More Day."

A. WARNER.

- ONE more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me!  
But heaven is nearer, And Christ is dearer,  
Than yesterday, to me;  
His love and light  
Fill all my soul to-night.—CHO.
- 2 One more day's work for Jesus!  
How sweet the work has been,  
To tell the story, To show the glory,  
Where Christ's flock enter in!  
How it did shine  
In this poor heart of mine!—CHO.
- 3 One more day's work for Jesus—  
Oh, yes, a weary day;  
But heaven shines clearer, And rest comes  
At each step of the way; [nearer,  
And Christ in all—  
Before his face I fall.—CHO.
- 4 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!  
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!  
There toil seems pleasure, My wants are  
And pain for him is sweet. [treasure,  
Lord, if I may,  
I'll serve another day!—CHO.

EMMELAR. 6s, 5s.

J. BARNBY.



141

Day is over.

S. BARING-GOULD.

- Now THE day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of thee;
- Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea.
- 4 Through the long night-watches,  
May thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.
- 5 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise,  
Pure and fresh and sinless  
In thy holy eyes.

## ST. MATTHIAS. L. M. 61.

W. H. MONK.

1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in - still;

And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.

## REFRAIN.

Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus! be our light.

## 142

"Ere we go."

F. W. FABER.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:

Thy word into our minds instill:

And make our lukewarm hearts to glow

With lowly love and fervent will.—REF.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,

And thou hast taken count of all—

The scanty triumphs grace hath won,

The broken vow, the frequent fall.—REF.

3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,

Sweet fear, and sober liberty,

And simple hearts without alloy

That only long to be like thee.—REF.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,

The sinful, unto thee we call;

Oh, let thy mercy make us glad:

Thou art our Jesus, and our all.—REF.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR FATHER, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

## 143

Matt. 6: 9—13.

1 OUR FATHER, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a - | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de - | liver | us from | evil; || for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for - | ever. A - | men.



## DOXOLOGY. L. M.

## HYMN 144.

ENGLISH.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here be - low,—

Praise him, all creatures here be - low; Praise him above, Praise him a -  
Praise him a - bove,

bove, Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise him above, ye heaven - ly host; Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove,

Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - - ther, Son, and Ho - ly  
Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly

Ghost,—Praise Fa - ther, Son,.... and Ho - ly Ghost,—Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

## DOXOLOGY. L. M. Concluded.

CHORUS.—*ad lib.*

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men,— Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

DUET.

TUTTI.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

## BREAD OF LIFE. 6s, 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea ;

Be-yond the sacred page I seek thee, Lord; My spirit pants for thee, O liv-ing Word!

145

'By Galilee.'

M. A. LATHBURY.

BREAK thou the bread of life,  
 Dear Lord, to me,  
 As thou didst break the loaves  
 Beside the sea;  
 Beyond the sacred page  
 I seek thee, Lord;  
 My spirit pants for thee,  
 O living Word!

2 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,  
 To me—to me—  
 As thou didst bless the bread  
 By Galilee;  
 Then shall all bondage cease,  
 All fetters fall;  
 And I shall find my peace,  
 My All-in-All!

**146** S. M. *The Lord's Prayer.* J. MONTGOMERY.

Our Heavenly Father, hear  
 The prayer we offer now :—  
 "Thy name be hallowed far and near,  
 To thee all nations bow.

2 "Thy kingdom come; thy will  
 On earth be done in love,  
 As saints and seraphim fulfill  
 Thy perfect law above.

3 "Our daily bread supply,  
 While by thy word we live;  
 The guilt of our iniquity  
 Forgive, as we forgive.

4 "From dark temptation's power  
 Our feeble hearts defend;  
 Deliver in the evil hour,  
 And guide us to the end.

5 "Thine, then, for ever be  
 Glory and power divine;  
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
 Of heaven and earth are thine."

**147** 7s. *The Holy Spirit.* C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,  
 Love divine, thyself impart;  
 Every fainting soul inspire;  
 Enter every drooping heart;—

2 Every mournful sinner cheer;  
 Scatter all our guilty gloom;  
 Father! in thy grace appear,  
 To thy human temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour,  
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;  
 Fill us with thy glorious power,  
 Set us free from all our sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,  
 We will covet nothing less;  
 Be thou all our heart's desire,  
 All our joy, and all our peace.

**148** 8s, 7s. *Dismissal.* R. HAWKER.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
 Bid us now depart in peace;  
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
 Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation;  
 Up to thee our hearts we raise;  
 When we reach our blissful station,  
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

**149** L. M. *Sabbath Eve.* J. EDMESTON.

SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,  
 And soft the sunbeams lingering there;  
 For these blest hours the world I leave,  
 Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time, how lovely and how still!  
 Peace shines and smiles on all below;  
 The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,  
 All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul  
 Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;  
 And while these sacred moments roll,  
 Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;  
 Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;  
 And we shall join the ceaseless song,  
 The endless Sabbath of our God.

**150** H. M. *God's Word.* P. DODDRIDGE.

THE promises I sing,  
 Which sovereign love hath spoke;  
 Nor will the Eternal King  
 His words of grace revoke;

They stand secure | Not Zion's hill  
 And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away  
 When once the Judge appears,  
 And sun and moon decay,  
 That measure mortal years;

But still the same, | The promise shines  
 In radiant lines | Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound  
 Through my attentive ears,  
 When thunders cleave the ground  
 And dissipate the spheres;

Midst all the shock | I stand serene,  
 Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

**151** C. M. *"Hear and Know."* I. WATTS.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know  
 The gospel's joyful sound;  
 Peace shall attend the path they go,  
 And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
 Through their Redeemer's name;  
 His righteousness exalts their hope,  
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
 Strength and salvation gives;  
 Israel! thy King for ever reigns,  
 Thy God for ever lives.



**152** 7s. *Hymn at Parting.* E. L. FOLLEN.

THOU, from whom we never part,  
Thou, whose love is everywhere,  
Thou, who seest every heart,  
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,  
Love unfailing, full and free;  
Love that no alarm can move,  
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night  
Keep us safe from every ill;  
Cheerful as the morning light,  
May we wake to do thy will.

**153** 8s, 7s, 4s. *"Hear us!"* D. C. COLESWORTHY.

WHILE we lowly bow before thee,  
Wilt thou, gracious Saviour, hear?  
We are poor and needy sinners,  
Full of doubt and full of fear;  
Gracious Saviour,  
Make us humble and sincere.

2 Fill us with thy Holy Spirit;  
Sanctify us by thy grace;  
Oh, incline us more to love thee,  
And in dust our souls abase.  
Hear us, Saviour,  
And unvail thy glorious face.

3 None in vain did ever ask thee  
For the Spirit of thy love;  
Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us;  
Grant an answer from above;  
Blesséd Saviour,  
Hear and answer from above.

**154** 8s, 7s, 4s. *Invocation.* J. PIERPONT.

GOD Almighty and All-seeing!  
Holy One, in whom we all  
Live, and move, and have our being,  
Hear us when on thee we call;  
Father, hear us,  
As before thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art thou the Giver;  
Weak and wandering ones are we;  
Then for ever, yea, for ever,  
In thy presence would we be;  
Oh, be near us,  
That we wander not from thee.

**155** 7s. *Separation.* J. NEWTON.

For a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever present Friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer,  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.

3 Then if thou thy help afford,  
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,  
And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
Who regards our humble cries.

**156** S. M. *"Bless the Lord!"* J. MONTGOMERY.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of his choice;  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear his holy name,  
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame  
From his own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,  
And his salvation ours:  
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,  
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;  
The Lord your God adore;  
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,  
Henceforth, for evermore.

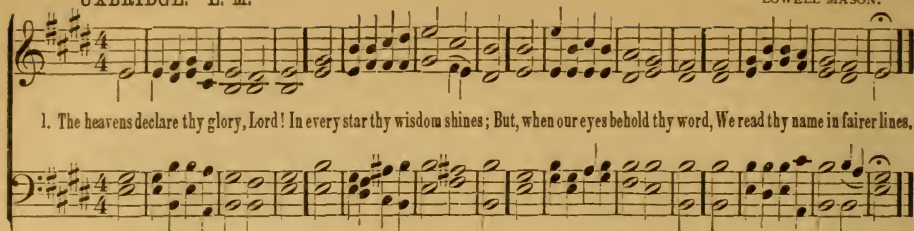
**157** 8s, 7s, 4s. *"Lord, keep us."* T. KELLY.

KEEP us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:  
Vain our hope, if left by thee;  
We are thine; oh, leave us never,  
Till thy glorious face we see;  
Then to praise thee  
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,  
Precious to thy people here;  
Never take thy presence from us,  
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:  
Living, dying,  
May thy name our spirits cheer.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord! In every star thy wisdom shines; But, when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.

## 158

*Psalm 19.*

I. WATTS.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!

In every star thy wisdom shines;  
But, when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days thy power confess;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So, when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run,  
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:  
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

## 159

*Inspiration.*

I. WATTS.

'T WAS by an order from the Lord  
The ancient prophets spoke his word!  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought  
Confirmed the messages they brought:  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.

## 160

*The Gospel Word.*

B. BEDDOME.

God, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known:  
Where love in all its glory shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,  
May taste his grace, and learn his name;  
May read, in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;  
The weary rest from all his pains;  
The captive feel his bondage cease;  
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes  
A brighter world beyond the skies;  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,  
To read and mark thy holy word;  
Its truth with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

## 161

*Psalm 19.*

R. GRANT.

THE starry firmament on high,  
And all the glories of the sky,  
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,  
So brightly as thy written word.

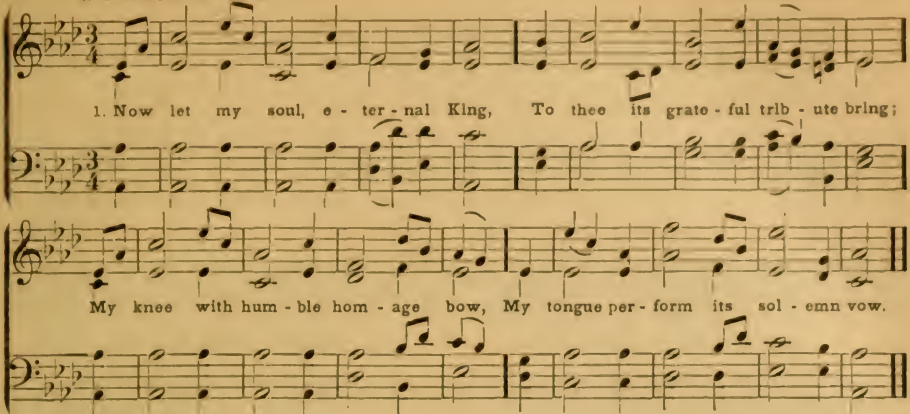
2 The hopes that holy word supplies,  
Its truths divine and precepts wise,  
In each a heavenly beam I see,  
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,  
The moon forget her nightly tale,  
And deepest silence hush on high  
The radiant chorus of the sky;—

4 But fixed for everlasting years,  
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,  
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,  
When heaven and earth have passed away.

## WILLINGTON. L. M.

GREATORREX COLL.



1. Now let my soul, e - ter - nal King, To thee its grate - ful trib - ute bring;  
My knee with hum - ble hom - age bow, My tongue per - form its sol - emn vow.

162

*"Nature sings."* O. HEGINBOTHAM.

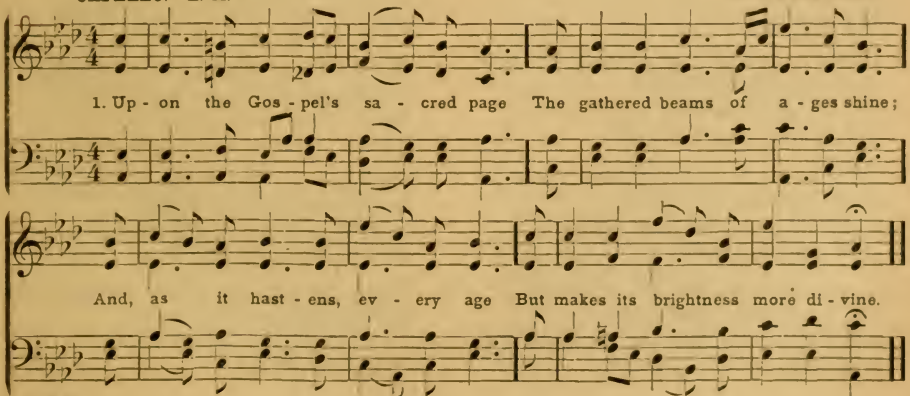
Now LET my soul, eternal King,  
To thee its grateful tribute bring;  
My knee with humble homage bow,  
My tongue perform its solemn vow.  
2 All nature sings thy boundless love,  
In worlds below and worlds above;  
But in thy blessed word I trace  
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,  
And gives my laboring conscience peace;  
Here lifts my grateful passions high,  
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, oh, let my song,  
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;  
Let distant climes thy name adore,  
Till time and nature are no more.

## CAPELLO. L. M.

RUDOLF KREUTZER.



1. Up - on the Gos - pel's sa - cred page The gathered beams of a - ges shine;  
And, as it hast - ens, ev - ery age But makes its brightness more di - vine.

163

*"And be glorified."* J. BOWRING.

Upon the Gospel's sacred page  
The gathered beams of ages shine;  
And, as it hastens, every age  
But makes its brightness more divine.  
2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,  
From year to year does knowledge soar;  
And, as it soars, the Gospel light  
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,  
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,  
Expanding with the expanding soul,  
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;  
As when the cloudless lamp of day  
Pours out its floods of light and joy,  
And sweeps the lingering mist away.



## HAVEN. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Thou love-ly Source of true de-light, Whom I un-seen a-dore!  
Un-vail thy beau-ties to my sight, That I may love thee more.

## 164

*Christ in the Word.*

A. STEELE.

Thou lovely Source of true delight,  
Whom I unseen adore!  
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;—  
But in thy sacred word,  
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,  
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,  
And sin and sorrow rise,  
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,  
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene  
Is clouded o'er with pain;  
My gloomy fears rise dark between,  
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!  
Oh, come with blissful ray;  
Break radiant through the shades of night,  
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
The wonders of thy love:  
But the full glories of thy face  
Are only known above.

## 165

*Psalms 119.*

J. FAWCETT.

How PRECIOUS is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way  
Its radiant beams are cast;  
A light whose never weary ray  
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

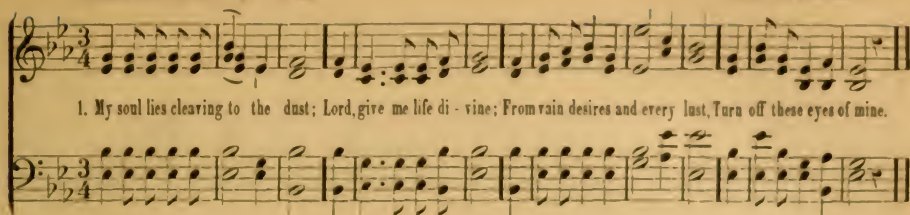
## KNOX. C. M.

TEMPLE MELODIES.

1. How precious is the book divine, By in-spi-ra-tion given, Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. My soul lies cleaving to the dust; Lord, give me life di-vine; From vain desires and every lust, Turn off these eyes of mine.

166

*Psalm 119.*

I. WATTS.

My soul lies cleaving to the dust;  
 Lord, give me life divine;  
 From vain desires and every lust,  
 Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace  
 To speed me in thy way,  
 Lest I should loiter in my race  
 Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,  
 And thou a faithful God?  
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
 To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
 And long to see thy face?  
 And yet how slow my spirits move  
 Without enlivening grace!

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
 And ne'er forget thy word,  
 When I have felt its quickening power  
 To draw me near the Lord.

168

*Psalm 119.*

I. WATTS.

Oh, how I love thy holy law!  
 'Tis daily my delight;  
 And thence my meditations draw  
 Divine advice by night.

2 How doth thy word my heart engage!  
 How well employ my tongue!  
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
 Yields me a heavenly song.

3 Am I a stranger, or at home,  
 'Tis my perpetual feast:  
 Not honey dropping from the comb,  
 So much allures the taste.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind,  
 Nor shall thy word be sold  
 For loads of silver well-refined,  
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
 Thy promises of grace  
 Are pillars to support my hope,  
 And there I write thy praise.

167

*Dull of Heart.*

I. WATTS.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
 I fly to thee, my Lord,  
 And not a glimpse of hope appears,  
 But in thy written word.

2 This is the field where hidden lies  
 The pearl of price unknown;  
 That merchant is divinely wise,  
 Who makes the pearl his own.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
 Where wit and reason fail;  
 My guide to everlasting life,  
 Through all this gloomy vale.

4 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God!  
 My roving feet command;  
 Nor I forsake the happy road,  
 That leads to thy right hand.

169

*Psalm 119.*

I. WATTS.

LORD! I have made thy word my choice,  
 My lasting heritage;  
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
 My warmest thoughts engage.

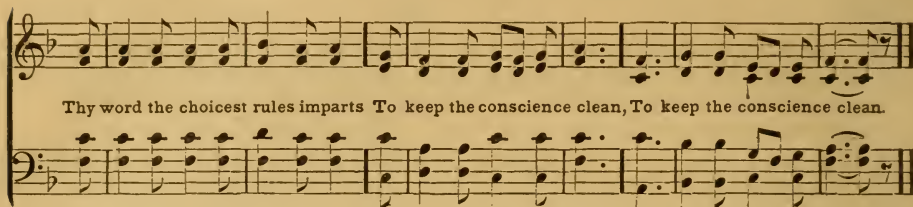
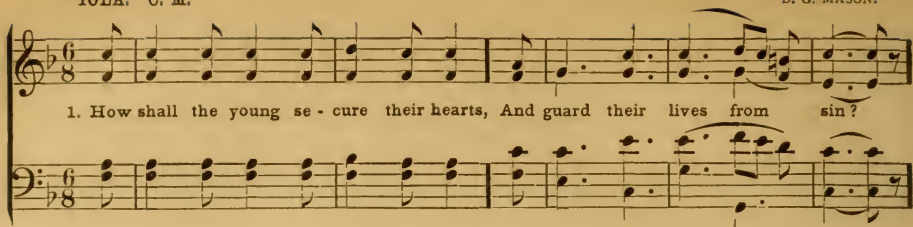
2 I'll read the histories of thy love,  
 And keep thy laws in sight,  
 While through the promises I rove,  
 With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
 Where springs of life arise;  
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
 And hidden glory lies:—

4 The best relief that mourners have;  
 It makes our sorrows blest:—  
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
 And our eternal rest.

## IOLA. C. M.

D. G. MASON.



## 170

*Psalm 119.*

I. WATTS.

How SHALL the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad;  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;  
I hate the sinner's road;  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

## 171

*Psalm 119.*

I. WATTS.

Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still:  
Oh, that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will.

2 Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write  
Thy law upon my heart;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Or act the liar's part.

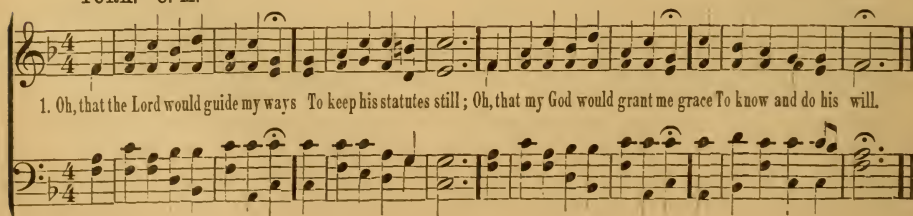
3 From vanity turn off my eyes;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires, arise  
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!  
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands—  
'Tis a delightful road;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.

## YORK. C. M.

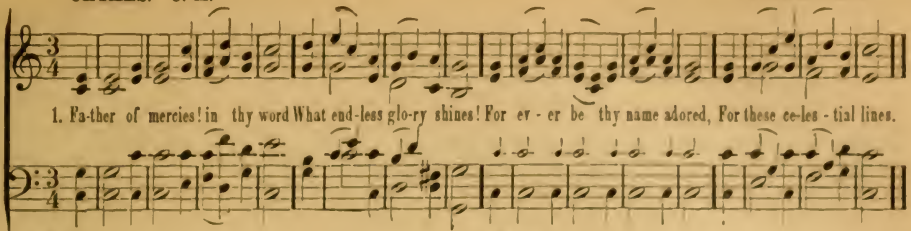
SCOTCH PSALTER.





## CHIMES. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



172

*"Endless glory."*

A. STEELE.

- FATHER of mercies! in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimers sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!  
Be thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

173

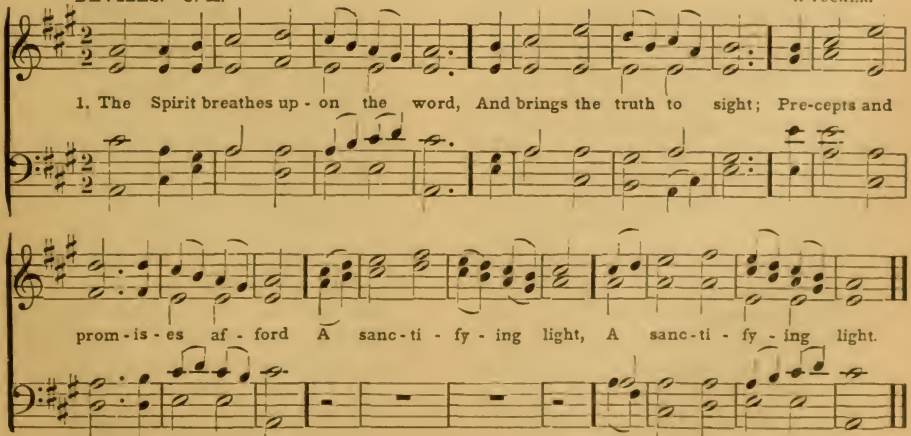
*Psalms 119.*

W. COWPER.

- The Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;—  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
Its truths upon the nations rise,—  
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view,  
In brighter worlds above.

## DEVIZES. C. M.

I. TUCKER.



CHENIES. 7s, 6s. D.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un -

chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky! We praise thee for the ra - diance That

from the hal - lowed page, A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.

174

*The Church's Gift.*

W. W. HOW.

O WORD of God incarnate,  
 O Wisdom from on high,  
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
 O Light of our dark sky!  
 We praise thee for the radiance  
 That from the hallowed page,  
 A lantern to our footsteps,  
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master  
 Received the gift divine,  
 And still that light she lifteth  
 O'er all the earth to shine.  
 It is the golden casket  
 Where gems of truth are stored,  
 It is the heaven-drawn picture  
 Of Christ the living Word.

3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,  
 A lamp of burnished gold,  
 To bear before the nations  
 Thy true light as of old;  
 Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims  
 By thy path to trace,  
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
 They see thee face to face.

175

*Psalms 19.*

J. CONDER.

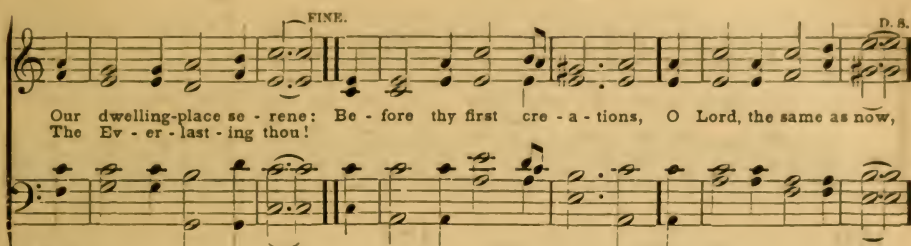
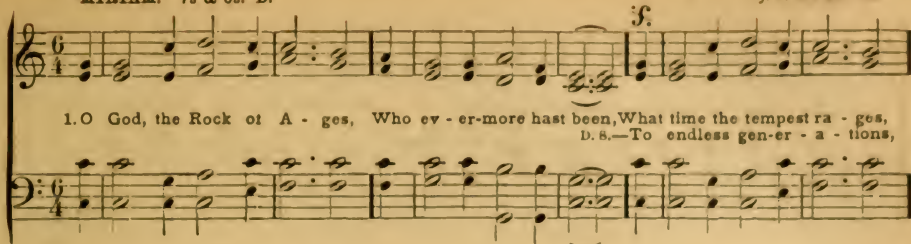
THE heavens declare his glory,  
 Their Maker's skill the skies;  
 Each day repeats the story,  
 And night to night replies.  
 Their silent proclamation  
 Throughout the earth is heard;  
 The record of creation,  
 The page of nature's word.

2 So pure, so soul-restoring,  
 Is truth's diviner ray;  
 A brighter radiance pouring  
 Than all the pomp of day:  
 The wanderer surely guiding,  
 It makes the simple wise;  
 And, evermore abiding,  
 Unfailing joy supplies.

3 Thy word is richer treasure  
 Than lurks within the mine;  
 And daintiest fare less pleasure  
 Yields than this food divine.  
 How wise each kind monition!  
 Led by thy counsels, Lord,  
 How safe the saints' condition,  
 How great is their reward!

## MIRIAM. 7s &amp; 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



## 176

*Everlasting.*—Ps. 90. E. BICKERSTETH.

O God, the Rock of Ages,  
 Who evermore has been,  
 What time the tempest rages,  
 Our dwelling-place serene:  
 Before thy first creations,  
 O Lord, the same as now,  
 To endless generations,  
 The Everlasting thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows  
 On sunny hills that lie,  
 Or grasses in the meadows  
 That blossom but to die:  
 A sleep, a dream, a story,  
 By strangers quickly told,  
 An unremaining glory  
 Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,  
 Whose light grows never pale,  
 Teach us aright to number  
 Our years before they fail!  
 On us thy mercy lighten,  
 On us thy goodness rest,  
 And let thy Spirit brighten  
 The hearts thyself hast blessed!

With watchful eye abiding  
 Upon us with delight;  
 Our souls, in him confiding,  
 He keeps both day and night.

2 Above me and beside me,  
 My God is ever near,  
 To watch, protect, and guide me,  
 Whatever ills appear.  
 Though other friends may fail me;  
 In sorrow's dark abode,  
 Though death itself assail me,  
 I'm ever safe with God.

## 178

*Sovereign Love.*

J. CONDER.

'Tis not that I did choose thee,  
 For, Lord! that could not be;  
 This heart would still refuse thee;  
 But thou hast chosen me;—  
 Hast, from the sin that stained me,  
 Washed me and set me free,  
 And to this end ordained me,  
 That I should live to thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,  
 And taught my opening mind;  
 The world had else enthralled me,  
 To heavenly glories blind.  
 My heart owns none above thee;  
 For thy rich grace I thirst;  
 This knowing,—if I love thee,  
 Thou must have loved me first.

## 177

*Omnipresent.*

DUTCH HYMN.

ON mountains and in valleys  
 Where'er we go is God;  
 The cottage and the palace,  
 Alike are his abode.



MAINZER. L. M.

JOSEPH MAINZER.

1. Fa - ther of heaven, whose love profound A ran - som for our souls hath found,  
Be - fore thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us thy par - doning love ex - tend.

179

*The Trinity.*

J. COOPER.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,—  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!  
Mysterious Godhead!—Three in One!  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

180

*Unsearchableness.*

E. BUTCHER.

WITH deepest reverence at thy throne,  
Jehovah, peerless and unknown!  
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,  
A glimpse of thee, great God! to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find  
The eternal, uncreated Mind?  
Nor men, nor angels can explore  
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.

3 That power we trace on every side;  
Oh, may thy wisdom be our guide!  
And while we live, and when we die,  
May thine almighty love be nigh.

181

*Long-Suffering.*

E. SCOTT.

GOD of my life, to thee belong  
The grateful heart, the joyful song;  
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord  
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?  
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear  
A useless cumberer of the ground,  
On which so little fruit is found?

3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand  
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;  
And let its fruit and verdure be  
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

182

*Mystery.*

B. BEDDOME.

WAIT, O my soul! thy Maker's will;  
Tumultuous passions, all be still!  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs his work, the cause conceals;  
But, though his methods are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,  
He executes his firm decrees;  
And by his saints it stands confessed,  
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul! submissive wait,  
Prostrate before his awful seat;  
And, 'mid the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

## OBEATION, L. M. D.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. { The spacious firma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, }  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal (Omit).... } pro-claim:

Th'unwea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - - tor's power dis-play;

And pub - lish-es to ev - 'ry land The work of an .. al-might - y hand.

## 183

*In Nature.—Ps. 19.* J. ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim:  
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display;  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;  
 And nightly, to the listening earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth;  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—  
 What though no real voice nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found,—  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing as they shine,—  
 "The hand that made us is divine."

## 184

*In the Seasons.* F. DODDRIDGE.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,  
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
 While in thy temple we appear,  
 To hail thee, sovereign of the year!  
 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole,  
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

2 The flowery spring at thy command,  
 Perfumes the air, adorns the land;  
 The summer rays with vigor shine,  
 To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.  
 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,  
 Through all our coasts redundant stores:  
 And winters, softened by thy care,  
 No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,  
 Demand successive songs of praise;  
 And be the grateful homage paid,  
 With morning light and evening shade.  
 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
 And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
 Where days and years revolve no more.

## BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

1. PLEVEL.

1. { While thee I seek, pro - tecting Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled; } With  
And may this con - se - crat-ed hour [omit.]

1st. 2d.

bet - ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my tho'ts would

soar: Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

## 185

*Providence.*

H. M. WILLIAMS.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!  
Be my vain wishes stilled;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled;  
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;  
To thee my thoughts would soar:  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferred by thee.  
In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise  
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on thee.

## 186

*Psalms 116.*

I. WATTS.

WHAT shall I render to my God,  
For all his kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.  
2 Among the saints that fill thine house,  
My offering shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows,  
My soul in anguish made.  
3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever blessed God!  
How dear thy servants in thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!  
4 How happy all thy servants are!  
How great thy grace to me!  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.



GENEVA. C. M.

J. COLLE.

1. When all thy mer - cies, O ..... my God! My ris - ing soul sur - veys,  
When all thy mercies, O my God!

When all thy mercies, O my God!

Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

Transported with the view, I'm lost

187

*Continued help.*

J. ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!

My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps, I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise:  
For, oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise!

JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

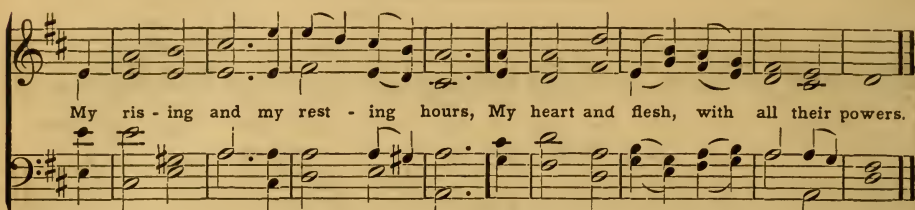
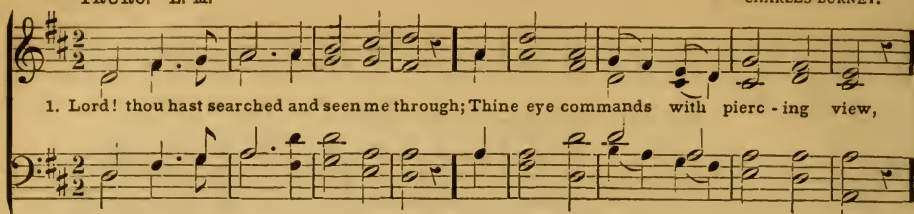
FROM LOUIS SPOHR.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God! My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Transported with the view, I'm lost  
D. S.—Be - fore my infant heart conceived

In wonder, love, and praise. 2. Unnumbered comforts, to my soul, Thy ten-der care be-stowed,  
From whom those comforts flowed.

## TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY.



## 188

Omniscience.—Ps. 139.

I. WATTS.

LORD! thou hast searched and seen me thro';  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I find thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!  
What large extent! what lofty height!  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

## 189

Faithfulness.

I. WATTS.

OH, for a strong, a lasting faith  
To credit what the Almighty saith!  
To embrace the message of his Son!  
And call the joys of heaven our own!

2 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls should fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

## 190

Unsearchableness.

E. SCOTT.

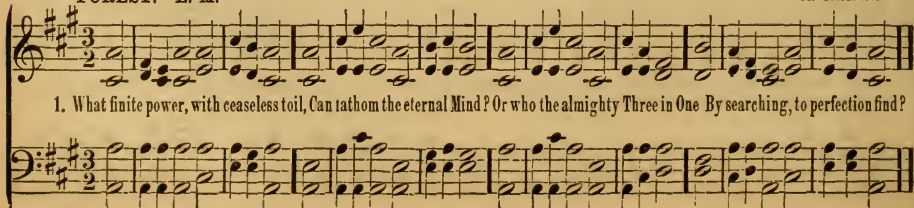
WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,  
Can fathom the eternal Mind?  
Or who the almighty Three in One  
By searching, to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise,  
Harmonious their adoring songs;  
The laboring thought sinks down, opprest,  
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice  
A portion of his ways to sing;  
And mingling with his meanest works,  
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

## FOREST. L. M.

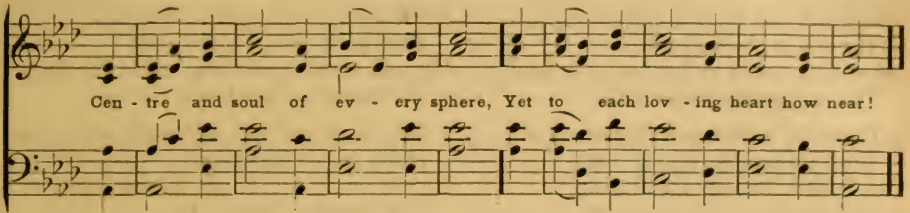
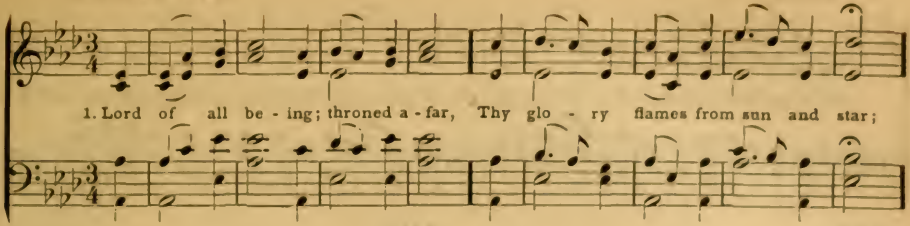
A. CHAPIN.





LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.



191

*Omnipresence.*

O. W. HOLMES.

LORD of all being; throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

192

*Providence.*

A. STEELE.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!  
How blind are we, how mean our praise!  
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;  
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I do not ask to see  
What in futurity shall be;  
Let light and bliss attend my days,  
And then my future hours be praise.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?  
Give me to trust thy guardian care;  
Enough for me, if love divine  
At length through every cloud shall shine.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,  
Be this my only wish below;  
That Christ is mine!—this great request,  
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

193

*Sovereignty.*

RAY PALMER.

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb  
To search the starry vault profound;  
In vain would wing her flight sublime,  
To find creation's outmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove  
To search thy great eternal plan,—  
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love  
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand  
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,  
By some vast deep I seem to stand,  
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

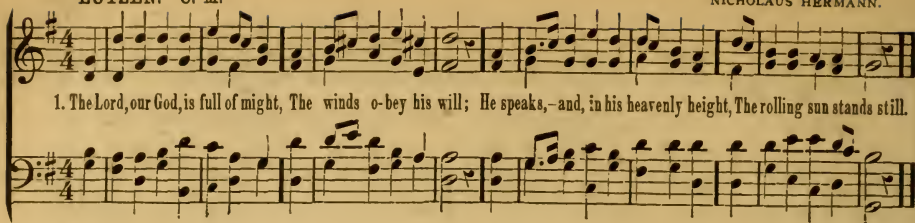
4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,  
And all is dark as night to me,  
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;  
That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore  
Thou rulest all things at thy will:  
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,  
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.



## LUTZEN. C. M.

NICHOLAUS HERMANN.



194

*Power.*

H. K. WHITE.

THE Lord, our God, is full of might,  
The winds obey his will;  
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,  
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land  
With threatning aspect roar;  
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;  
Without his high behest,  
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,  
In distant peaks it dies;  
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,  
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;  
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate your God.

195

*Providence.*

I. WATTS.

KEEP silence, all created things!  
And wait your Maker's nod;  
My soul stands trembling, while she sings  
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on his firm decree;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.

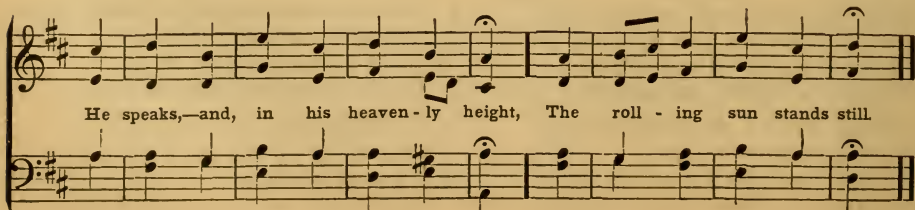
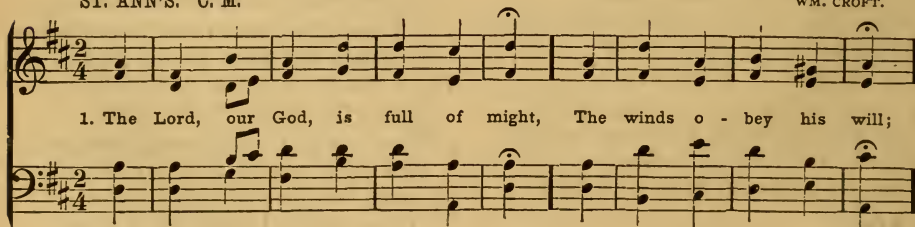
3 His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his counsels shine;  
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,  
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see  
My fate, with curious eyes—  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
Oh, may I find my name  
Recorded in some humble place,  
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

## ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WM. CROFT.



## NOEL. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa - ther! how wide thy glo - ry shines! How high thy won - ders rise!

Known through the earth by thou - sand signs, By thou-sand through the skies.

## 196

*Nature and Grace.*

I. WATTS.

FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill;  
And on the wings of every hour,  
We read thy patience still.

3 But, when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms,—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains;  
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.

6 Oh, may I bear some humble part,  
In that immortal song;  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

## 197

*Goodness.—Ps. 145.*

I. WATTS.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high; but ne'er confines  
His goodness to the skies:  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines  
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
How slow thine anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pardoning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.

## 198

*In Nature.*

A. STEELE.

LORD, when my raptured thought surveys  
Creation's beauties o'er,  
All nature joins to teach thy praise,  
And bid my soul adore.

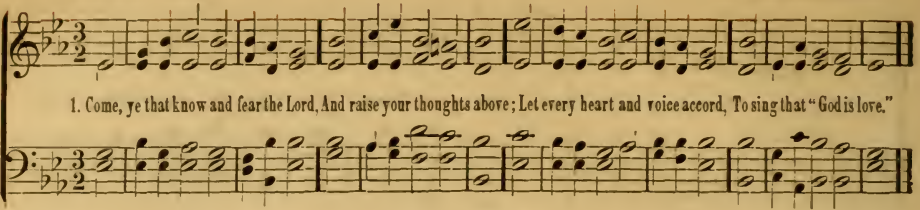
2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,  
Thy radiant footsteps shine;  
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,  
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone  
With gentle smiling rays;  
Oh, let my lips and life make known  
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart!  
Oh, teach me to improve  
Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,  
And crown them with thy love.

DOWNS. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



## 199

*Love.*

G. BURDER.

- COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,  
And raise your thoughts above;  
Let every heart and voice accord,  
To sing that "God is love."
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,  
And all his mercies prove;  
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,  
To show that "God is love."
- 3 Behold his patience, bearing long  
With those who from him rove;  
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,  
To teach them—"God is love."
- 4 Oh, may we all, while here below,  
This best of blessings prove;  
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
Proclaim that "God is love."

## 200

*Omnipresence.—Ps. 139. I. WATTS.*

- IN all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're formed within;  
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high,  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Enclosed on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.

## 201

*In Nature.*

J. KEBLE.

- THERE is a book that all may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,  
It steals in silence down;  
But where it lights, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.
- 5 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see,  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.

## 202

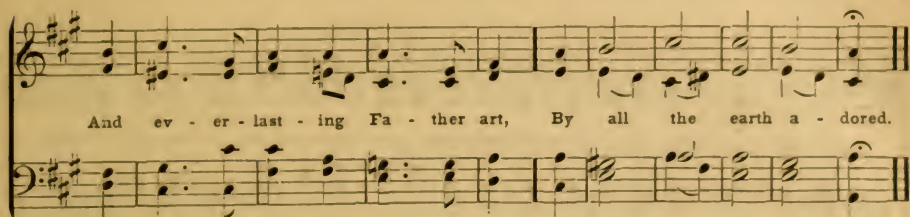
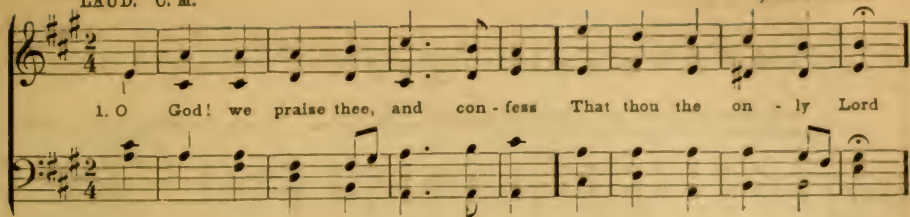
*Omniscience.—Ps. 139. I. WATTS.*

- LORD! where shall guilty souls retire,  
Forgotten and unknown?  
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire—  
In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 2 If, winged with beams of morning light,  
I fly beyond the west,  
Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
Would soon betray my rest.
- 3 If, o'er my sins, I think to draw  
The curtains of the night,  
Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,  
Would turn the shades to light.
- 4 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee:  
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power,  
From which I cannot flee.



LAUD. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



203

"Te Deum."

TATE—BRADY.

O God! we praise thee, and confess  
That thou the only Lord  
And everlasting Father art,  
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;  
To thee the powers on high,  
Both cherubim and seraphim,  
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
The world is with the glory filled  
Of thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,  
And prophets crowned with light,  
With all the martyrs' noble host,  
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,  
O Lord, confesses thee,  
That thou the eternal Father art,  
Of boundless majesty.

204

Eternity.

I. WATTS.

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made:  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.

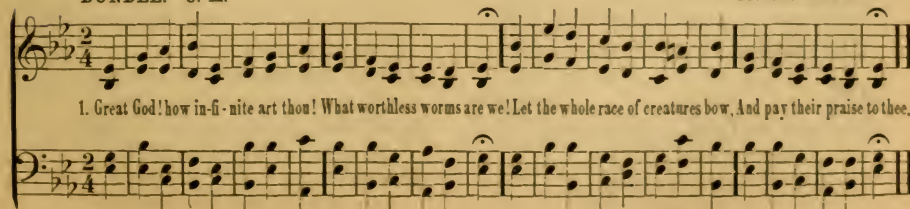
3 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears—  
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares;  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

DUNDEE. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



VARINA. C. M. D.

G. F. ROOT, *arr.*

1. { I sing th'almighty power of God, That made the mountains rise, }  
 { That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the loft-y skies. } I sing the wisdom that ordained

The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o - bey.

## 205

*Perfections.*

I. WATTS.

I SING the almighty power of God,  
 That made the mountains rise,  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies.  
 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
 The sun to rule the day;  
 The moon shines full at his command,  
 And all the stars obey.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
 That filled the earth with food;  
 He formed the creatures with his word,  
 And then pronounced them good.  
 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed  
 Where'er I turn mine eye!  
 If I survey the ground I tread,  
 Or gaze upon the sky!

3 There's not a plant or flower below  
 But makes thy glories known;  
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow  
 By order from thy throne.  
 Creatures that borrow life from thee  
 Are subject to thy care;  
 There's not a place where we can flee,  
 But God is present there.

## 206

*Mystery.*

J. FAWCETT.

THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;  
 Thy paths I cannot trace,  
 Nor comprehend the mystery  
 Of thine unbounded grace.

As, through a glass, I dimly see  
 The wonders of thy love;  
 How little do I know of thee,  
 Or of the joys above!

2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;  
 I bless thee for the sight:  
 When will thy love the rest reveal,  
 In glory's clearer light?  
 With rapture shall I then survey  
 Thy providence and grace;  
 And spend an everlasting day  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

## 207

*Omniscience.—Ps. 139. J. THOMPSON*

JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power  
 On every hand we see;  
 Oh, may the blessings of each hour  
 Lead all our thoughts to thee.  
 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
 And reaches to the skies;  
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
 Thy goodness never dies.

2 From morn till noon, till latest eve,  
 The hand of God we see;  
 And all the blessings we receive,  
 Ceaseless proceed from thee.  
 In all the varying scenes of time,  
 On thee our hopes depend;  
 In every age, in every clime,  
 Our Father and our Friend.

## MANOAH. C. M.

FROM G. ROSSINI.

1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing;  
The might - y works, or mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.

## 208

*Faithfulness.*

I. WATTS.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing;  
The mighty works or mightier name  
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound his power abroad;  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

## 210

*Holiness.*

J. NEEDHAM.

HOLY and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King,  
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;  
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul! to God;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;  
A broken heart shall please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls  
From all pollution free;  
The pure in heart are thy delight,  
And they thy face shall see.

## 209

*Providence.*

W. COWPER.

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and will break  
In blessings on your head.



FABEN. 8s, 7s. D.

J. H. WILCOX.

1. Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heaven; Earth is with its fullness stored; Un-to thee be glo-ry  
giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Heaven is still with anthems ring-ing; Earth takes  
up the an - gels' cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, singing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

211

*Holiness.*

R. MANTON

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;  
Earth is with its fullness stored;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
Holy, holy, holy, singing,  
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,  
Brethren, let our tongues unite,  
While our thoughts his greatness raises,  
And our love his gifts excite:  
With his seraph train before him,  
With his holy church below,  
Thus unite we to adore him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fullness stored;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Thus thy glorious name confessing,  
We adopt the angels' cry,  
Holy, holy, holy, blessing  
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

212

*Grace.*

F. S. KEY.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee  
For the bliss thy love bestows;  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows:  
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;  
This dull soul to rapture raise;  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away;  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;  
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise.

## VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON, arr.

1. { God, my King, thy might confessing, Ev - er will I bless thy name; }  
 { Day by day thy throne addressing, Still will I thy praise proclaim. } 2. Nor shall fail from memory's  
 treasure, Works by love and mercy wrought— Works of love surpassing measure, Works of mercy passing tho't.

213

*Perfections.*

R. MANT.

God, my King, thy might confessing,  
 Ever will I bless thy name;  
 Day by day thy throne addressing,  
 Still will I thy praise proclaim.  
 2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,  
 Works by love and mercy wrought—  
 Works of love surpassing measure,  
 Works of mercy passing thought  
 3 Full of kindness and compassion,  
 Slow of anger, vast in love,  
 God is good to all creation;  
 All his works his goodness prove.  
 4 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,  
 Thee shall all thy saints adore;  
 King supreme shall they confess thee,  
 And proclaim thy sovereign power

214

*Mercy.*

F. W. FABER

THERE's a wideness in God's mercy.  
 Like the wideness of the sea:  
 There's a kindness in his justice,  
 Which is more than liberty.  
 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
 And more graces for the good;  
 There is mercy with the Saviour;  
 There is healing in his blood.  
 3 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.  
 4 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take him at his word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

## ST. CHAD. 8s, 7s. D.

R. REDHEAD.

1. { Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love bestows, }  
 { For the pardoning grace that saves me, (Omit) ..... } And the peace that from it flows:  
 D. C.—Thou must light the flame, or nev - er (Omit) ..... Can my love be warm'd to praise.

*Voices in Unison.*

D. C.

Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:  
 Organ.



## EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing; Our Helper he, a - mid the flood

Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his woe;

His craft and power are great, And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

## 215

"A Mighty Fortress." F. H. HEDGE, tr.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,  
 A bulwark never failing:  
 Our Helper he, amid the flood  
 Of mortal ills prevailing.  
 For still our ancient foe  
 Doth seek to work his woe;  
 His craft and power are great,  
 And armed with cruel hate,  
 On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,  
 Our striving would be losing;  
 Were not the right man on our side,  
 The man of God's own choosing.  
 Dost ask who that may be?  
 Christ Jesus, it is he;  
 Lord Sabaoth is his name,  
 From age to age the same,  
 And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,  
 Should threaten to undo us;  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed  
 His truth to triumph through us.  
 The prince of darkness grim,—  
 We tremble not for him;  
 His rage we can endure,  
 For lo! his doom is sure,—  
 One little word shall fell him!

4 That word above all earthly powers—  
 No thanks to them—abideth;  
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
 Through him who with us sideth.  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
 This mortal life also:  
 The body they may kill:  
 God's truth abideth still,  
 His kingdom is for ever.

## 216

"God alone."

H. W. BAKER.

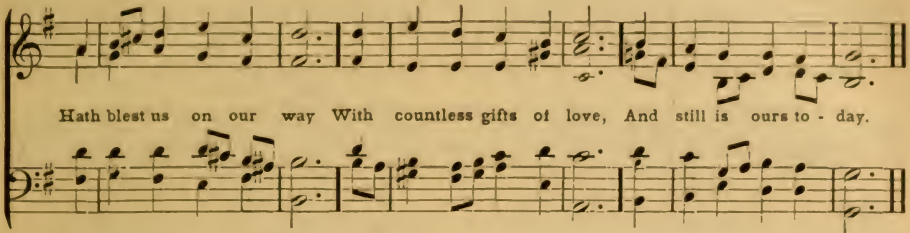
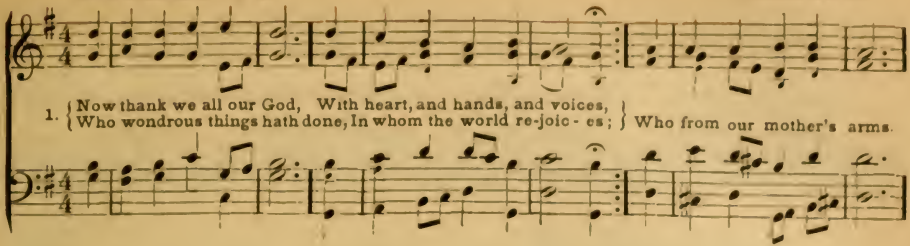
REJOICE to-day with one accord,  
 Sing out with exultation;  
 Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
 Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
 His works of love proclaim  
 The greatness of his name;  
 For he is God alone,  
 Who hath his mercy shown;  
 Let all his saints adore him.

2 When in distress to him we cried,  
 He heard our sad complaining;  
 Oh, trust in him, whate'er betide,  
 His love is all sustaining;  
 Triumphant songs of praise  
 To him our hearts shall raise;  
 Now every voice shall say,  
 "Oh, praise our God alway;"  
 Let all his saints adore him.



## NUN DANKET. P. M.

JOHANN CRUGER.



## 217

*Bounteous Care.* C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

Now THANK we all our God,  
 With heart, and hands, and voices,  
 Who wondrous things hath done,  
 In whom the world rejoices;  
 Who from our mother's arms  
 Hath blessed us on our way  
 With countless gifts of love,  
 And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God  
 Through all our life be near us,  
 With ever joyful hearts  
 And blessed peace to cheer us;  
 To keep us in his grace,  
 And guide us when perplexed,  
 And free us from all ills  
 In this world and the next.

## 218

*Eternity.* C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

O THOU essential Word,  
 Who wast from everlasting  
 With God, for thou wast God;  
 On thee our burden casting,  
 O Saviour of our race,  
 Welcome indeed thou art,  
 Redeemer, Fount of Grace,  
 To this my longing heart.

2 Come, self-existent Word,  
 And speak thou in my spirit;  
 The soul where thou art heard,  
 Doth endless peace inherit.

Thou Light that lightenest all,  
 Abide through faith in me,  
 Nor let me from thee fall,  
 Nor seek a guide but thee.

## 219

*Beneficence.*

A. T. PIERSON.

To THEE, O God, we raise  
 Our voice in choral singing;  
 We come with prayer and praise,  
 Our hearts' oblations bringing;  
 Thou art our fathers' God,  
 And ever shalt be ours;  
 Our lips and lives shall laud  
 Thy name, with all our powers.

2 Thy goodness, like the dew  
 On Hermon's hill descending,  
 Is every morning new,  
 And tells of love unending.  
 We bless thy tender care  
 That led our wayward feet,  
 Past every fatal snare,  
 To streams and pastures sweet.

3 We bless thy Son, who bore  
 The cross, for sinners dying;  
 Thy Spirit we adore,  
 The precious blood applying.  
 Let work and worship send  
 Their incense unto thee;  
 Till song and service blend,  
 Beside the crystal sea.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D.

J. BLUMENTHAL.

1. Holy Father, hear my cry; Holy Saviour, bend thine ear; Holy Spirit, come thou nigh: Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!

Father, save me from my sin; Saviour, I thy mer-cy crave; Gracious Spirit, make me clean: Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

220

*The Trinity.*

H. BONAR.

HOLY Father, hear my cry;  
 Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;  
 Holy Spirit, come thou nigh:  
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!  
 Father, save me from my sin;  
 Saviour, I thy mercy crave;  
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean:  
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

2 Father, let me taste thy love;  
 Saviour, fill my soul with peace;  
 Spirit, come my heart to move:  
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!  
 Father, Son, and Spirit—thou  
 One Jehovah, shed abroad  
 All thy grace within me now;  
 Be my Father and my God!

Lightly by the world esteemed,  
 From that world by thee redeemed,  
 Sing we here with glad accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all  
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
 While the ransomed nations fall  
 At the footstool of their King:  
 Then shall saints and seraphim,  
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,  
 Blending in sublime accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

221

*"Holy, holy, holy."* J. MONTGOMERY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord  
 God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,  
 Out of darkness, at thy word  
 Issued into glorious birth,  
 All thy works before thee stood,  
 And thine eye beheld them good,  
 While they sung with sweet accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,  
 One Jehovah evermore,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,  
 Dust and ashes, would adore:

222

*Divine Presence.*

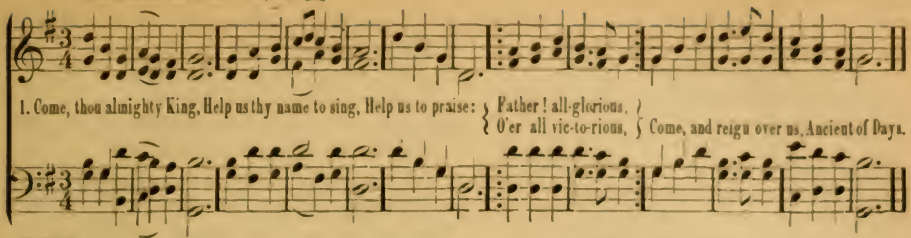
R. GRANT.

LORD of earth! thy forming hand  
 Well this beauteous frame hath planned;  
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,  
 Ocean rolling in his power:  
 Yet, amid this scene so fair,  
 Should I cease thy smile to share,  
 What were all its joys to me?  
 Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight  
 Shines a world of purer light;  
 There in love's unclouded reign  
 Parted hands shall meet again:  
 Oh, that world is passing fair!  
 Yet, if thou wert absent there,  
 What were all its joys to me?  
 Whom have I in heaven but thee?

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: } Father! all-glorious, }  
O'er all vic-tor-ious, } Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

223

"One in Three.

C. WESLEY.

Come, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,

Help us to praise:

Father! all-glorious,

O'er all victorious,

Come, and reign over us,

Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword;

Our prayer attend;

Come, and thy people bless,

And give thy word success—

Spirit of holiness!

On us descend

3 Come, holy Comforter!

Thy sacred witness bear,

In this glad hour:

Thou, who almighty art,

Now rule in every heart,

And ne'er from us depart,

Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,

The highest praises be,

Hence evermore!

His sovereign majesty

May we in glory see,

And to eternity

Love and adore.

ELLACOMBE. 7s, 6s. D.

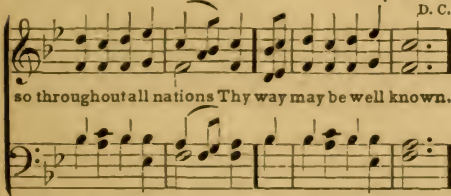
ST. GALL'S COLLECTION.



1. { O God, to us show mer - cy, And bless us in thy grace; }  
{ Cause thou to shine upon us The (Omit) ..... } brightness of thy face: That  
D. C.—And un-to every peo - ple Thy (Omit) ..... sav - ing health be shown.



D. C.



so throughout all nations Thy way may be well known.

224

"Show mercy."—Ps. 67.

ANON.

O God, to us show mercy,  
And bless us in thy grace;

Cause thou to shine upon us

The brightness of thy face:

That so throughout all nations

Thy way may be well known,

And unto every people

Thy saving health be shown.

2 O God, let people praise thee,

Let all the people praise;

Oh, let the nations joyful

Their songs of gladness raise:

For thou shalt judge the people

In truth and righteousness;

And on the earth all nations

Shall thy just rule confess.

3 O God, let people praise thee;

Thy praises let them sing;

And then in rich abundance

The earth her fruit shall bring:

The Lord our God shall bless us,

God shall his blessing send;

And people all shall fear him

To earth's remotest end.



**225**88, 78. *Wisdom and Love.* J. BOWRING.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens

All the path in which we rove;

Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;

God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;

Man decays, and ages move;

But his mercy waneth never;

God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,

Will his changeless goodness prove;

From the gloom his brightness streameth;

God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth

Hope and comfort from above;

Everywhere his glory shineth;

God is wisdom, God is love.

**226**L. M. *The Trinity.* H. W. BAKER.

BLEST Trinity! from mortal sight

Vailed in thine own eternal light!

We thee confess, in thee believ;

To thee with loving hearts we cleave.

2 O Father! thou Most Holy One!

O God of God! Eternal Son!

O Holy Ghost! thou Love Divine!

To join them both is ever thine.

3 The Father is in God the Son,

And with the Father he is one;

In both the Spirit doth abide,

And with them both is glorified.

4 Eternal Father! thee we praise;

To thee, O Son! our hymns we raise;

O Holy Ghost! we thee adore!

One mighty God for evermore.

**227**C. M. 61. *Omnipresence.* J. CONDER.

BEYOND, beyond the boundless sea,

Above that dome of sky,

Further than thought itself can flee,

Thy dwelling is on high:

Yet dear the awful thought to me,

That thou, my God! art nigh:—

2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind

Feels after thee in vain—

Thee in these works of power to find,

Or to thy seat attain;

Thy messenger—the stormy wind;

Thy path—the trackless main.

3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim;

They thunder forth thy praise—

The glorious honor of thy name,

The wonders of thy ways;

But thou art not in tempest-flame,

Nor in the noon-day blaze.

4 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll

Through the wide fields of air:

The waves obey thy dread control;

Yet still thou art not there:

Where shall I find him, O my soul!

Who yet is everywhere?

5 Oh, not in circling depth or height,

But in the conscious breast,

Present faith, though veiled from sight,

There doth his Spirit rest:

Oh, come, thou Presence infinite!

And make thy creature blest.

**228**L. M. *Goodness.* F. DODDRIDGE

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns

Through all the wide celestial plains;

And its full streams unceasing flow

Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's work its glories shine;

The cares of providence are thine;

And grace erects our ruined frame

A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh, give to every human heart

To taste, and feel how good thou art;

With grateful love and reverent fear,

To know how blest thy children are.

**229**L. M. *Glory.* T. BLACKLOCK.

COME, O my soul! in sacred lays

Attempt thy great Creator's praise:

But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame?

What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,

He glory like a garment wears;

To form a robe of light divine,

Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,

Almighty power with wisdom shines;

His works thro' all this wondrous frame,

Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,

Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;

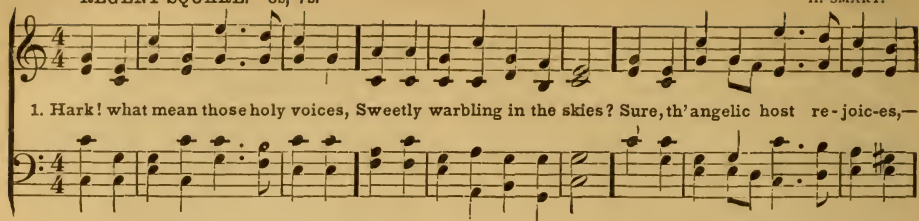
And let his praise employ thy tongue,

'Till listening worlds shall join the song!

- 230** H. M. *The Trinity*  
 WE give immortal praise  
 For God the Father's love,  
 For all our comforts here,  
 And better hopes above:  
 He sent his own eternal Son  
 To die for sins that we had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal glory too,  
 Who bought us with his blood  
 From everlasting woe:  
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,  
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name  
 Immortal worship give,  
 Whose new-creating power  
 Makes the dead sinner live:  
 His work completes the great design,  
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God! to thee  
 Be endless honors done,  
 The undivided Three,  
 The great and glorious One:  
 Where reason fails, with all her powers,  
 There faith prevails, and love adores.
- 231** C. M. *Majesty.—Ps. 18.* T. STERNHOLD.  
 THE Lord descended from above,  
 And bowed the heavens most high:  
 And underneath his feet he cast  
 The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim,  
 Full royally he rode;  
 And on the wings of mighty winds  
 Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,  
 Their fury to restrain;  
 And he, as sovereign Lord and King,  
 For evermore shall reign.
- 4 The Lord will give his people strength,  
 Whereby they shall increase;  
 And he will bless his chosen flock  
 With everlasting peace.
- 5 Give glory to his awful name,  
 And honor him alone;  
 Give worship to his majesty,  
 Upon his holy throne.
- 232** H. M. *Love.* J. YOUNG.  
 ON, for a shout of joy,  
 Worthy the theme we sing;  
 To this divine employ  
 Our hearts and voices bring;  
 Sound, sound, thro' all the earth abroad,  
 The love, the eternal love of God.
- 2 Unnumbered myriads stand,  
 Of seraphs bright and fair,  
 Or bow at thy right hand,  
 And pay their homage there;  
 But strive in vain with loudest chord,  
 To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.
- 3 Yet sinners saved by grace,  
 In songs of lower key,  
 In every age and place,  
 Have sung the mystery,—  
 Have told in strains of sweet accord,  
 Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.
- 4 Though earth and hell assail,  
 And doubts and fears arise,  
 The weakest shall prevail,  
 And grasp the heavenly prize,  
 And through an endless age record  
 Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.
- 233** L. M. *Grace.—Ps. 138.* I. WATTS.  
 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue  
 I'll praise my Maker in my song:  
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
 Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;  
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word;  
 Not all the works and names below,  
 So much thy power and glory show.
- 3 To God I cried when troubles rose;  
 He heard me, and subdued my foes;  
 He did my rising fears control,  
 And strength diffused thro' all my soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand;  
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- 5 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
 To save from sorrows and from sins;  
 The work that wisdom undertakes,  
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

## REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s.

H. SMART.



## 234

*"Those holy Voices."* J. CAWOOD.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,

Sweetly warbling in the skies?

Sure, the angelic host rejoices—

Loudest hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,

Which they chant in hymns of joy;—

"Glory in the highest, glory;

Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,

Reaching far as man is found;

Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—

Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;

Heaven and earth his glory sing:

Glad, receive whom God appointed,

For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals! to adore him,

Learn his name and taste his joy;

Till in heaven you sing before him,—

Glory be to God most high!"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story

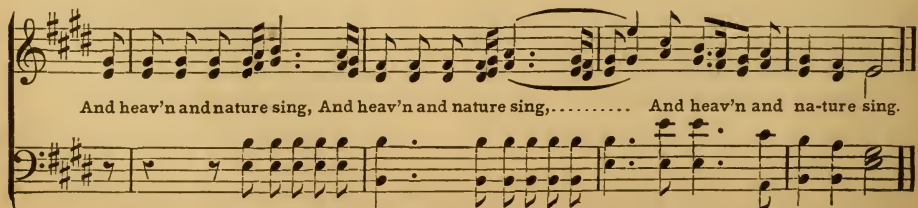
Of our great Redeemer's birth,

Spread the brightness of his glory,

Till it cover all the earth.

## ANTIOCH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.



HARK. P. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. (Hark! hark, my soul; an-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and  
How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are (Omit) o-ocean's wave-beat shore:  
} tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

CHORUS.  
An-gels of Je-sus, An-gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

235

*The heavenly Host.*

F. W. FABER.

The music of the gospel leads us home.—  
CHO.

HARK! hark, my soul; angelic songs are  
swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-  
beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blesséd strains  
are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no  
more.—CHO.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them sing-  
ing,

"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you  
come:"

And, through the dark its echoes sweetly  
ringing,

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly steal-  
ing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to  
thee.—CHO.

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches  
keeping;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of  
weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloud-  
less love.—CHO.

236

C. M.

*Psal'm 98.*

I. WATTS.

Joy to the world,—the Lord is come;

Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground,  
He comes to make his blessings flow,  
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

## ZERAH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To us a Child of hope is born; To us a Son is given; Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven; Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.

237

Isaiah 9:6.

J. MORRISON.

To us a Child of hope is born;  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven.  
2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
For evermore adored,

The Wonderful, the Counselor,  
The great and mighty Lord!

3 His power increasing still shall spread,  
His reign no end shall know:  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below.

## CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an - gel  
of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

238

Bethlehem Song.

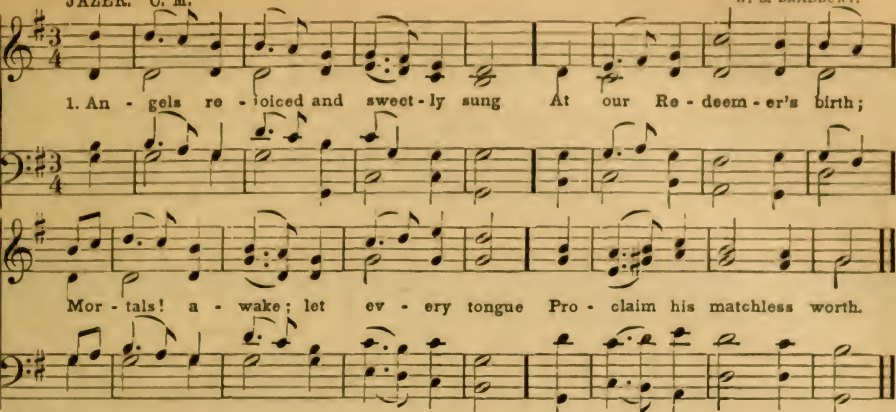
TATE—BRADY.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
All seated on the ground; [night,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.  
2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,—  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
To you and all mankind.  
3 "To you in David's town this day,  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign;—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."  
5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:—  
6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease!"

JAZER. O. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. An - gels re - joiced and sweet - ly sung At our Re - deem - er's birth;  
Mor - tals! a - wake; let ev - ery tongue Pro - claim his matchless worth.

239

"Glory to God."

W. HURN.

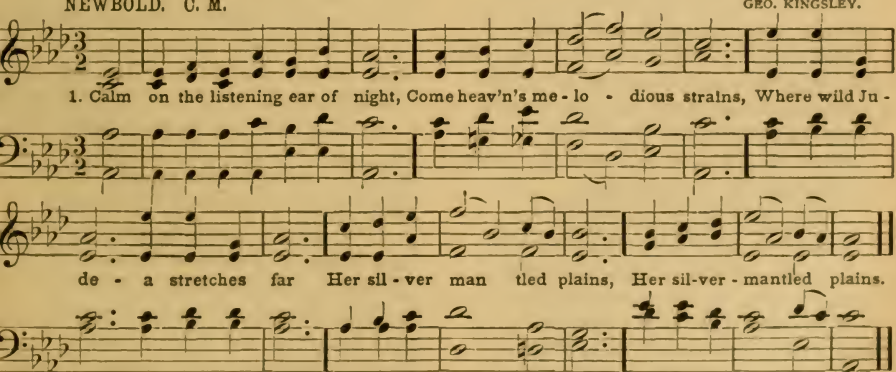
ANGELS rejoiced and sweetly sung  
At our Redeemer's birth;  
Mortals! awake; let every tongue  
Proclaim his matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,  
And sent his only Son  
To take a servant's form, and die,  
For evils we had done!

NEWBOLD. C. M.

3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!  
Arise, and shout for joy;  
He comes, with rich abounding grace  
To save and not destroy.

4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,  
And fill the world with light,  
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,  
May know thy saving might.



1. Calm on the listening ear of night, Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains, Where wild Ju -  
de - a stretches far Her sil - ver man - tled plains, Her sil - ver - mantled plains.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

240

Angels' music.

E. H. SEARS.

CALM on the listening ear of night,  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.  
2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,  
Shed sacred glories there,  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.  
3 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;

And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring—  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King!"



## SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { When, marshaled on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky, } { Hark! hark! to God the  
One star a-lone of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye. } { But one a-lone the

chorus breaks, From every host, from ev-ery gem; }  
Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem; } It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

## 241

"They saw the Star." H. K. WHITE.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.  
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.  
Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
And through the storm and danger's thrall  
It led me to the port of peace.  
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

ST. ALBAN. L. M.

## 242

"Prince of Salem." T. CAMPBELL.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion's hill;  
When Salem's shepherds thro' the night  
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound  
In distant hallelujahs stole,  
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts to Zion came;  
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,  
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

4 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;  
The long expected hour is nigh:  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,  
Bids Satan and his host depart;  
Again the Daystar gilds the gloom,  
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

6 O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;  
The long-expected hour is nigh;  
The joys of nature rise again:  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.

1. When Jordan hushed his waters still,      When Salem's shepherds thro' the night  
And silence slept on Zion's hill;      Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;—

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. All praise to thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;

Choosing a man - ger for thy throne, While worlds on worlds are thine a - lone!

243

*The child Christ.*

M. LUTHER.

ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord,  
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;  
Choosing a manger for thy throne,  
While worlds on worlds are thine alone!

2 Once did the skies before thee bow;  
A virgin's arms contain thee now;  
Angels, who did in thee rejoice,  
Now listen for thine infant voice.

3 A little child, thou art our guest,  
That weary ones in thee may rest;  
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,  
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night  
To make us children of the light;  
To make us, in the realms divine,  
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

5 All this for us thy love hath done;  
By this to thee our love is won;  
For this we tune our cheerful lays,  
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

244

*Incarnation.*

I. WATTS.

BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word;  
With God he was, the Word was God!  
And must divinely be adored.

2 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars:  
His generation who can tell,  
Or count the number of his years?

3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms:  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may converse hold with worms,  
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold his face,  
The eternal Father's only Son:  
How full of truth, how full of grace,  
When in his eyes the Godhead shone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode,  
To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

GALILEE. L. M.

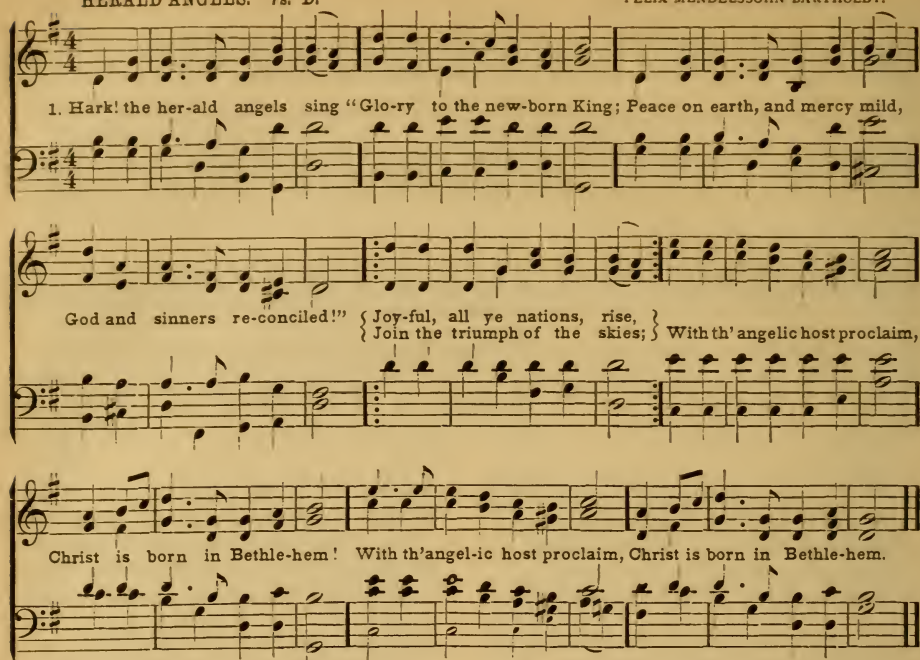
RICHARD LANGDON.

1. Before the heavens were spread abroad, From everlasting was the Word; With God he was, the Word was God! And must divinely be adored



## HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



1. Hark! the her-ald angels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners re-conciled!" { Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise, } Join the triumph of the skies; } With th' angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethle-hem! With th' angel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethle-hem.

245

*The Nativity.*

C. WESLEY.

HARK! the herald angels sing  
 "Glory to the new-born King;  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled!"  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 With the angelic host proclaim,  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
 Late in time behold him come,  
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb:  
 Vailed in flesh the Godhead see;  
 Hail the incarnate Deity,  
 Pleased as man with men to dwell;  
 Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all he brings,  
 Risen with healing in his wings:  
 Mild he lays his glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die:  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.

246

*"The Christ of God."*

H. BONAR.

HE has come! the Christ of God  
 Left for us his glad abode;  
 Stooping from his throne of bliss,  
 To this darksome wilderness.  
 He has come! the Prince of Peace;  
 Come to bid our sorrows cease;  
 Come to scatter with his light  
 All the shadows of our night.

2 He the mighty King has come!  
 Making this poor earth his home;  
 Come to bear our sin's sad load;  
 Son of David, Son of God!  
 He has come, whose name of grace  
 Speaks deliverance to our race;  
 Left for us his glad abode;  
 Son of Mary, Son of God!

3 Unto us a child is born!  
 Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,  
 Among all the morns of time,  
 Half so glorious in its prime.  
 Unto us a Son is given!  
 He has come from God's own heaven,  
 Bringing with him from above  
 Holy peace and holy love.



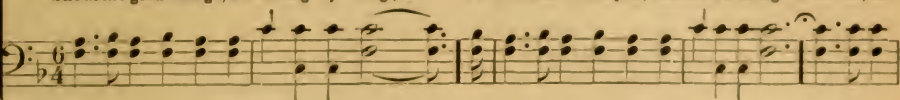
AVISON. 11s, 10s.

C. AVISON.

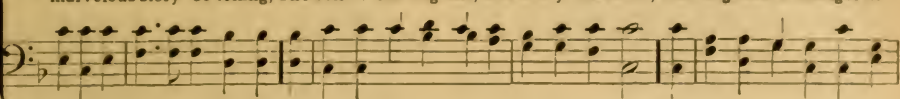
CHORUS.



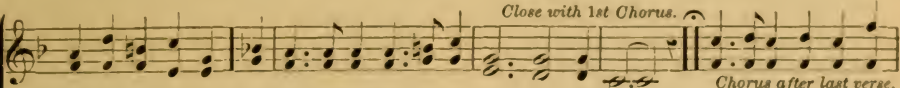
Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing;... Je-ru-salem triumphs, Messiah is King. 1. Zi-on, the



marvelous story be telling, The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth; The brightest archangel in

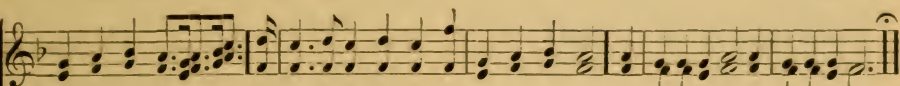
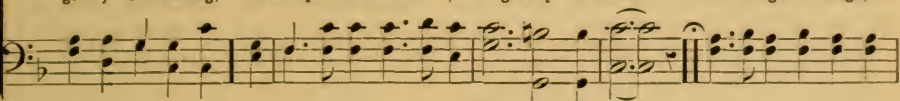


*Close with 1st Chorus.*

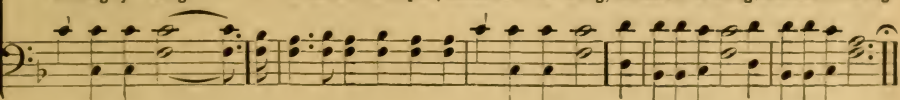


*Chorus after last verse.*

glo-ry ex-celling, He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up-on earth. Shout the glad tidings, ex-



ult-ing-ly sing... Je-ru-salem triumphs, Messi-ah is King, Messiah is King, Messiah is King.



247

*The Glad Tidings.* W. A. MUHLENBERG.

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

Zion, the marvelous story be telling,  
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his  
birth;

The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns  
upon earth.

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,  
The heart-cheering news let the earth  
echo round;

How free to the faithful he offers salvation!  
How his people with joy everlasting are  
crowned!

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully  
bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna  
arise;

Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth  
and the skies.

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

248

C. M. D. "*The Age of Gold.*"

E. H. SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold ;  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to man,  
From heaven's all-gracious King :"  
The earth in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they  
With peaceful wings unfurled ; [come,  
And still celestial music floats  
O'er all the weary world ;  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on heavenly wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,  
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow ;—  
Look up ! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing ;  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing !

4 For lo ! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold !  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its final splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing !

249

7S, D. "*All hail the morn !*"

GERMAN.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born !  
When, amid the wakeful fold,  
Tidings good the angels told  
Now our solemn chant we raise  
Duly to the Saviour's praise  
Now with carol hymns we bless  
Christ the Lord, our righteousness.

2 While resounds the joyful cry,  
"Glory be to God on high,  
Peace on earth, good-will to men !"  
Gladly we respond, "Amen !"  
Thus we greet this holy day,  
Pouring forth our festive lay ;  
Thus we tell, with saintly mirth,  
Of Immanuel's wondrous birth.

250

IIS, IOS. "*Star of the East.*"

R. HEBER.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning !

Dawn on our darkness and lend us  
thine aid ;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are  
shining ;  
Low lies his head with the beasts of  
the stall :  
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of  
all !

3 Say shall we yield him, in costly de-  
votion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the  
ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from  
the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would his favor secure:  
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the  
poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the  
morning !  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us  
thine aid ;  
Star of the East the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
laid.

251

7S. *Immanuel.*

S. SLINN.

God with us ! oh, glorious name !  
Let it shine in endless fame ;  
God and man in Christ unite ;  
Oh, mysterious depth and height !  
2 God with us ! the eternal Son  
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone ;  
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,  
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us ! but tainted not  
With the first transgressor's blot ;  
Yet did he our sins sustain,  
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us ! oh, wondrous grace !  
Let us see him face to face ;  
That we may Immanuel sing,  
As we ought, our God and King !

252

C. M.

*Incarnation.*

A. STEELE.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song  
To our incarnate Lord !  
Let every heart and every tongue  
Adore the eternal Word.

2 That rapid Word, that sovereign  
Power,  
By whom the worlds were made—  
Oh, happy morn ! illustrious hour !—  
Was once in flesh arrayed !

3 Then shone almighty power and love,  
In all their glorious forms,  
When Jesus left his throne above,  
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs  
To hail the joyful day ;  
With rapture then let mortal tongues  
Their grateful worship pay.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo rolled ;  
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,  
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky  
The impetuous torrent ran ;  
And angels flew, with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song ;  
"Good-will and peace" are heard thro'-  
Th' harmonious angel-throng. [out

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,—  
"Glory to God on high !  
Good-will and peace are now complete ;  
Jesus was born to die !"

253

C. M.

*The Promised Lord.* P. DODDRIDGE.

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour  
The Saviour promised long ; [comes,  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And, on the eyes long closed in night,  
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
Enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy belovéd name.

255

L. M.

*Jesus' Birth.*

ANON.

WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,  
For unto us a Saviour's born ;  
See ! how the angels wing their way,  
To usher in the glorious day !

2 Hark ! what sweet music, what a song,  
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng !  
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart  
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,  
Glory to God, who reigns on high ;  
Let peace and love on earth abound,  
While time revolves and years roll round.

256

H. M.

*"The notes of joy."*

A. REED.

HARK ! hark !—the notes of joy  
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,  
And seraphs find employ  
For their sublimest strains ;  
Some new delight in heaven is known ;  
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark ! hark !—the sounds draw nigh,  
The joyful hosts descend ;  
Jesus forsakes the sky,  
To earth his footsteps bend ;  
He comes to bless our fallen race ;  
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear—bear the tidings round ;  
Let every mortal know  
What love in God is found,  
What pity he can show ;  
Ye winds that blow ! ye waves that roll !  
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

254

C. M.

*The Gospel Song.*

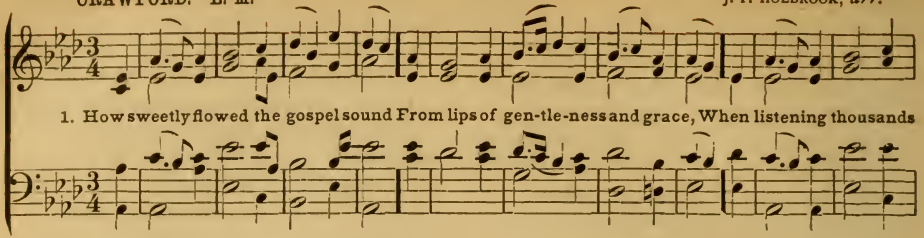
S. MEDLEY.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join  
And chant the solemn lay ;  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine  
To hail the auspicious day.

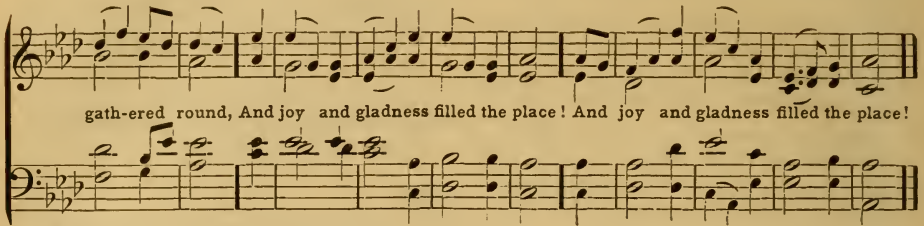
2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.



CRAWFORD. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK, *arr.*

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel sound From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace, When listening thousands



gath-ered round, And joy and gladness filled the place! And joy and gladness filled the place!

**257***The Great Teacher.*

J. BOWRING.

HOW SWEETLY flowed the gospel sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his followers' way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

**258***"Holy, harmless."*

A. C. COXE.

HOW BEAUTEous were the marks divine,  
That in thy meekness used to shine,  
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod  
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,  
So pure, so made to live in light?  
Oh, who like thee did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?  
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,  
So glorious in humility?

4 Even death, which sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;  
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,  
Illuming all my way of woe!  
And give me ever on the road  
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

**259***"He healed them."*

J. MONTGOMERY.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,  
The lowly Jesus wandered here,  
Where'er he went, affliction fled,  
And sickness reared her fainting head

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,  
Beheld his face—for God is light;  
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,  
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

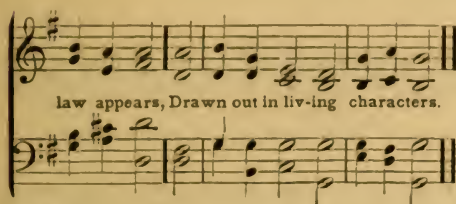
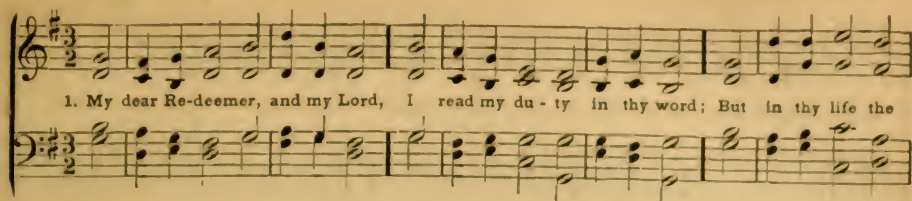
3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,  
To hail their great Deliverer came;  
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,  
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,  
In his inspiring presence smiled;  
The storm of horror ceased to roll,  
And reason lightened through the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,  
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;  
To all, with willing hands dispense  
The gifts of our benevolence.

## ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



260

*The Divine Pattern.*

1. WATTS.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.

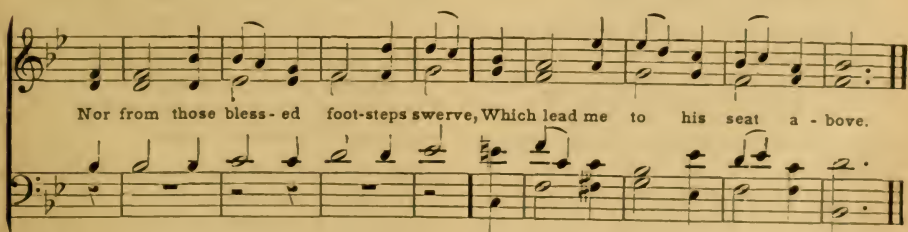
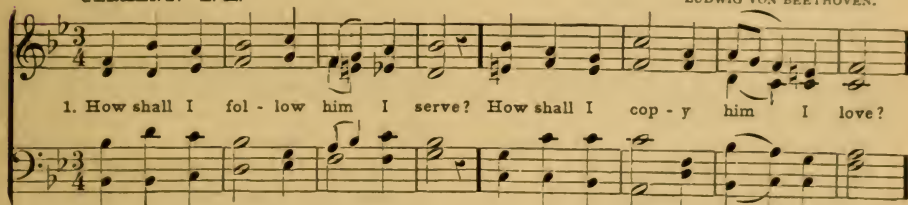
2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

## GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



261

*"How shall I copy?"*

J. CONDER.

HOW SHALL I follow him I serve?

How shall I copy him I love?

Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,  
Which lead me to his seat above?

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,  
Forbid it I should e'er repine;

Still let me turn to Calvary,

Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

3 Oh, let me think how thou didst leave  
Untasted every pure delight,  
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,  
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!  
Thou camest not thyself to please:

And, dear as earthly comforts be,  
Shall I not love thee more than these?

TRENT. C. M.

GREATORIX COLL.

1. Be - hold, where, in a mor - tal form, Ap - pears each grace di - vine!

The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.

## 262

*"All in Jesus."*

WM. ENFIELD.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,  
Appears each grace divine!

The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
He meek and patient stood;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,  
Who labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resigned he bowed and said,—  
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,  
His image may we bear;  
Oh, may we tread his holy steps,—  
His joy and glory share.

## 263

*A lonely life.*

E. DENNY.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,  
The blessed Saviour passed;  
A mourner all his life was he,  
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,  
For all its life-blood gave;  
It found on earth no resting-place,  
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear  
The cross, with all its scorn?  
Or love a faithless evil world,  
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,  
Like him, obedient still,  
We homeward press through storm or calm,  
To Zion's blessed hill.

## 264

*For our example.*

E. DENNY.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
Around thy steps below;  
What patient love was seen in all  
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart  
A weight of sorrow hung;  
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.

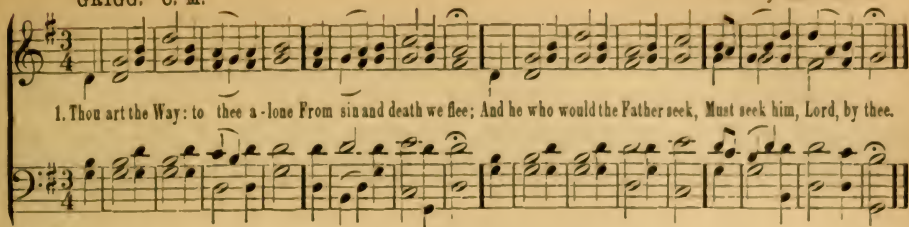
4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!  
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sins, than all  
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,  
In us, thy brethren, see  
The gentleness and grace that spring  
From union, Lord! with thee.



GRIGG. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.



265

*"Way, Truth, and Life."* G. W. DOANE.

Thou art the Way: to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

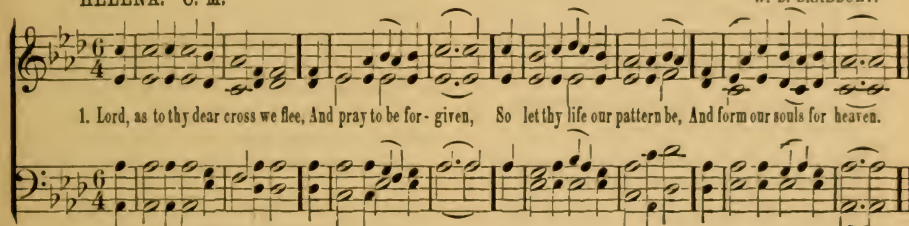
2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm;  
And those who put their trust in thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
Grant us that Way to know;  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

HELENA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



266

*Pattern of Forgiveness.* J. H. GURNEY.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,  
And pray to be forgiven,  
So let thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine;  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell  
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,  
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow thee to heaven!

267

*"Shall we forget."* W. MITCHELL.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget,  
And never bring to mind  
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,  
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,  
Thy fasting and thy prayer;  
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,  
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget—  
Thy struggling agony  
When night lay dark on Olivet,  
And none to watch with thee?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid  
On thee, alone on thee;  
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—  
Thine all the glory be!

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget—  
Our kindred cease to love;  
But he who paid our hopeless debt,  
Our constancy shall prove.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant  
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

268

*"Altogether Lovely."*

S. STENNETT.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is he than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief;  
For me he bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,  
He brings my weary feet;  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord! they should all be thine.

269

*"His free ways."*

F. W. FABER.

Oh, see how Jesus trusts himself  
Unto our childish love!  
As though by his free ways with us  
Our earnestness to prove.

2 His sacred name a common word  
On earth he loves to hear;  
There is no majesty in him  
Which love may not come near.

3 The light of love is round his feet,  
His paths are never dim;  
And he comes nigh to us when we  
Dare not come nigh to him.

4 Let us be simple with him then,  
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,  
As though our Bethlehem could be  
What Sinai was of old.

270

*The name "Jesus."*

A. STEELE.

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.

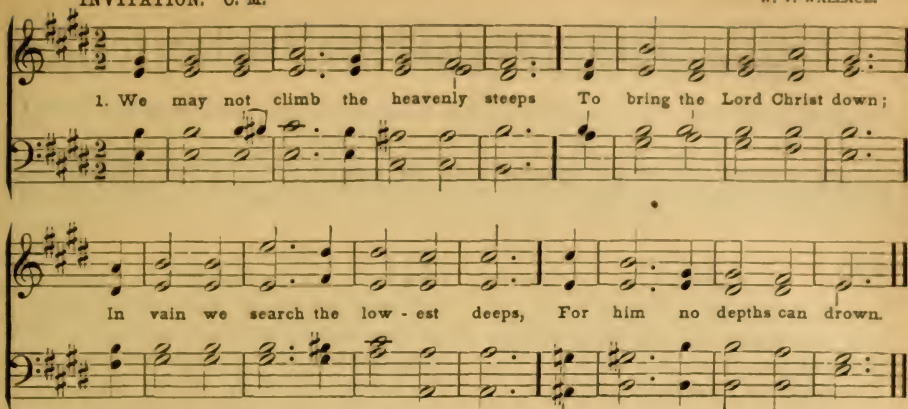
2 The almighty Former of the skies  
Stooped to our vile abode;  
While angels viewed with wondering eyes  
And hailed the incarnate God.

3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine!  
Of bliss a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;  
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath thy cross I fall;  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my All!

## INVITATION. C. M.

W. V. WALLACE.



271

*The true Test.*

J. G. WHITTIER.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;

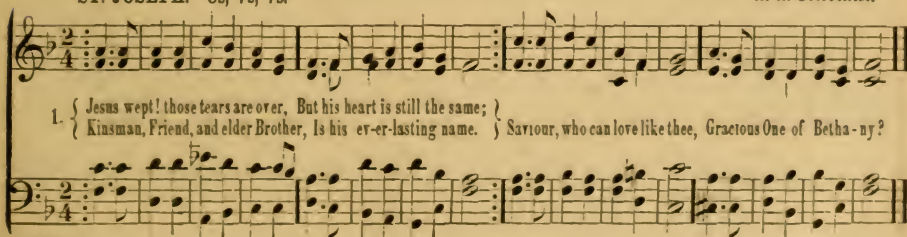
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine!

ST. JOSEPH. 8s, 7s, 7s.

H. H. STATHAM.



272

*"Jesus wept."*

E. DENNY.

Jesus wept! those tears are over,  
But his heart is still the same;  
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,  
Is his everlasting name.  
Saviour, who can love like thee,  
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul.  
Surely, none can feel like thee,  
Weeping One of Bethany!

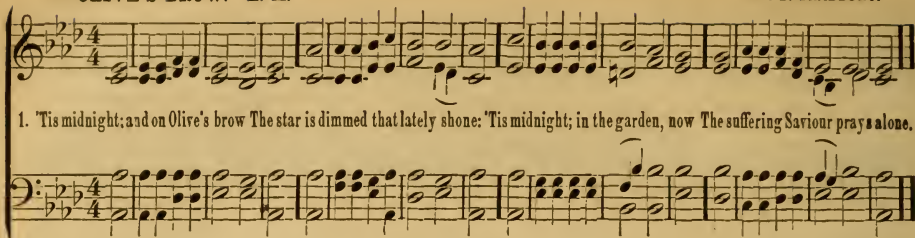
3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,  
He can mark each mourner's tear;  
Living to retrace the story  
Of the hearts he solaced here.  
Lord, when I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow  
Is a legacy of love;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same doth ever prove.  
Thou art all in all to me,  
Living One of Bethany!



## OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



273

*Gethsemane.*

W. B. TAPPAN.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow  
The star is dimmed that lately shone:  
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,  
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;  
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt  
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;  
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt  
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains  
Is borne the song that angels know;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

274

*"'Tis finished!"*

S. STENNETT.

"'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head and died:  
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

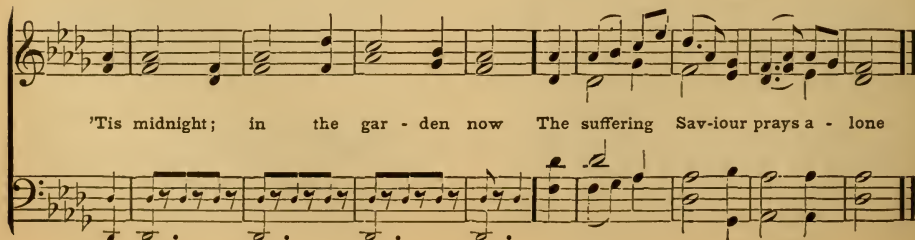
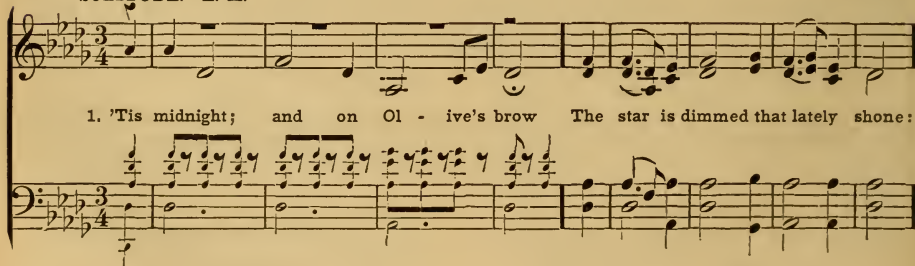
2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old;  
And truths are opened to our view  
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'Tis finished!—Son of God, thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;  
And yet our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to thee.

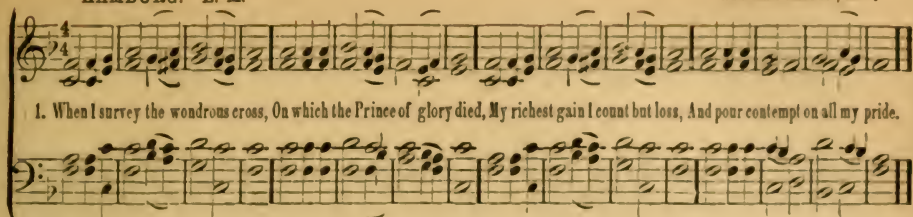
4 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round:  
'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise,  
And swell the chorus of the skies.

## SOLITUDE. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.



HAMBURG. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

275

"The wondrous Cross." I. WATTS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
Then I am dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

276

"For me." H. BONAR.

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,  
Became a man of griefs for me;  
In love, though rich, becoming poor,  
That I through him enriched might be.

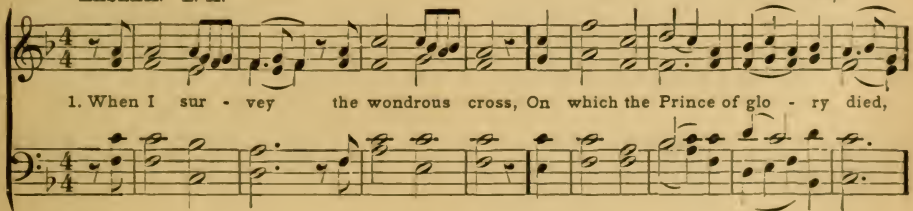
2 Though Lord of all, above, below,  
He went to Olivet for me:  
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,  
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blesséd Son of God  
Went up to Calvary for me;  
There paid my debt, there bore my load,  
In his own body on the tree.

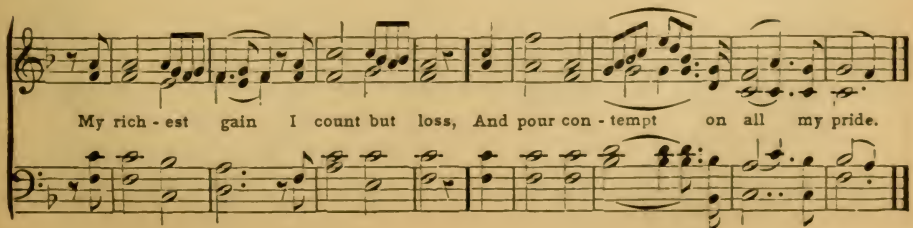
4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,  
Went down into the grave for me;  
There overcame my enemies,  
There won the glorious victory.

5 'Tis finished all: the vail is rent,  
The welcome sure, the access free:—  
Now then, we leave our banishment,  
O Father, to return to thee!

HASLAM. L. M.

HASLAM, *arr.*

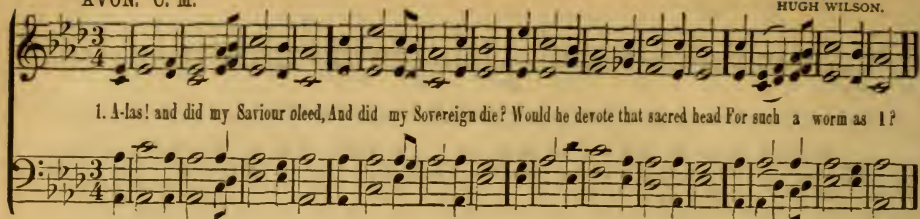
1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



277

"Grace unknown."

I. WATTS.

- ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the great Creator, died  
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

278

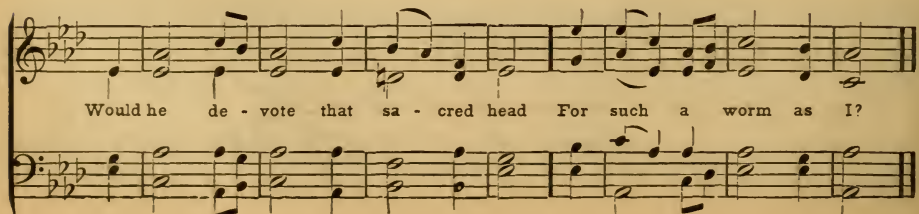
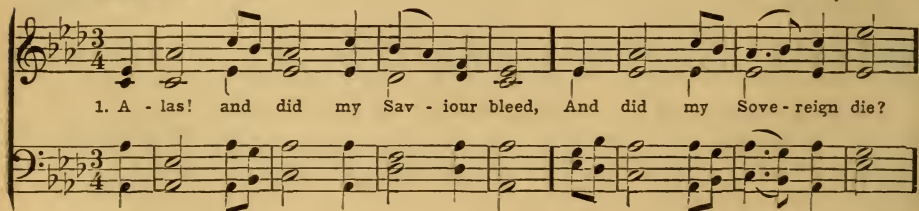
Suffered for sin.

I. WATTS

- OH, if my soul were formed for woe,  
How would I vent my sighs!  
Repentance should like rivers flow  
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord  
Hung on the curséd tree,  
And groaned away a dying life  
For thee, my soul! for thee.
- 3 Oh, how I hate these lusts of mine  
That crucified my Lord;  
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood!
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die;  
My heart has so decreed;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 While with a melting, broken heart,  
My murdered Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murderers too.

COMMUNION. C. M.


STEPHEN JENKS.





## MANOAH. C. M.

FROM G. ROSSINI.



1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;  
Who fixed his lan - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.

## 279

*The two Looks.*

J. NEWTON.

- I SAW One hanging on a tree,  
In agony and blood;  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look:  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 Alas! I knew not what I did,—  
But now my tears are vain;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,  
For I the Lord have slain!
- 4 A second look he gave, that said,  
"I freely all forgive:  
This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
I die that thou may'st live."
- 5 Thus while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals my pardon too!

## 280

*"He remembers Calvary."*

I. WATTS.

- How CONDESCENDING and how kind  
Was God's eternal Son!  
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,  
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
To raise us to his throne;  
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,  
But cost his heart a groan.

- 3 This was compassion, like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great;  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor let his saints forget.

## 281

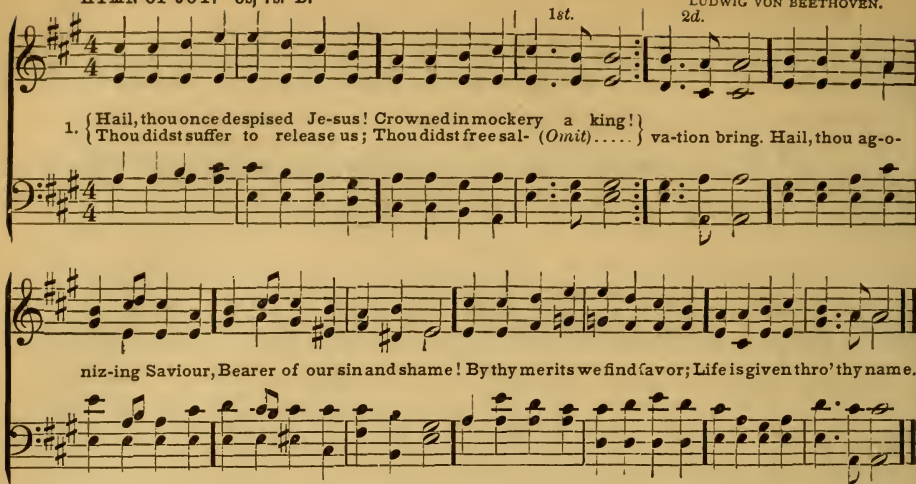
*"O Christ of God!"*

RAY PALMER.

- O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,  
While at thy cross I kneel,  
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,  
And all thy sorrows feel.
- 2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,  
This heart so hard before;  
I hear thee for the guilty plead,  
And grief o'erflows the more.
- 3 I know this cleansing blood of thine  
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:  
For me, for all,—oh, grace divine!—  
Who look by faith on thee.
- 4 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb.  
By love my soul is drawn;  
Henceforth, for ever, thine I am;  
Here life and peace are born.
- 5 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,  
Thine arm shall be my stay;  
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,  
On thy great judgment-day.

## HYMN OF JOY. 8s, 7s. D.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



1. {Hail, thou once despised Je-sus! Crowned in mockery a king!}  
 {Thou didst suffer to release us; Thou didst free sal- (Omit).....} va-tion bring. Hail, thou ag-o-

niz-ing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame! By thy merits we find favor; Life is given thro' thy name.

## 282

*Mocked.*

J. BAKEWELL.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!  
 Crowned in mockery a king!  
 Thou didst suffer to release us;  
 Thou didst free salvation bring.  
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame!  
 By thy merits we find favor;  
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on thee were laid;  
 By Almighty Love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made:  
 All thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of thy blood;  
 Opened is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Now the gracious Mediator  
 Risen to the courts of bliss,  
 Claims for me, a sinful creature,  
 Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

3 Sure such infinite affection  
 Lays the highest claims to mine;  
 All my powers, without exception,  
 Should in fervent praises join.  
 Jesus, fit me for thy service;  
 Form me for thyself alone;  
 I am thy most costly purchase,—  
 Take possession of thine own.

## 283

*On the cross.*

R. LEE.

WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,  
 For my sins, upon the tree;  
 Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding  
 Great his love appears to me!  
 Floods of deep distress and anguish,  
 To impede his labors, came;  
 Yet they all could not extinguish  
 Love's eternal, burning flame.

2 Now redemption is completed,  
 Full salvation is procured;  
 Death and Satan are defeated,  
 By the sufferings he endured.

## 284

*Reproached.*

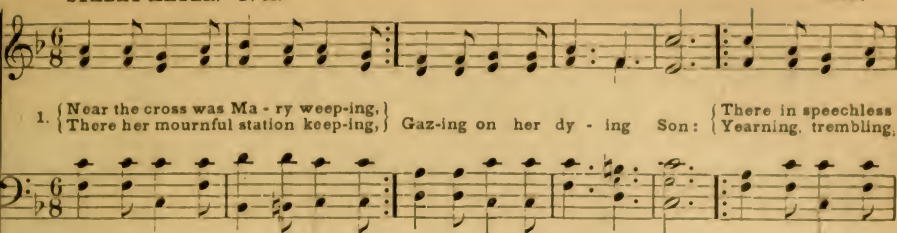
MORAVIAN.

CROSS, reproach, and tribulation!  
 Ye to me are welcome guests,  
 When I have this consolation,  
 That my soul in Jesus rests.  
 The reproach of Christ is glorious!  
 Those who here his burden bear,  
 In the end shall prove victorious,  
 And eternal gladness share.

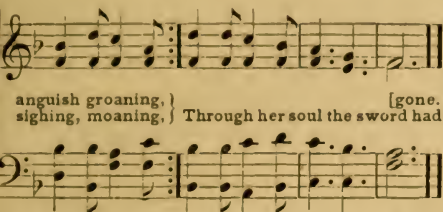
2 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,  
 Are our honorable crowns;  
 Pain is peace, and shame is glory,  
 Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.  
 Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,  
 Ye who live a life of faith!  
 Lift triumphant songs and praises  
 Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

## STABAT MATER. P. M.

ANON.



1. { Near the cross was Ma - ry weep-ing, }  
 { There her mournful station keep-ing, } Gaz-ing on her dy - ing Son: { There in speechless  
 { Yearning, trembling,



anguish groaning, }  
 sighing, moaning, } Through her soul the sword had [gone.

285 "Near the Cross." J. W. ALEXANDER, tr.

NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,  
 There her mournful station keeping,  
 Gazing on her dying Son:  
 There in speechless anguish groaning,  
 Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,  
 Through her soul the sword had gone!

But we have no need to borrow  
 Motives from the mother's sorrow,  
 At our Saviour's cross to mourn:  
 'Twas our sins brought him from heaven,  
 These the cruel nails had driven:  
 All his griefs for us were borne.

When no eye its pity gave us,  
 When there was no arm to save us,  
 He his love and power displayed:  
 By his stripes he wrought our healing,  
 By his death, our life revealing,  
 He for us the ransom paid.

Jesus, may thy love constrain us,  
 That from sin we may refrain us,  
 In thy griefs may deeply grieve:  
 Thee our best affections giving,  
 To thy glory ever living,  
 May we in thy glory live.

286 "It is finished."

H. BONAR.

FROM the cross the blood is falling,  
 And to us a voice is calling

Like a trumpet silver-clear:  
 'Tis the voice announcing pardon—  
*It is finished*, is its burden,  
 Pardon to the far and near.

2 Peace that glorious blood is sealing,  
 All our wounds for ever healing,  
 And removing every load;  
 Words of peace that voice has spoken,  
 Peace that shall no more be broken,  
 Peace between the soul and God.

287 "Day of darkness." F. H. HEDGE, tr.

'TWAS the day when God's Anointed  
 Died for us the death appointed,  
 Bleeding on the dreadful cross;  
 Day of darkness, day of terror,  
 Deadly fruit of ancient error,  
 Nature's fall, and Eden's loss!

2 Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!  
 Gentile hate and Jewish malice  
 Lift the royal Victim high;  
 Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,  
 Which the prophet once uplifted,  
 For a sinful world to die.

3 Conscious of the deed unholy,  
 Nature's pulses beat more slowly,  
 And the sun his light denied;  
 Darkness wrapped the sacred city,  
 And the earth with fear and pity  
 Trembled, when the Just One died

4 Not in vain for us uplifted,  
 Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,  
 May that sacred symbol be;  
 Eminent amid the ages,  
 Guide of heroes and of sages,  
 May it guide us still to thee.



## PASSION CHORALE. 7s, 6s. D.

J. S. BACH, *arr.*

1. { O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, }  
 { Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns thine on - ly crown; }

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine!

Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

288

"Upon the cross."

ANON.

- O JESUS, we adore thee,  
 Upon the cross, our King:  
 We bow our hearts before thee;  
 Thy gracious Name we sing:  
 That Name hath brought salvation,  
 That Name, in life our stay;  
 Our peace, our consolation  
 When life shall fade away.
- 2 Yet doth the world disdain thee,  
 Still pressing by thy cross:  
 Lord, may our hearts retain thee;  
 All else we count but loss.  
 The grief thy soul endured,  
 Who can that grief declare?  
 Thy pains have thus assuréd  
 That thou thy foes wilt spare.
- 3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned thee,  
 And nailed thee to the tree:  
 Our pride, O Lord, disdained thee;—  
 Yet deign our hope to be.  
 O glorious King, we bless thee,  
 No longer pass thee by;  
 O Jesus, we confess thee  
 Our Lord enthroned on high.

289

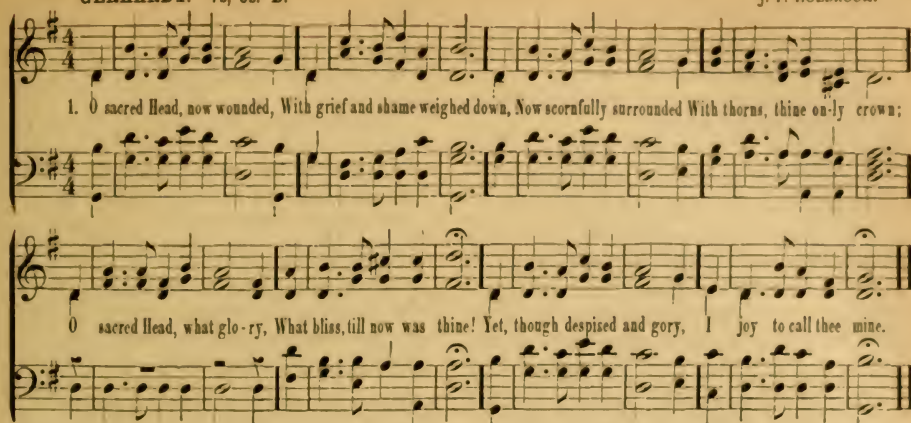
The Lamb of God.

J. G. DECK.

- O LAMB of God! still keep me  
 Near to thy wounded side;  
 'Tis only there in safety  
 And peace I can abide!  
 What foes and snares surround me,  
 What doubts and fears within!  
 The grace that sought and found me,  
 Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in thee hiding  
 I know my life secure—  
 Only in thee abiding,  
 The conflict can endure:  
 Thine arm the victory gaineth  
 O'er every hateful foe;  
 Thy love my heart sustaineth  
 In all its care and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,  
 With rapture, face to face;  
 One half hath not been told me  
 Of all thy power and grace:  
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
 The wonders of thy love,  
 Shall be the endless story  
 Of all the saints above.

GERHARDT. 7s, 6s. D.

J. F. HOLBROOK.



1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, thine on-ly crown;  
O sacred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

290

At the Cross.

J. W. ALEXANDER, tr.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thine only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

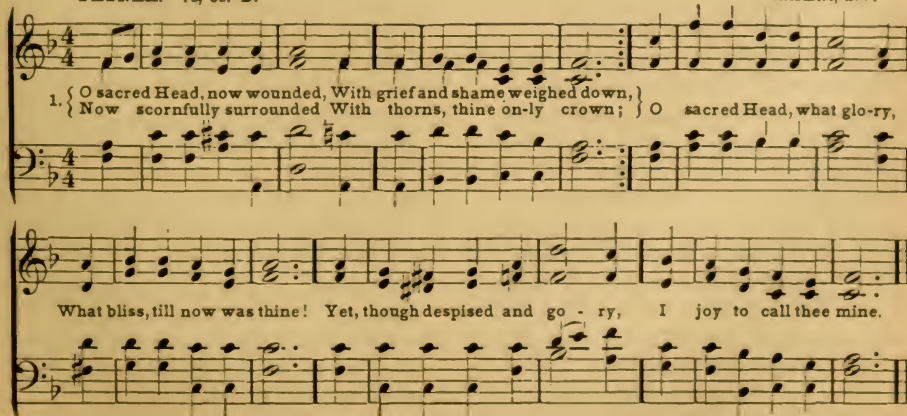
2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain;  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserved thy place;  
Look on me with thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this, thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Lord, make me thine for ever,  
Nor let me faithless prove:  
Oh, let me never, never,  
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,  
Oh, show thy cross to me!  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free!  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely—through thy love.

PATNAH. 7s, 6s. D.

HASLAM, arr.



1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, }  
Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, thine on-ly crown; } O sacred Head, what glo-ry,  
What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine.

291

C. L. M.

*Gethsemane.*

F. D. HEMANS.

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,  
 When but his Father's eye  
 Looked through the lonely garden's shade,  
 On that dread agony;  
 The Lord of all above, beneath,  
 Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour,  
 The skies might well grow dim,  
 When this mortality had power  
 So to o'ershadow him!

That he who gave man's breath, might  
 The very depths of human woe. [know

3 He knew them all; the doubt, the  
 The faint, perplexing dread; [strife,  
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,  
 All darkened round his head;

And the Deliverer knelt to pray;  
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave  
 Had sunk beneath his tread;  
 It passed not, though to him the grave  
 Had yielded up its dead.

But there was sent him from on high,  
 A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was his mortal hour beset  
 With anguish and dismay?

How may we meet our conflict yet,  
 In the dark, narrow way?

How but through him, that path who  
 Save or we perish, Son of God! [trod?

292

L. M.

*Christ in the Desert.*

J. F. THRUPP.

AWHILE in spirit, Lord, to thee  
 Into the desert would we flee;  
 Awhile upon the barren steep  
 Thy fast with thee in spirit keep;—

2 Awhile from thy temptation learn  
 The daily snares of sin to spurn,  
 And in our hearts to feel and own  
 Man liveth not by bread alone.

3 And while at thy command we pray,  
 Give us our bread from day to day,  
 May we with thee, O Christ, be fed,  
 Thou Word of God, thou Living Bread.

4 Incarnate Lord, we come to thee,  
 Thou knowest our infirmity;  
 Be thou our Helper in the strife,  
 Be thou our true, our inward Life.

293

75.

*"Jesus, Saviour."*

J. D. BURNS.

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,  
 Thou who dost for sinners plead,  
 Help me in my time of need,  
 Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry!

2 In my darkness and my grief,  
 With my heart of unbelief,  
 I, who am of sinners chief,  
 Jesus, lift to thee mine eye!

3 Foes without and fears within,  
 With no plea thy grace to win,  
 But that thou canst save from sin,  
 Jesus, to thy cross I fly!

4 There on thee I cast my care,  
 There to thee I raise my prayer,  
 Jesus, save me from despair,  
 Save me, save me, or I die!

5 When the storms of trial lower,  
 When I feel temptation's power,  
 In the last and darkest hour,  
 Jesus, Saviour, be thou nigh!

294

75, 61.

*"Lamb of God."*

RAY PALMER.

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me  
 Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;  
 Whither—whither, but to thee,  
 Can a trembling sinner fly!  
 Death's dark waters o'er me roll,  
 Save, oh, save my sinking soul!

2 Never bowed a martyr's head  
 Weighed with equal sorrow down;  
 Never blood so rich was shed,  
 Never king wore such a crown;  
 To thy cross and sacrifice  
 Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,  
 Melts in deep contrition there;  
 By thy mighty grace renewed,  
 New-born hope forbids despair:  
 Lord! thou canst my guilt forgive,  
 Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel,  
 Sinks the inward storm to rest;  
 Life—immortal life—I feel  
 Kindled in my throbbing breast;  
 Thine—for ever thine—I am!  
 Glory to thee, bleeding Lamb!



295

L. M.

*"He lives again."*

I. WATTS.

HE dies!—the friend of sinners dies;  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:  
The Lord of glory dies for men;  
But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
Up to his Father's court he flies;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

5 Say—live for ever, glorious King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save!  
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?  
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?

296

C. M.

*"Died for me."*

A. STEELE.

To our Redeemer's glorious name,  
Awake the sacred song!  
Oh, may his love—immortal flame—  
Tune every heart and tongue!

2 His love, what mortal thought can  
What mortal tongue display? [reach?  
Imagination's utmost stretch,  
In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,—  
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

297

7s.

*The Resurrection.*

T. SCOTT.

ANGELS! roll the rock away;  
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;  
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise  
Louder notes of joyful praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—  
Now to glory see him rise  
In long triumph through the sky,  
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!  
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;  
King of glory! mount thy throne,  
Boundless empire is thine own.

298

6s, 4s.

*"Worthy the Lamb!"*

J. ALLEN.

GLORY to God on high!  
Let heaven and earth reply,  
"Praise ye his name!"  
His love and grace adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore;  
Sing loud for evermore,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising his name,—  
Ye who have felt his blood  
Sealing your peace with God,  
Sound his dear name abroad,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless;  
Praise ye his name!  
In him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

299

H. M.

*"Rejoice!"*

C. WESLEY.

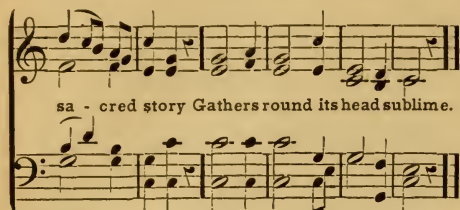
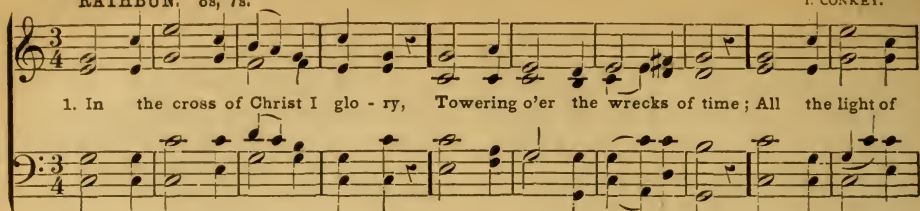
REJOICE! the Lord is King;  
Your Lord and King adore:  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore!  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice!—again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice!—again I say, rejoice!

3 Rejoice in glorious hope:  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home:  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

## RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

I. CONKEY.



300

*Glorying in the Cross.*

J. BOWRING.

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,

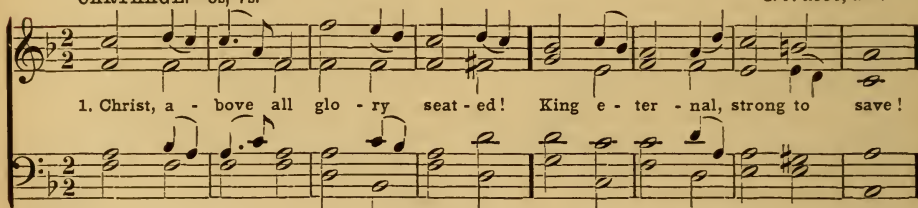
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance, streaming,  
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

## CARTHAGE. 8s, 7s.

G. F. ROOT, *arr.*

301

*"Many crowns."* J. R. WOODFORD.

CHRIST, above all glory seated!  
King eternal, strong to save!  
To thee, Death, by death defeated,  
Triumph high and glory gave.

2 Thou art gone where now is given  
What no mortal might could gain,  
On the eternal throne of heaven,  
In thy Father's power to reign.

3 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,  
Follow thee above the sky;  
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,  
Lift our souls to thee on high.

4 So when thou again in glory  
On the clouds of heaven shall shine,  
We thy flock shall stand before thee,  
Owned for evermore as thine.

## PROMISE. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY SMART.

1. Jesus, hail, enthroned in glo - ry, There for ev - er to a - bide; All the heavenly  
hosts adore thee, Seat - ed at thy Father's side. There for sinners thou art pleading; There thou  
dost our place prepare; Ever for us in - ter - ceding Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

302

*"Enthroned in glory."*

J. BAKEWELL.

JESUS, hail, enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide;  
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side.  
There for sinners thou art pleading;  
There thou dost our place prepare;  
Ever for us interceding  
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

303

*"The blood that speaketh."*

C. WESLEY.

FATHER, hear the blood of JESUS,  
Speaking in thine ears above:  
From impending wrath release us;  
Manifest thy pardoning love.  
Oh, receive us to thy favor,—  
For his only sake receive;  
Give us to the bleeding Saviour,  
Let us by his dying live.

9

2 "To thy pardoning grace receive them,"  
Once he prayed upon the tree;  
Still his blood cries out "Forgive them;  
All their sins were laid on me."  
Still our Advocate in heaven  
Prays the prayer on earth begun,—  
"Father, show their sins forgiven;  
Father, glorify thy Son!"

304

*"Shall see his face."*

M. PYPER.

"WE shall see Him," in our nature,  
Seated on his lofty throne,  
Loved, adored, by every creature,  
Owned as God, and God alone!  
There the hosts of shining spirits  
Strike their harps, and loudly sing  
To the praise of Jesus' merits,  
To the glory of their King.

2 When we pass o'er death's dark river,  
"We shall see him as he is,"  
Resting in his love and favor,  
Owning all the glory his.  
There to cast our crowns before him,  
Oh, what bliss the thought affords!  
There for ever to adore him,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords!



## EASTER HYMN. 7s.

J. WORGAN.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Al - - - le - lu - ia. Sons of men, and an-gels,  
say; Al - - le - lu - ia. Raise your joys and triumphs high! Al - - - le - lu -  
ia. Sing, ye heavens! and earth, re - ply! Al - - - le - lu - ia.

305

*He lives again.*

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Sons of men, and angels, say;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high!  
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;  
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"  
Once he died our souls to save;  
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

306

*Joy in the Lord.*

T. KELLY.

JOYFUL be the hours to-day;  
Joyful let the seasons be;  
Let us sing, for well we may:  
Jesus! we will sing of thee.

2 Should thy people silent be,  
Then the very stones would sing:  
What a debt we owe to thee,  
Thee our Saviour, thee our King!

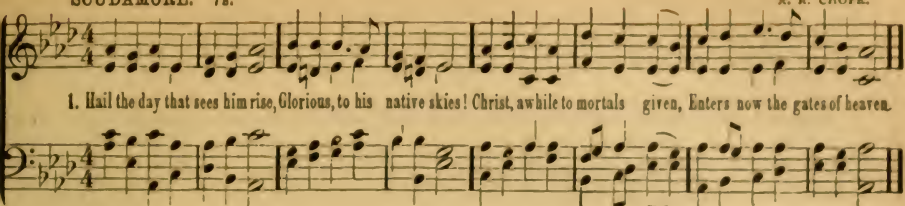
3 Joyful are we now to own,  
Rapture thrills us as we trace  
All the deeds thy love hath done,  
All the riches of thy grace.

4 'Tis thy grace alone can save;  
Every blessing comes from thee—  
All we have, and hope to have,  
All we are, and hope to be.

5 Thine the Name to sinners dear!  
Thine the Name all names before!  
Blesséd here and everywhere;  
Blesséd now and evermore!

## SCUDAMORE. 7a.

R. R. CHOPK.



1. Hail the day that sees him rise, Glorious, to his native skies! Christ, awhile to mortals given, Enters now the gates of heaven.

## 307

*The Lord's Day.*

C. WESLEY.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,  
Glorious, to his native skies!  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;  
Take the King of glory in.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!  
Yet he loves the earth he leaves:

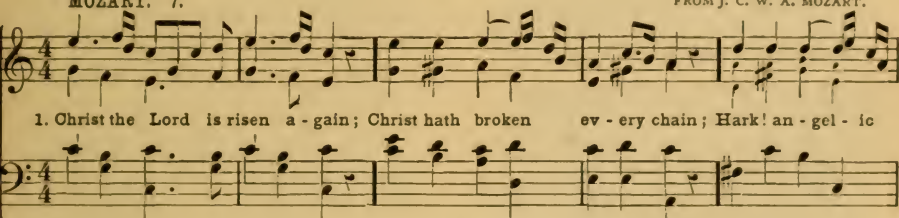
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes,  
His prevailing death he pleads;  
Near himself prepares a place,  
Great Forerunner of our race.

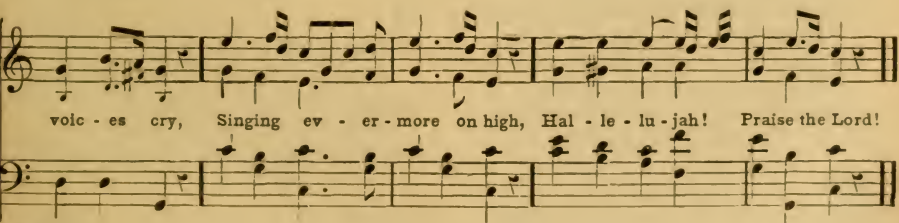
5 What, though parted from our sight,  
Far above yon starry height;  
Thither our affections rise,  
Following him beyond the skies.

## MOZART. 7.

FROM J. C. W. A. MOZART.



1. Christ the Lord is risen a - gain; Christ hath broken ev - ery chain; Hark! an - gel - ic



voic - es cry, Singing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!

## 308

*"Hallelujah."* C. WINKWORTH, tr.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again,  
Christ hath broken every chain;  
Hark! angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,  
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who bore all pain and loss,  
Comfortless, upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:  
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who slumbered in the grave  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings:  
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we, too, may enter heaven:  
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

MILLINGTON. 8s, 7s, 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Jesus comes, his conflict over,— Comes to claim his great reward; }  
 { Angels round the Victor hover, Crowding to behold their Lord; } Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,  
 Crown him, ev-er- lasting King, Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring, Crown him, everlast- ing King.

## 309

*The Return to Heaven.*

T. KELLY.

JESUS comes, his conflict over,—  
 Comes to claim his great reward;  
 Angels round the Victor hover,  
 Crowding to behold their Lord;  
 Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,  
 Crown him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,  
 Now becomes the Victor's seat;  
 Lo, the Man on earth rejected!  
 Angels worship at his feet:  
 Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,  
 Crown him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before him,—  
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"  
 All the powers of heaven adore him,  
 All obey his sovereign word;  
 Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,  
 Crown him, everlasting King.

## 310

*Isaiah 63: 1.*

T. KELLY.

Who is this that comes from Edom,  
 All his raiment stained with blood;  
 To the slave proclaiming freedom;  
 Bringing and bestowing good:  
 Glorious in the garb he wears,  
 Glorious in the spoils he bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
 Travelling onward in his might;  
 'Tis the Saviour, oh, how glorious  
 To his people is the sight!  
 Jesus now is strong to save;  
 Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?  
 'Tis the blood of many slain;  
 Of his foes there's none remaining,  
 None the contest to maintain:  
 Fallen they, no more to rise,  
 All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;  
 Wear the crown so dearly won;  
 Never shall thy people, never  
 Cease to sing what thou hast done;  
 Thou hast fought thy people's foes;  
 Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

## 311

*All glory to Christ.*

T. KELLY.

GLORY, glory to our King!  
 Crowns unfading wreath his head;  
 Jesus is the name we sing,—  
 Jesus, risen from the dead;  
 Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;  
 Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high:  
 Angels come to meet their King;  
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,  
 While the Victor's praise they sing:  
 "Open now, ye heavenly gates!  
 'Tis the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold him high enthroned,  
 Glory beaming from his face,  
 By adoring angels owned,  
 God of holiness and grace!  
 Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing—  
 "Glory, glory to our King!"



HARWELL. 8s, 7s, 7s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; } See, he sits on yonder throne;  
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love: } See, he sits  
 Jesus rules the world alone. Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah! A-men.

## 312

*"Jesus reigns."*

T. KELLY.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices

Sound the note of praise above;

Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;

Jesus reigns, the God of love:

See, he sits on yonder throne;

Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever—

Thine an everlasting crown;

Nothing, from thy love, shall sever

Those whom thou hast made thine own;—

Happy objects of thy grace,

Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;

Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,

When, the awful summons hearing,

Heaven and earth shall pass away;—

Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—

"Glory, glory to our King!"

## 313

*We live in Him.* C. WORDSWORTH.

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!

See the King in royal state,

Riding on the clouds, his chariot,

To his heavenly palace gate!

Hark! the choirs of angel voices

Joyful hallelujahs sing,

And the portals high are lifted

To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,

With the trump of jubilee?

Lord of battles, God of armies,

He has gained the victory;

He, who on the cross did suffer,

He, who from the grave arose,

He has vanquished sin and Satan,

He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,

On the clouds to God's right hand;

There we sit in heavenly places,

There with thee in glory stand;

Jesus reigns, adored by angels;

Man with God is on the throne;

Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,

We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,

Give us wings of faith and love,

Gales of holy aspirations,

Wafting us to realms above;

That, with hearts and minds uplifted,

We with Christ our Lord may dwell,

Where he sits enthroned in glory,

In the heavenly citadel.

5 So at last, when he appeareth,

We from out our graves may spring,

With our youth renewed like eagles',

Flocking round our heavenly King,

Caught up on the clouds of heaven,

And may meet him in the air—

Rise to realms where he is reigning,

And may reign for ever there.

## FARLAND. 8s, 7s, 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. { Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the Man of sorrows now }  
 { From the fight returned victorious! Every knee (Omit)..... } to him shall bow: Crown him! crown him! crown him! crown him! crown him! crown him! Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown him! crown him! Crowns become the Victor's brow.

## 314

"Crown him!"

T. KELLY.

- Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious;  
 See the Man of sorrows now  
 From the fight returned victorious!  
 Every knee to him shall bow:  
 Crown him! crown him!  
 Crowns become the victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him!  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
 In the seat of power enthrone him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings:  
 Crown him! crown him!  
 Crown the Saviour King of kings!
- 3 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
 Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!

Jesus takes the highest station;  
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!  
 Crown him! crown him!  
 King of kings and Lord of lords!

## 315

"It is finished?"

J. EVANS.

- HARK! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and vails the sky:  
 "It is finished!"  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finished!" oh, what pleasure  
 Do these charming words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:  
 "It is finished!"  
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:  
 All on earth and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

## CALVARY. 8s, 7s, 4s.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a - loud from Cal-va - ry; See! it rends the rocks a -

sunder, Shakes the earth, and vails the sky; "It is finished;" "It is finished;" Hear the dying Saviour cry.

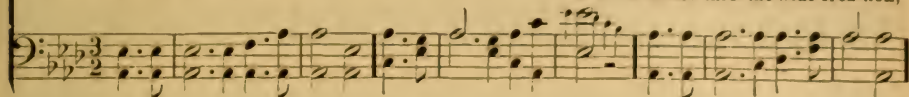


## AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.

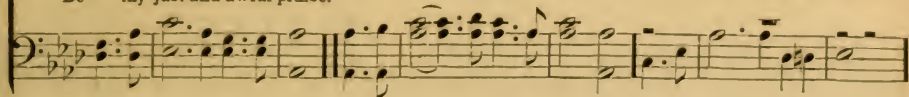
SPANISH; FROM MARECHIO.



1. Mighty God! while angels bless thee, May a mortal lisp thy name? Lord of men, as well as an-gels!  
D. 8.—Sounded thro' the wide crea-tion,



Thou art every creature's theme: Lord of ev - 'ry land and nation! Ancient of e-ternal days!  
Be thy just and awful praise.



## 316

*Christ is God.*

R. ROBINSON.

Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,

Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;

May a mortal lisp thy name?

Thence return and reign for ever;—

Lord of men, as well as angels!

Be the kingdom all thine own!

Thou art every creature's theme:

Lord of every land and nation!

Ancient of eternal days!

Sounded through the wide creation—

Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—

Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;

For the wonders of creation,

Works with skill and kindness wrought;

For thy providence, that governs

Through thine empire's wide domain,

Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—

Blesséd be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,

Bright, though veiled in darkness long,

Thought is poor, and poor expression;

Who can sing that wondrous song?

Brightness of the Father's glory!

Shall thy praise unuttered lie?

Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,

Sing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne of glory,

To the cross of deepest woe,

Came to ransom guilty captives!—

Flow, my praise! for ever flow:

## 317

*"Lo, Jehovah!"*

W. GOODE.

Crown his head with endless blessing,

Who, in God the Father's name,

With compassions never ceasing,

Comes salvation to proclaim.

Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,

Who within his gates are found;

Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,

Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;

Thee our Saviour! thee our God!

From his throne his beams of glory

Shine through all the world abroad.

In his word his light arises,

Brightest beams of truth and grace;

Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,

In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,

Thee our God in praise we own;

Highest honors, never failing,

Rise eternal round thy throne;

Now, ye saints, his power confessing,

In your grateful strains adore;

For his mercy, never ceasing,

Flows, and flows for evermore.



BENJAMIN. S. M. D

FROM F. J. HAYDN.

1. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed!" And are the ti - dings true? Yes, they beheld the Saviour  
bleed, And saw him living too. "The Lord is ris'n indeed!" Then justice asks no more;  
Who stood, Who stood op - posed be - fore.  
Mer - cy and truth are now agreed, Who stood opposed be - fore, Who stood opposed before.

318

*"Risen indeed."*

T. KELLY.

- "THE Lord is risen indeed!"  
And are the tidings true?  
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,  
And saw him living too.  
"The Lord is risen indeed!"  
Then justice asks no more;  
Mercy and truth are now agreed,  
Who stood opposed before.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"  
Then is his work performed;  
The mighty Captive now is freed,  
And death, our foe, disarmed.  
"The Lord is risen indeed!"  
He lives to die no more;  
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,  
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"  
Attending angels! hear;  
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed  
The joyful tidings bear.  
Then wake your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord;  
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs!  
To sing our risen Lord

319

*"Lead us to thee!"*

E. TOKE.

- Thou art gone up on high  
To mansions in the skies,  
And round thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise.  
But we are lingering here  
With sin and care oppressed:  
Lord! send thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to thy rest!
- 2 Thou art gone up on high:  
But thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery  
To pass unto thy crown.  
And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be;  
But only let that path of tears  
Lead us at last to thee!
- 3 Thou art gone up on high:  
But thou shalt come again  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in thy train.  
Oh, by thy saving power  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand in that dread hour  
At thy right hand on high!

## DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark! how the heavenly

an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing

Of him who died for thee; And hail him as thy matchless King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

**320** "Many Crowns." M. BRIDGES.

Crown him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon his throne;  
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own!  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of him who died for thee;  
And hail him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!  
Behold his hands and side,—  
Those wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified:  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his wondering eye  
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of heaven!  
One with the Father known,—  
And the blest Spirit through him given  
From yonder Triune throne!  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For thou hast died for me:  
Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
Throughout eternity.

**321** "The work is done." J. FANCH, alt.

BEYOND the starry skies,  
Far as the eternal hills,  
There in the boundless world of light  
Our great Redeemer dwells.  
Around him angels fair  
In countless armies shine;  
And ever, in exalted lays,  
They offer songs divine.

2 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,  
"Whose unexampled love,  
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms  
And royalties above."  
And when he stooped to earth,  
And suffered rude disdain,  
They cast their honors at his feet,  
And waited in his train.

3 They saw him on the cross,  
While darkness veiled the skies,  
And when he burst the gates of death,  
They saw the conqueror rise.  
They thronged his chariot wheels,  
And bore him to his throne;  
Then swept their golden harps and sung,—  
"The glorious work is done."

DORT. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise In - to thy na - tive skies, — Assume thy right; And where in  
many a fold The clouds are backward rolled — Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light!

322

*"Lion of Judah."*

M. BRIDGES.

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise  
Into thy native skies, —  
Assume thy right;  
And where in many a fold  
The clouds are backward rolled —  
Pass through those gates of gold,  
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!  
Cherubic legions swell  
Thy radiant train:

Praises all heaven inspire;  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And waves his wings of fire, —  
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God! —  
No feet but thine, have trod  
The serpent down;

Blow the full trumpets, blow!  
Wider yon portals throw!  
Saviour triumphant — go,  
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah — Hail!  
And let thy name prevail  
From age to age;  
Lord of the rolling years!  
Claim for thine own the spheres,  
For thou has bought with tears  
Thy heritage.

5 And then was heard afar  
Star answering to star —  
"Lo! these have come,  
Followers of him who gave  
His life their lives to save;  
And now their palms they wave,  
Brought safely home."

RIGHINI. 6s, 4s.

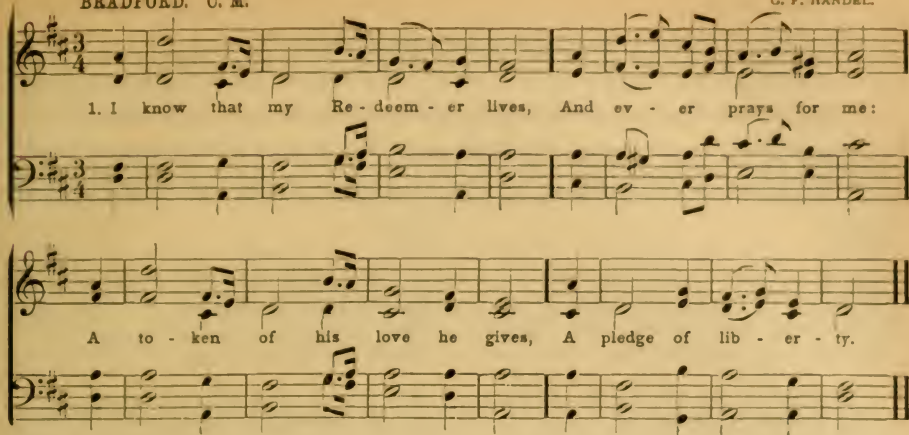
V. RIGHINI.

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise In - to thy na - tive skies, — Assume thy right; And where in  
many a fold The clouds are backward rolled — Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light!



BRADFORD. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me:  
A to-ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty.

323

*Job 19:25.*

C. WESLEY.

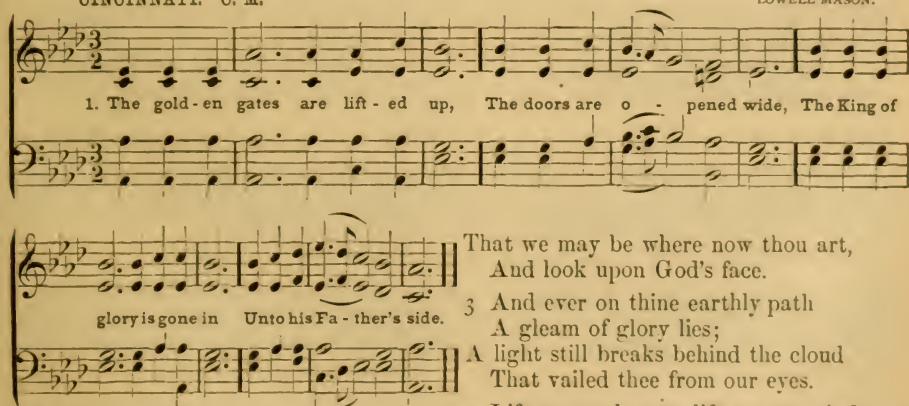
I know that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me:  
A token of his love he gives,  
A pledge of liberty.  
2 I find him lifting up my head;  
He brings salvation near:  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:  
What can withstand his will?  
The counsel of his grace in me,  
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to thyself receive.

CINCINNATI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. The gold-en gates are lift-ed up, The doors are o-pen-ed wide, The King of  
glory is gone in Unto his Fa-ther's side.

324

*Christ's return. C. F. ALEXANDER, alt.*

THE golden gates are lifted up,  
The doors are opened wide,  
The King of glory is gone in  
Unto his Father's side.  
2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,  
To make for us a place,

That we may be where now thou art,  
And look upon God's face.

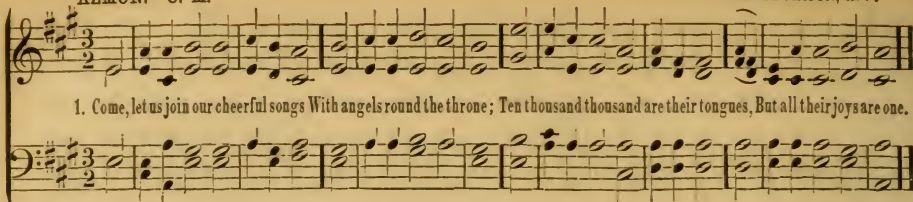
3 And ever on thine earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies;  
A light still breaks behind the cloud  
That veiled thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,  
Let thy dear grace be given,  
That while we tarry here below,  
Our treasure be in heaven!

5 That where thou art, at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love may be;  
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell  
For evermore in thee!

AZMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

## 325

*"Worthy the Lamb!"*

I. WATTS.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs

With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus!"

"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb!

## 326

*Reconciliation.*

I. WATTS.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes,

Up to the courts above,

And smile to see our Father there,

Upon a throne of love.

2 Now we may bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord:  
No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
Are opened by the Son;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach the almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high,  
And glory to the eternal King,  
Who lays his anger by.

## 327

*Christ, our Priest.*

A. PIRRIE.

COME, let us join our songs of praise

To our ascended Priest;

He entered heaven with all our names

Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,  
By his atoning blood;  
Now he appears before the throne,  
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows  
The weakness of our frame,  
And how to shield us from the foes  
Which he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench  
The fervor of his love;  
For us he died in kindness here,  
For us he lives above.

5 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,  
Nor blush to bear his name;  
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith—  
Our lips his praise proclaim.

## 328

*"Crowned with honor."*

T. KELLY.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,  
Is crowned with glory now;

A royal diadem adorns

The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,  
Is his by sovereign right;  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom he manifests his love,  
And grants his name to know.

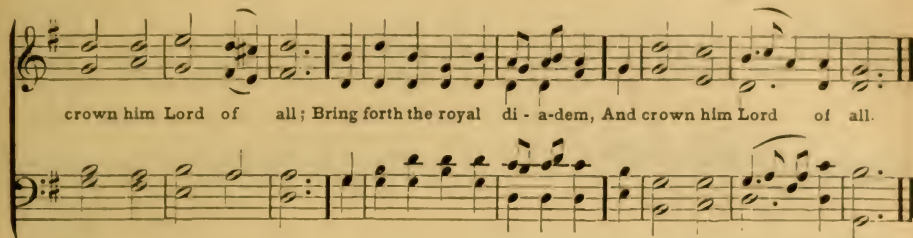
4 To them the cross with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;  
Their name—an everlasting name,  
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

## CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And



crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

## 329

*"Lord of all."*

E. PERRONET.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

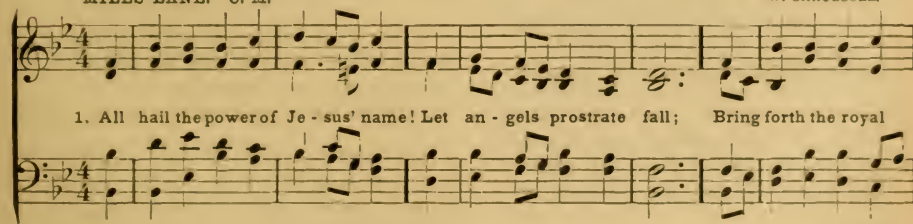
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

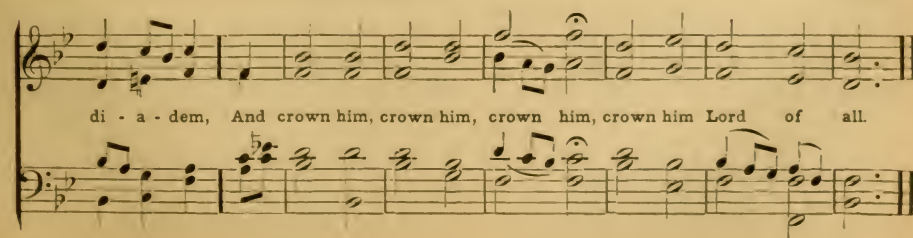
6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## MILES LANE. C. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE.



1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal



di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.



## PORTUGUESE HYMN. L. M.

J. READING.

1. O Christ, the Lord of heaven! to thee, Clothed with all ma-jes-ty di-vine, E-ter-nal power and

glo-ry be! E-ter-nal praise, of right, is thine, E-ter-nal praise, of right, is thine.

## 330

"Lord of heaven."

RAY PALMER.

O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven! to thee,  
Clothed with all majesty divine,  
Eternal power and glory be!  
Eternal praise, of right, is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of life! that once thy brow  
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;  
Reign, throned beside the Father now,  
Adored the Son of God first-born.

3 From angel hosts that round thee stand,  
With forms more pure than spotless snow,  
From the bright burning seraph band,  
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,  
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;  
All honor to thy name belongs,  
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

5 "Jesus!"—all earth shall speak the word;  
"Jesus!"—all heaven resound it still;  
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord!  
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

## 331

Psalm 45.

I. WATTS.

NOW BE my heart inspired to sing  
The glories of my Saviour King,—  
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair  
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race,  
He shines with a superior grace:  
Love from his lips divinely flows,  
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;  
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;  
Thy laws and works are just and right;  
Justice and grace are thy delight.

4 God, thine own God, has richly shed  
His oil of gladness on thy head;  
And with his Sacred Spirit blessed  
His first-born Son above the rest.

## 332

"King, Creator, Lord."

RAY PALMER, tr.

O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!  
Saviour of all who trust thy word!  
To them who seek thee ever near,  
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,—  
It flows from every streaming wound,—  
Whose power our inbred sin controls,  
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

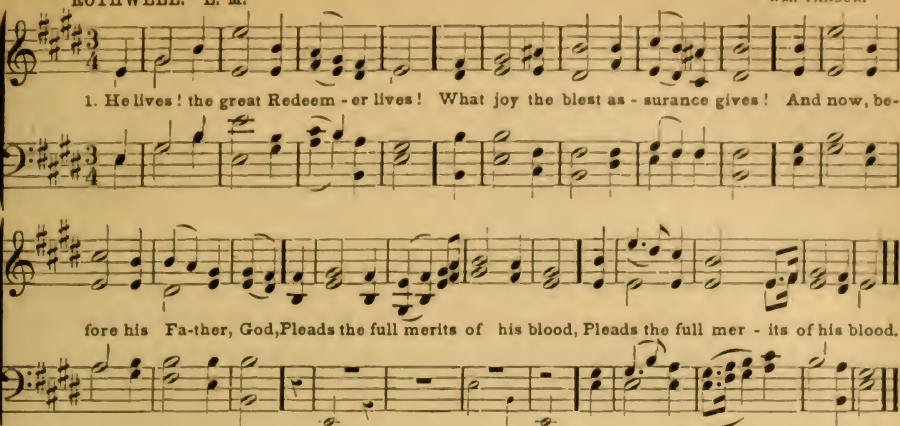
3 Thou didst create the stars of night;  
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light,  
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear.  
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,  
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;  
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,  
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,  
Great Conqueror! never more to die,  
Us by thy mighty power defend,  
And reign through ages without end.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

WM. TANSUR.



333

*Christ, our Advocate.* A. STEELE.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!  
What joy the blest assurance gives!  
And now, before his Father, God,  
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
And justice armed with frowns appears:  
But in the Saviour's lovely face  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!  
On him our humble hopes depend;  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

334

*"Behold the Way!"* J. CENNICK.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourned because I found it not;  
My grief, my burden, long had been  
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way!"

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am,  
Nothing but sin I thee can give;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell, to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

335

*Atonement made.*

I. WATTS.

NOW to the power of God supreme  
Be everlasting honors given;  
He saves from hell,—we bless his name,—  
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

2 'Twas his own purpose that began  
To rescue rebels doomed to die:  
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,  
Before he spread the starry sky.

3 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,  
And makes his Father's counsels known;  
Declares the great transactions past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.

4 He dies; and in that dreadful night  
Doth all the powers of hell destroy;  
Rising, he brings our heaven to light,  
And takes possession of the joy.

## SAMSON. L. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Come, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heaven began the strain, The homage which to Christ be-

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,  
To cleanse from every sinful stain,  
And make us kings and priests to God—

336

"The Song of Songs." J. MONTGOMERY.

COME, let us sing the song of songs,—  
The saints in heaven began the strain—  
The homage which to Christ belongs:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him, enthroned by filial right,  
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,  
Honor, and majesty, and might:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 Long as we live, and when we die,  
And while in heaven with him we reign:  
This song, our song of songs shall be:  
Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

## ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP.

1. Now to the Lord, who makes us know The won-ders of his dy-ing love,

Be hum-ble hon-ors paid be-low, And strains of no-bler praise a-bove.

337

The atoning Priest.

I. WATTS.

Now to the Lord, who makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honors paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.  
'Twas he who cleansed our foulest sins,  
And washed us in his precious blood;  
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus, our eternal King,

Be everlasting power confessed!  
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move;  
Though with our sins we pierced him once,  
He now displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day;  
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariot long delay.



## 338

*Christ is God.*

1. WATTS.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing,  
Are far inferior to thy name?  
2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his almighty Father's side.  
3 All riches are his native right,  
Yet he sustained amazing loss;

To him ascribe eternal might,  
Who left his weakness on the cross.  
4 Honor immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn;  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.  
5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men;  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

BENNINGTON. L. M. D.

FROM PERCIVAL.

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are  
captive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky. There his triumphal cha-riot waits, And angels  
chant the solemn lay:—"Lift up your heads,.... ye heav'nly gates! Ye ever-last-ing doors! give way!"

## 339

*Psalms 24.*

C. WESLEY.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.  
There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
Ye everlasting doors! give way."  
2 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:  
He claims these mansions as his right;  
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is this King of glory—who?  
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;  
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;  
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.  
3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:—  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
Ye everlasting doors! give way."  
Who is this King of glory—who?  
The Lord of boundless power possessed;  
The King of saints and angels, too,  
God over all, for ever blessed.

## 340

75, 68, D. *The Lord's Day.* J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

THE day of resurrection,  
Earth, tell it out abroad :  
The Passover of gladness,  
The Passover of God.  
From death to life eternal,  
From earth unto the sky,  
Our Christ hath brought us over,  
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light ;  
And, listening to his accents,  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own " All hail ! " and, hearing,  
May raise the victor-strain.

## 341

C. M. *Psalm 45.* I. WATTS.

I 'LL speak the honors of my King,—  
His form divinely fair ;  
None of the sons of mortal race  
May with the Lord compare.  
2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly  
Upon thy lips is shed ; [grace  
Thy God, with blessings infinite,  
Hath crowned thy sacred head.  
3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince !  
Ride with majestic sway ;  
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,  
And make the world obey.  
4 Thy throne, O God ! for ever stands ;  
Thy word of grace shall prove  
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,  
To rule the saints by love.  
5 Justice and truth attend thee still,  
But mercy is thy choice ;  
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys.

## 342

L. M. *" Full Equality."* I. WATTS.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God !  
Our spirits bow before thy feet :  
To thee we lift an humble thought,  
And worship at thine awful seat.  
2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright  
Stand round the glorious Deity ;  
But who, among those sons of light,  
Pretends comparison with thee ?

3 Yet there is One of human frame,  
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God.

4 Then let the name of Christ our King  
With equal honors be adored ;  
His praise let every angel sing,  
And all the nations own their Lord.

## 343

75. *The Risen Redeemer.* ANON.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy-day :  
He endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo ! he rises, mighty King !  
Where, O Death ! is now thy sting ?  
Lo ! he claims his native sky !  
Grave ! where is thy victory ?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,  
Peace with God for ever made :  
With your risen Saviour rise ;  
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy-day ;  
Loud the song of victory raise ;  
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

## 344

H. M. *" The Debt of Love."* S. STENNETT

COME, every pious heart,  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest powers exert  
To celebrate his fame ;  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,  
And laid his robes aside,  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died ;  
What he endured, oh, who can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell ?

3 From the dark grave he rose,  
The mansion of the dead,  
And thence his mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led ;  
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

## 345

L. M.

*Psalm 45.*

I. WATTS.

THE King of saints,—how fair his face !  
Adorned with majesty and grace,  
He comes, with blessings from above,  
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold  
The queen, arrayed in purest gold ;  
The world admires her heavenly dress,  
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 Oh, happy hour, when thou shalt rise  
To his fair palace in the skies ;  
And all thy sons, a numerous train,  
Each, like a prince, in glory reign.

4 Let endless honors crown his head ;  
Let every age his praises spread ;  
While we, with cheerful songs, approve  
The condescension of his love.

## 346

C. M. D. "The Fairest Face."

P. STRYKER.

I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice  
That mortal ever heard ;  
Oh ! how it made my heart rejoice,  
And every feeling stirred !  
"T was Jesus spoke to me so mild ;  
He called me to his side,  
And said, although with heart defiled,  
I might in him confide.

2 I saw his face, the fairest face  
That mortal ever saw ;

I longed the Saviour to embrace,  
From him new life to draw.

"Come unto me," he kindly said,  
"And I will give thee rest ;

The ransom-price I fully paid—  
Repent ! believe ! be blest !"

3 I felt his love, the strongest love  
That mortal ever felt ;

Oh ! how it drew my soul above,  
And made my hard heart melt !

My burden at his feet I laid,  
And knew the joy of heaven,

As in my willing ear he said  
The blessed word, "Forgiven !"

## 347

C. M.

*Psalm 47.*

I. WATTS.

Oh, for a shout of sacred joy  
To God, the sovereign King ;  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high,  
His heavenly guards around

Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their  
Let mortals learn their strains ; [King,  
Let all the earth his honor sing ;—  
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe pro-  
Let knowledge lead the song ; [found ;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne :—  
He loved that chosen race ;  
But now he calls the world his own ;  
The heathen taste his grace.

## 348

C. M.

*Psalm 71.*

I. WATTS.

MY Saviour ! my almighty Friend :

When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,—  
The numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust ;  
Thy goodness I adore ;

And, since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road ;  
And march, with courage, in thy strength,  
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King !

My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.

## 349

C. M.

*Our High-Priest.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey  
Our great High-Priest above,  
And celebrate his constant care,  
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,  
Where angels bow around,  
And high o'er all the shining train,  
With matchless honors crowned ;—

3 The names of all his saints he bears  
Engraven on his heart ;

Nor shall a name once treasured there  
E'er from his care depart.

4 So, gracious Saviour ! on my breast  
May thy dear name be worn,

A sacred ornament and guard,  
To endless ages borne.



WIMBOERNE. L. M.

J. WHITAKER.

1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the won - ders of thy grace:

Thy pow'r con - veys our bless - ings down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.

350

*"Inward Teachings."*

I. WATTS.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace:  
Thy power conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin;  
All our imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.

351

*"Veni, Creator!"*E. CASWALL, *tr.*

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!  
And in our souls take up thy rest;  
Come, with thy grace, and heavenly aid,  
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;  
O highest gift of God most high!  
O fount of life! O fire of love!  
Send sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,  
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;  
With patience firm, and virtue high,  
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,  
And grant us thy true peace instead;  
So shall we not, with thee for guide,  
Turn from the path of life aside.

352

*"The book unfold."*

B. BEDDOME.

COME, blessed Spirit! source of light!  
Whose power and grace are unconfined,  
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—  
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes, display  
The glorious truths thy word reveals;  
Cause me to run the heavenly way,  
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know  
The mysteries of redeeming love,  
The vanity of things below,  
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,  
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,  
To show the dangers of the way,  
And guide my feeble steps to God.

353

*Spirit of grace.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill the coldest heart with love:  
Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone,  
And let thy sovereign power be known.

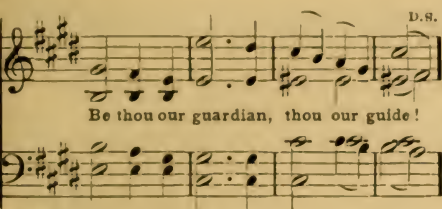
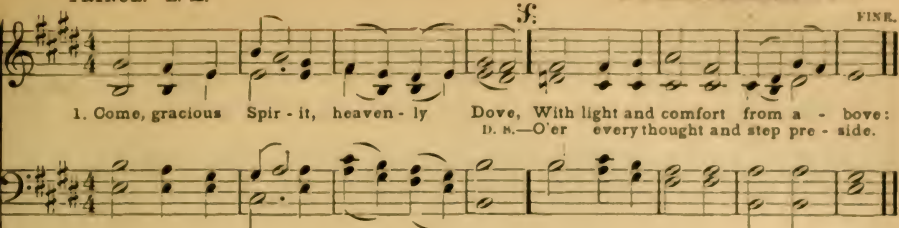
2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes  
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;  
While all their glowing souls are borne  
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh, let a holy flock await  
In crowds around thy temple-gate!  
Each pressing on with zeal to be  
A living sacrifice to thee.

PRINCE. L. M.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

FINR.



2 To us the light of truth display,  
And make us know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with him for ever blest;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—  
Fullness of joy for ever there!

354

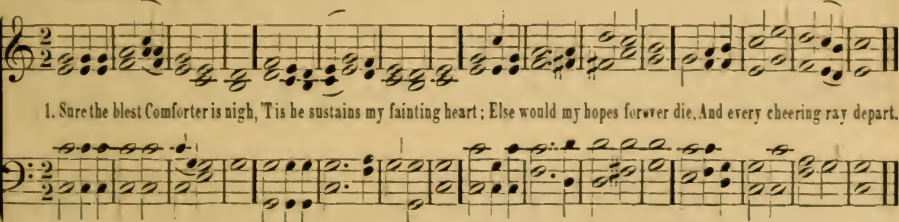
*Invocation.*

S. BROWNE, alt.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above:  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!  
O'er every thought and step preside.

ZEPHYR, L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



355

*The Spirit near.*

A. STEELE.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,  
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;  
Else would my hopes for ever die,  
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,  
With ardent wish my heart aspires,—  
Can it be less than power divine,  
That animates these strong desires?

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—  
I love my God and taste his grace,—  
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray,  
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart  
For ever dwell, O God of love!

And light and heavenly peace impart,—  
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

356

*Giver of Rest.*

STEWART.

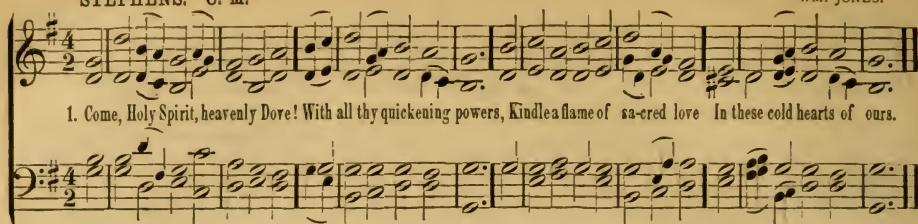
COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame;  
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see;  
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

STEPHENS. C. M.

WM. JONES.



1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove! With all thy quickening powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

357

*Invocation.*

1. WATTS.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!

With all thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys!

Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;  
In vain we strive to rise;

Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate—  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

CHESTER. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. O Ho - ly Ghost, the Com - fort - er, How is thy love de - spised, While

the heart longs for sym - pa - thy And friends are i - dol - ized, And friends are i - dol - ized.

358

*The Comforter's love.* J. E. SAXBY.

O HOLY Ghost, the Comforter,  
How is thy love despised,  
While the heart longs for sympathy  
And friends are idolized.

2 O Spirit of the living God,  
Brooding with dove-like wings  
Over the helpless and the weak  
Among created things!

3 Where should our feebleness find strength,  
Our helplessness a stay,

Didst thou not bring us hope and help,  
And comfort, day by day?

4 Great are thy consolations, Lord.  
And mighty is thy power,  
In sickness and in solitude,  
In sorrow's darkest hour.

5 Oh, if the souls that now despise  
And grieve thee, heavenly Dove,  
Would seek thee, and would welcome thee,  
How would they prize thy love!



ELVET. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourning all their days?

Great Com - fort - er, de - scend, and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.

359

*Assurance.*

I. WATTS.

- WHY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

360

*Sanctification.*

T. COTTERILL

- ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,  
Our contrite hearts inspire;  
Revive the flame of heavenly love,  
And feed the pure desire
- 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,  
With guilt and fear oppressed;  
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,  
And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,  
Whate'er that sin may be,  
That we, with humble, holy heart,  
May worship only thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear  
That we are sons of God,  
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,  
Through Christ's atoning blood.

BOARDMAN. C. M.

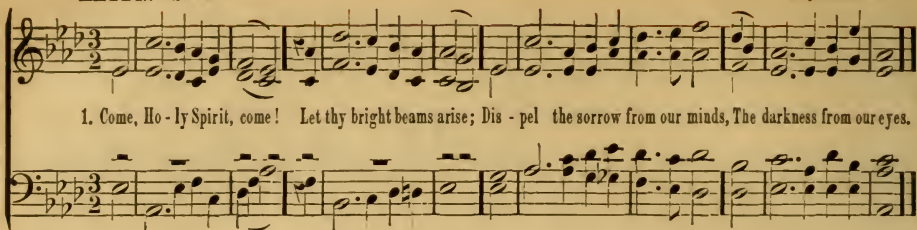
GEORGE KINGSLEY, arr.

1. Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days?

Great Com - fort - er, de - scend and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.

HAYDN. S. M.

F. J. HAYDN.



361

*Giver of Grace.*

J. HART.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!

Let thy bright beams arise;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;  
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
 And to our wondering view reveal  
 The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove,

And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life in every part,  
 And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;  
 Our minds from bondage free;  
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
 The Father, Son, and thee.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

G. W. MORNINGTON.



362

*"Still small voice."*

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

BLEST Comforter divine,

Whose rays of heavenly love  
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
 And point our souls above;—

2 Thou, who with "still small voice,"  
 Dost stop the sinner's way,  
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,  
 Though earthly joys decay;—

3 Thou, whose inspiring breath  
 Can make the cloud of care,  
 And ev'n the gloomy vale of death,  
 A smile of glory wear;—

4 Thou, who dost fill the heart  
 With love to all our race;—  
 Blest Comforter, to us impart  
 The blessings of thy grace.

WHITEFIELD. S. M.

EDWARD MILLER.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine;  
And on this poor be - night - ed soul, With beams of mer - cy shine.

363

*The heart melted.*

B. BEDDOME.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
With energy divine;  
And on this poor benighted soul,  
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh, melt this frozen heart;  
This stubborn will subdue;  
Each evil passion overcome,  
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,  
But thine shall be the praise;  
And unto thee will I devote  
The remnant of my days.

3 Thy teachings make us know  
The mysteries of thy love,  
The vanity of things below,  
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,  
Oh, spread thy beams abroad;  
Disclose the dangers of the way,  
And guide our steps to God.

364

*Teaching Truth.*

B. BEDDOME.

COME, Spirit, source of light,  
Thy grace is unconfined;  
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display  
The truth thy words reveal;  
Cause us to run the heavenly way,  
Delighting in thy will.

365

*He works in us.*

J. MONTGOMERY.

'Tis God the Spirit leads  
In paths before unknown;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace  
We still pursue our way;  
And hope at last to reach the prize,  
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will,  
'Tis he that works to do;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

OLNEY. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. 'Tis God the Spirit leads In paths before unknown; The work to be performed is ours. The strength is all his own.



## MERCY. 7s.

E. P. PARKER, arr.

1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine:

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

366

*All-divine.*

A. REED.

HOLY Ghost! with light divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine;  
Chase the shades of night away,  
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
Long hath sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
Bid my many woes depart,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine;  
Cast down every idol-throne,  
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

## FULTON. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine;

All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with thy heavenly love.

367

*"Keep me, Lord!"*

J. STOCKER.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!  
Let thy light within me shine;  
All my guilty fears remove,  
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,  
Set the burdened sinner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God;  
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,  
Seal salvation on my heart;  
Breathe thyself into my breast,—  
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Fill my soul with joy divine,  
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

## NEW HAVEN. 6s, 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost! in love, Shed on us, from above, Thine own bright ray: Di - vine-ly  
good thou art; Thy sacred gifts im-part, To gladden each sad heart; Oh, come to - day!

## 368

"Oh, come to-day." RAY PALMER, tr.

COME, Holy Ghost! in love,  
Shed on us, from above,  
Thine own bright ray:  
Divinely good thou art;  
Thy sacred gifts impart,  
To gladden each sad heart;  
Oh, come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,  
Our most delightful Guest!  
With soothing power;  
Rest, which the weary know;  
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;  
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;  
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene! and still  
Our inmost bosoms fill;  
Dwell in each breast:  
We know no dawn but thine;  
Send forth thy beams divine,  
On our dark souls to shine,  
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;  
Extinguish passion's fires;  
Heal every wound;  
Our stubborn spirits bend;  
Our icy coldness end;  
Our devious steps attend,  
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless,  
Let all, who Christ confess,  
His praise employ:  
Give virtue's rich reward;

Victorious death accord,  
And, with our glorious Lord,  
Eternal joy!

## 369

"Let there be light."

J. MARRIOTT.

Thou! whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And, where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,  
On thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,—  
Oh, now to all mankind,  
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving holy Dove!  
Speed forth thy flight:  
Move o'er the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place,  
"Let there be light!"

4 Blesséd and holy Three,  
All-glorious Trinity,—  
Wisdom, Love, Might!  
Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,—  
"Let there be light!"

370

C. M.

*Pentecost.*

J. KEBLE.

WHEN God, of old, came down from  
heaven,

In power and wrath he came;  
Before his feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,  
He came in power and love;  
Softer than gales at morning prime,  
Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light a glorious crown  
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings  
forth,  
Winged with the sinner's doom;  
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth  
Proclaiming life to come.

371

7s. "The things of Christ." W. HAMMOND.

HOLY Spirit! gently come,  
Raise us from our fallen state;  
Fix thy everlasting home  
In the hearts thou didst create.

2 Now thy quickening influence bring,  
On our spirits sweetly move;  
Open every mouth to sing  
Jesus' everlasting love.

3 Take the things of Christ, and show  
What our Lord for us hath done;  
May we God the Father know  
Through his well-belovèd Son.

372

7s, 6s, 8s. *The Witness.*

A. M. TOPLADY.

BLESSED Comforter, come down,  
And live and move in me;  
Make my every deed thy own,  
In all things led by thee;  
Bid my every lust depart,  
And now with me, vouchsafe to dwell;  
Faithful Witness, in my heart  
Thy perfect love reveal.

2 Let me in thy love rejoice,  
Thy shrine, thy pure abode;  
Tell me, by thine inward voice,  
I am a child of God:  
Lord, I choose the better part;  
Jesus, I wait thy peace to feel;  
Send the witness, in my heart  
The Holy Ghost reveal.

373

C. M.

*The Promise.*

H. AUBER.

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,  
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,  
To teach, convince, subdue;  
All powerful as the wind he came,  
And all as viewless, too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to fix his rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Is his and his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace!  
Our weakness pitying see;  
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,  
Purer and worthier thee!

374

7s, 5s. "Comforter Divine!"

G. RAWSON.

HOLY Ghost, the Infinite!  
Shine upon our nature's night  
With thy blessed inward light,  
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;  
We are faint: thy strength afford;  
Lost,—until by thee restored,  
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, thy peace distill;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,  
And, with voiceless groanings, plead  
Our unutterable need,  
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—  
Earnest of our bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,—  
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;  
Bear us up the starry road,  
To the height of thine abode,  
Comforter Divine!



375

S. M.

*The Light.*

W. H. BATHURST.

LORD, bid thy light arise  
On all thy people here,  
And when we raise our longing eyes,  
Oh, may we find thee near!

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,  
To quicken every soul;  
And hearts, the most rebellious, bend  
To thy divine control.

3 Let all that own thy name  
Thy sacred image bear;  
And light in every heart the flame  
Of watchfulness and prayer.

4 Since in thy love we see  
Our only sure relief,  
Oh, raise our earthly minds to thee,  
And help our unbelief.

376

L. M.

*Quiet Influence.*

T. GIBBONS.

As when in silence vernal showers  
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,  
So, in the secrecy of love,  
Falls the sweet influence from above.

2 That heavenly influence let me find  
In holy silence of the mind,  
While every grace maintains its bloom,  
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined  
To me, but poured on all mankind,  
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,  
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

377

L. M.

*Veni, Creator.*J. DRYDEN, *tr.*

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every waiting mind;  
Come, pour thy joys on human-kind.

2 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete,—  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples worthy thee!

4 Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son, by thee.

378

C. M.

*Invocation.*

C. WESLEY.

COME, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire,  
Let us thine influence prove;  
Source of the old prophetic fire!  
Fountain of life and love!

2 Water with heavenly dew thy word,  
In this appointed hour;  
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,  
And bid it come with power.

3 Open the hearts of them that hear,  
To make the Saviour room;  
Now let us find redemption near;  
Let faith by hearing come.

379

H. M.

*Luke 11: 13.*

J. BURTON.

O THOU that hearest prayer!

Attend our humble cry;  
And let thy servants share  
Thy blessing from on high:

We plead the promise of thy word,  
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear  
Their children when they cry;  
If they, with love sincere,  
Their children's wants supply;  
Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou,—  
We—children of thy grace,—  
Oh, let thy Spirit now  
Descend and fill the place;  
That all may feel the heavenly flame  
And all unite to praise thy name.

380

L. M.

*"Baptize the Nations!"* J. MONTGOMERY.

O SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.

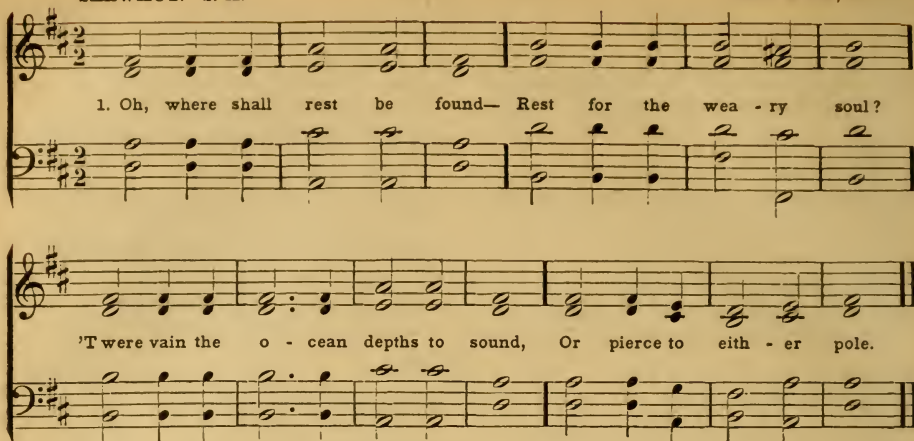
2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order, in thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with  
might;

Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh,  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every people call him Lord.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*


1. Oh, where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.

381

*Deut. 30 : 19.* J. MONTGOMERY.

OH, where shall rest be found—  
Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh:

'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,

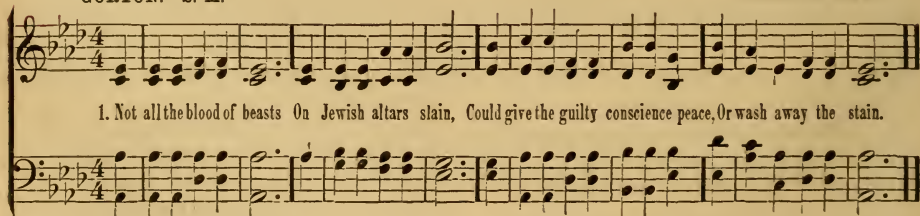
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be banished from thy face,  
And evermore undone.

GORTON. S. M.

FROM BEETHOVEN.



1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain.

382

*"None other name."*

L. WATTS.

Nor all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb  
Takes all our sins away,

A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,

While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the curséd tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his dying love.

## GANGES. C. P. M.

S. CHANDLER.

1. Awaked by Sinai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go ;

One solemn truth increased my pain, "The sinner must be born a - gain," Or sink to end - less woe.

383

*Regeneration needed.*

S. OCCUM.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,  
And knew not where to go ;  
One solemn truth increased my pain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,  
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—  
A vast oppressive load ;  
All creature-aid I saw was vain ;  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,  
My bondage to remove.  
The sinner, once by justice slain,  
Now by his grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

384

*"In jeopardy."*

C. WESLEY.

Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,  
Secure ! insensible !  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God ! my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress :  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And save me ere it be too late ;  
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar ;  
And tell me, Lord ! shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom !

## MERIBAH. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Lo, on a nar - row neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand, Se -

cure ! in - sen - si - ble ! { A point of time, a moment's space, }  
{ Removes me to yon heavenly place, } Or shuts me up in hell.



MONSON. C. M.

S. R. BROWN.



1. How help - less guilt - y na - ture lies, Un - con - sci - ous of its load!

The heart, un - changed, can nev - er rise To hap - pi - ness and God.

385

*The load of Sin.*

A. STEELE.

HOW HELPLESS guilt-y nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load!

The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,  
The stubborn will subdue?

'Tis thine, almighty Spirit! thine,  
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise;  
To make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord! be thine.

386

*No escape.*

I. WATTS.

IN vain we seek for peace with God  
By methods of our own:  
Nothing, O Saviour! but thy blood  
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of the broken law  
Impress the soul with dread:  
If God his sword of vengeance draw,  
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice  
Hath answered these demands;  
And peace and pardon from the skies  
Are offered by thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!  
'Tis on thy cross we rest:  
For ever be thy love adored,  
Thy name for ever blessed.

387

*"Sin revived: I died."*

I. WATTS.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread!  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;  
But since the precept came  
With a convincing power and light,  
I find how vile I am.

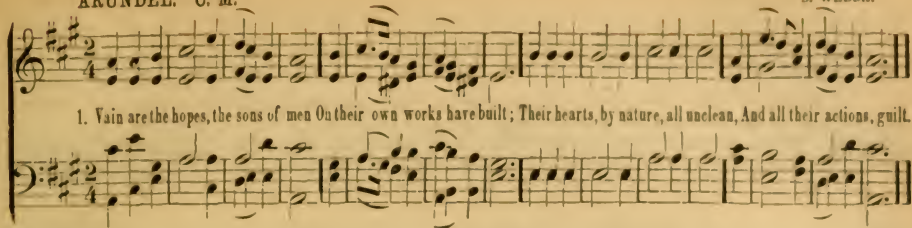
3 My guilt appeared but small before,  
Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,  
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;  
My sins revived again:  
I had provoked a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath  
For some kind power to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

S. WEBBE.



1. Vain are the hopes, the sons of men On their own works have built; Their hearts, by nature, all unclean, And all their actions, guilt.

388

*"All Guilty."*

I. WATTS.

- VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,  
And all their actions, guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murmuring word;  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace;—  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness,  
That makes the sinner just.

389

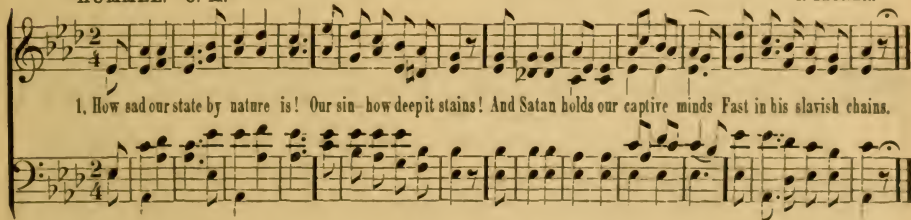
*The Strait Way.*

I. WATTS.

- STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,  
That leads to joys on high;  
'Tis but a few that find the gate  
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Belovéd self must be denied,  
The mind and will renewed,  
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,  
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm  
Fulfill a task so hard!  
Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward.

HUMMEL. C. M.

C. ZEUNER.



1. How sad our state by nature is! Our sin—how deep it stains! And Satan holds our captive minds Fast in his slavish chains.

390

*The Soul ruined.*

I. WATTS.

- HOW SAD our state by nature is!  
Our sin—how deep it stains!  
And Satan holds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust a pardoning Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord:  
Oh, help my unbelief!
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Saviour and my All.

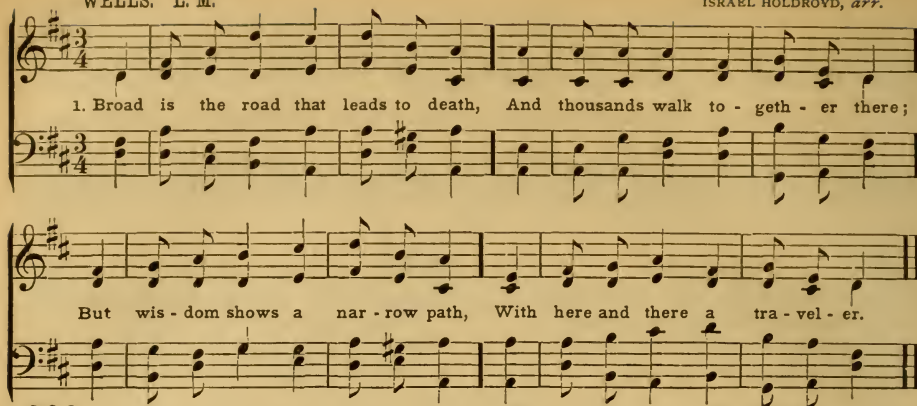
391

*Utter helplessness.*

I. WATTS.

- NOR all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace;  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
Breathes on the sons of flesh,  
New-models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise  
From the long sleep of death;  
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROVD, *arr.*


1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there;  
But wis - dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a tra - vel - er.

392

*The narrow path.*

I. WATTS.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveler.

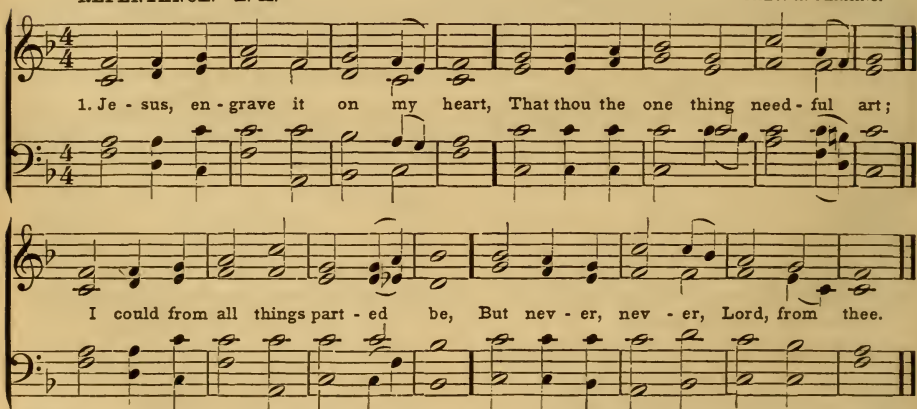
2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"—  
Is the Redeemer's great command:  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain:  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

REPENTANCE. L. M.

THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. Je - sus, en - grave it on my heart, That thou the one thing need - ful art;  
I could from all things part - ed be, But nev - er, nev - er, Lord, from thee.

393

*"One thing needful."*

S. MEDLEY.

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,  
That thou the one thing needful art;  
I could from all things parted be,  
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

2 Needful is thy most precious blood,  
To reconcile my soul to God;  
Needful is thy indulgent care;  
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

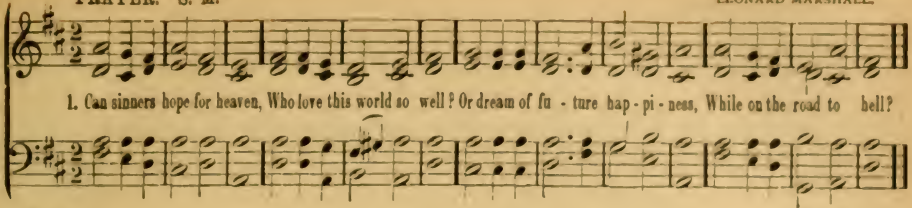
3 Needful art thou, my guide, my stay,  
Through all life's dark and weary way;  
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,  
To bring my spirit home to thee.

4 Then needful still, my God, my King,  
Thy name eternally I'll sing!  
Glory and praise be ever his,—  
The one thing needful Jesus is!



## PRAYER. S. M.

LEONARD MARSHALL.



## 394

*Pardon and Purity.* B. BEDDOME.

CAN sinners hope for heaven,  
 Who love this world so well?  
 Or dream of future happiness,  
 While on the road to hell?  
 2 Shall they hosannas sing,  
 With an unhallowed tongue?  
 Shall palms adorn the guilty hand  
 Which does its neighbor wrong?  
 3 Thy grace, O God, alone,  
 Good hope can e'er afford!  
 The pardoned and the pure shall see  
 The glory of the Lord.

3 How glorious was the grace,  
 When Christ sustained the stroke!  
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays,  
 A ransom for the flock.  
 4 But God shall raise his head,  
 O'er all the sons of men,  
 And make him see a numerous seed,  
 To recompense his pain.

## 396

*"Jesus only."*

H. BONAR.

## 395

*"All downward."*

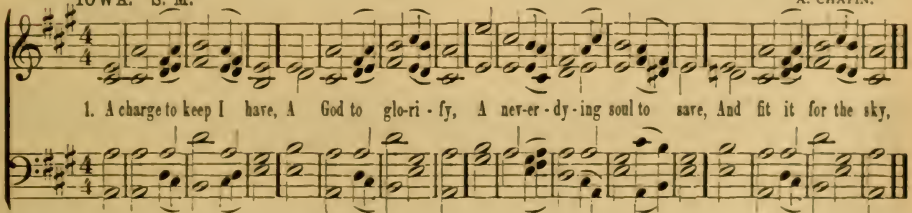
I. WATTS.

LIKE sheep we went astray,  
 And broke the fold of God—  
 Each wandering in a different way,  
 But all the downward road.  
 2 How dreadful was the hour,  
 When God our wanderings laid,  
 And did at once his vengeance pour  
 Upon the Shepherd's head!

Nor what these hands have done  
 Can save this guilty soul:  
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
 Can make my spirit whole.  
 2 Not what I feel or do  
 Can give me peace with God;  
 Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,  
 Can bear my awful load.  
 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,  
 Can ease this weight of sin;  
 Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
 Can give me peace within.

## IOWA. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.



## 397

*Probation.*

C. WESLEY.

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify,  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky.  
 2 To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfill;  
 Oh, may it all my powers engage  
 To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in thy sight to live;  
 And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
 A strict account to give.  
 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on thyself rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall for ever die.

COWPER. G. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins; And  
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

398

Zech. 13: 1.

W. COWPER.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.

- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

399

The Gospel.

S. MEDLEY.

- OH, what amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found,  
Suited to every sinner's case  
Who hears the joyful sound!
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and  
Your every burden bring; [wounds;  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—  
A deep celestial spring.
  - 3 This spring with living water flows,  
And heavenly joy imparts:  
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose  
And drink, with thankful hearts.

FOUNTAIN. G. M.

WESTERN AIR.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged be -  
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

FINE.

## ARLINGTON. C. M.

T. A. ARNE.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,— Was blind, but now I see.

400

*"Amazing grace."* J. NEWTON.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found—  
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

401

*"Salvation."* I. WATTS.

SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound!  
'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;—  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

## SIMPSON. C. M.

FROM LOUIS SPOHR.

1. Sal - va - tion!—oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;

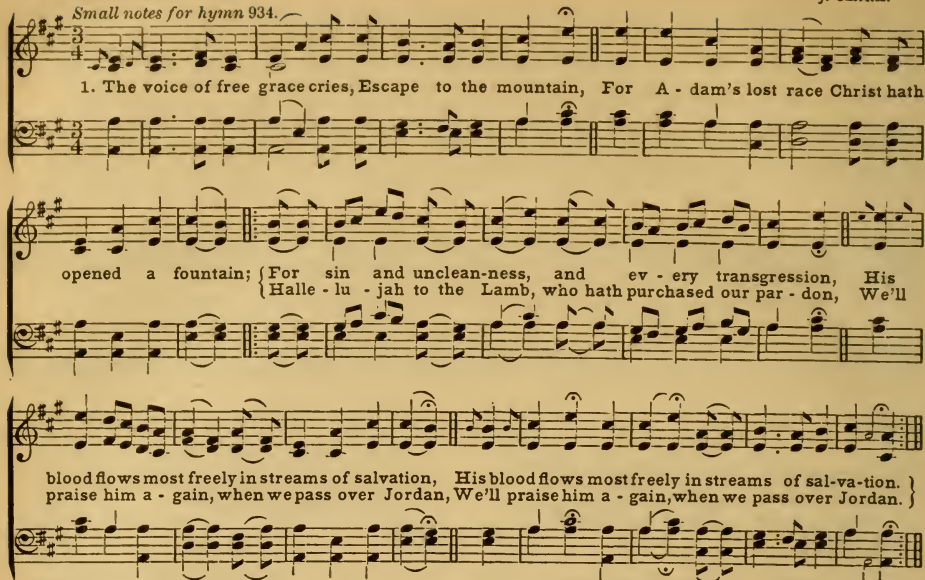
A sove - reign balm for ev - ery wound. A cor - dial for our fears.



## SCOTLAND. 12s.

*Small notes for hymn 934.*

J. CLARK.



1. The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain, For A - dam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain; {For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression, His Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We'll blood flows most freely in streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation. } praise him a - gain, when we pass over Jordan, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass over Jordan. }

402

*"Flee for life!"*

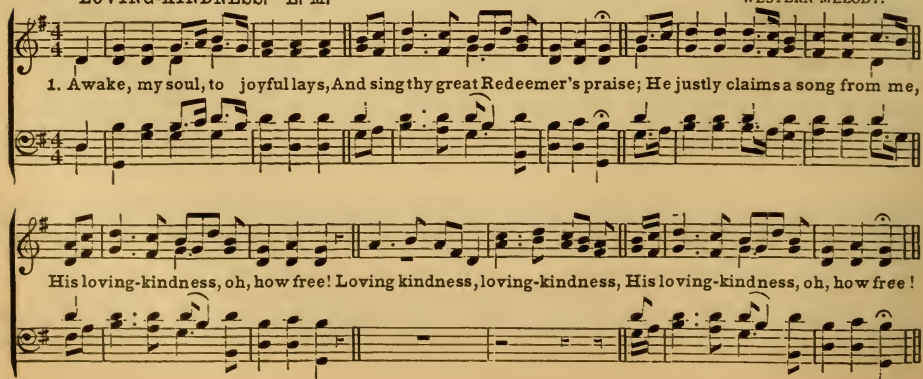
R. BURDSALL.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,  
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;  
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.  
2 Ye souls that are wounded! oh, flee to the Saviour!  
He calls you in mercy, 'tis infinite favor;

Your sins are increasing, escape to the mountain—  
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.  
3 With joy shall we stand when escaped to the shore;  
With harps in our hands we will praise him the more!  
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,  
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

## LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

WESTERN MELODY.



1. Awake, my soul, to joyfullays, And singthy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me, His loving-kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

## THE NINETY AND NINE, P. M.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold— A-way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, A-way from the tender Shepherd's care.

403

*"To save the lost."*

E. C. CLEPHANE.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold—  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
passed through  
Ere he found his sheep that was lost;  
Out in the desert he heard its cry—  
'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:  
Are they not enough for thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of  
Has wandered away from me: [mine  
And although the road be rough and steep  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

4 But all through the mountains, thunder-  
And up from the rocky steep, [riven,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

404

L. M. *Loving-kindness.*

S. MEDLEY.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me:  
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate:  
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along:  
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood:  
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!



LENOX. H. M.

L. EDSON.

1. Arise, my soul, arise! Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my Surety stands:  
Before the throne my Surety stands: My name is written on his hands.  
Before the throne my Surety stands: Before the throne my Surety stands: My name is written on his hands.

405

*Our Surety.*

C. WESLEY.

ARISE, my soul, arise!  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my Surety stands:  
My name is written on his hands.  
2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.  
3 My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child;  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

406

*Year of Jubilee.*

C. WESLEY.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow;—  
The gladly solemn sound;—  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come:  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.  
2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
Hath full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.  
3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

GLASGOW. C. M.

G. F. ROOT.

1. Great God, when I ap - proach thy throne, And all thy glo - ry see;  
This is my stay, and this a - lone, That Je - sus died for me.



ATHENS. C. M. D.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; In God, the life of all my joys,  
D. S.—Up-on a poor, pollut-ed worm,  
A-loud will I re-joice. 'Tis he adorned my nak-ed soul, And made sal-va-tion mine;  
He makes his graces shine.

407

*"The Seamless Robe."*

I. WATTS.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice;  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.  
'Tis he adorned my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine;  
Upon a poor, polluted worm,  
He makes his graces shine.

2 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.

How far the heavenly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear!  
These ornaments, how bright they shine!  
How white the garments are!

3 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,  
And hope and every grace;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness.  
Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,  
By the great sacred Three;  
In sweetest harmony of praise,  
Let all thy powers agree.

408

*"Jesus died for me"*

W. H. BATHURST.

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,  
And all thy glory see;  
This is my stay, and this alone,  
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die,  
Escape the just decree?  
Helpless, and full of sin am I,  
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,  
Oh, how can I get free?  
No peace can all my efforts gain,  
But Jesus died for me.

4 And Lord, when I behold thy face,  
This must be all my plea;  
Save me by thy almighty grace,  
For Jesus died for me.

409

*Divine compassion.*

A. STEELE.

JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,  
To bear our griefs and woes?  
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,  
For thy rebellious foes?

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view  
A love so strange as thine!  
No thought of angels ever knew  
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend  
To thy divine control?  
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,  
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess  
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;  
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,  
Thy righteous rule obey.

## ALL TO CHRIST. P. M.

J. T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray,

## CHORUS.

Find in me thine all in all. Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe;

Sin had left a crim - son stain; He washed it white as snow.

## 410

*The debt paid.*

E. M. HALL.

I HEAR the Saviour say,  
Thy strength indeed is small;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,  
All to him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain;  
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.

3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby thy grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.

4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne  
I stand in him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

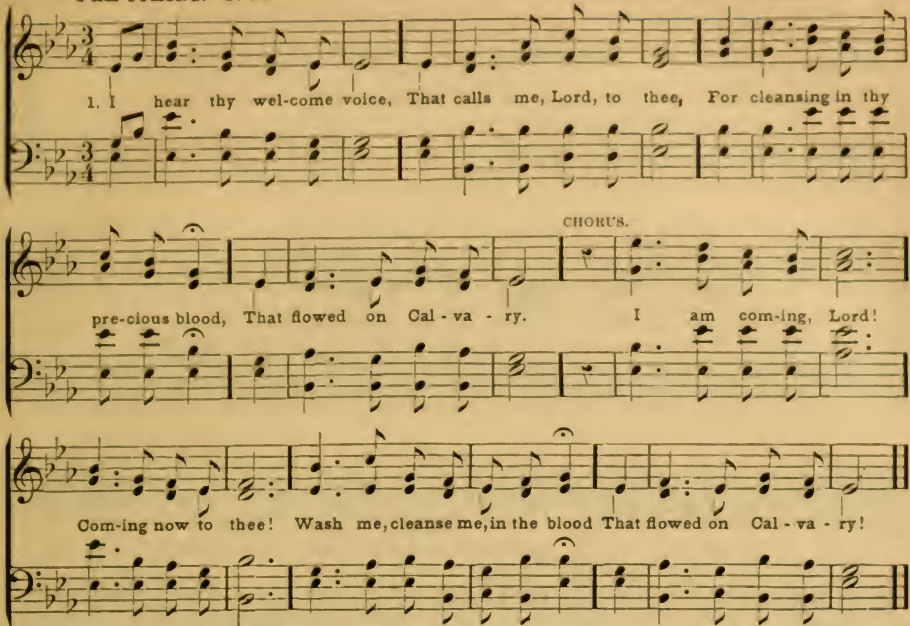
## SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6l.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. From the cross uplifted high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, { What melodious sounds we hear, }  
D. C. "Love's redeeming work is done—Come and welcome, sinner, come!" { Bursting on the ravished ear!— }

## I AM COMING. P. M.

L. HARTSOUGH.



1. I hear thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For cleansing in thy pre-cious blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

## 411

"Atoning blood." L. HARTSOUGH.

I HEAR thy welcome voice,  
That calls me, Lord, to thee,  
For cleansing in thy precious blood,  
That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord!

Coming now to thee;  
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood  
That flowed on Calvary!

2 Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure;

Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all, and pure.—CHO.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.—CHO.

4 All hail! atoning blood!  
All hail! redeeming grace!  
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness.—CHO.

## 412

75, 61. "Come and welcome." T. HAWEIS.

FROM the cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds we hear,  
Bursting on the ravished ear!—  
"Love's redeeming work is done—  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne—  
Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
On my pierced body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid—  
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board  
See with richest bounty stored;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Thou shalt be a child confessed,  
Never from his house to roam;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 "Soon the days of life shall end—  
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!  
Safe your spirit to convey  
To the realms of endless day,  
Up to my eternal home—  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"



## OLD, OLD STORY, 7s, 6s, D.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,

Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto-ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,

CHORUS.  
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help-less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

413

*The story of the Cross.*

K. HANKEY.

TELL me the old, old story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love.  
Tell me the story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled.—CHO.

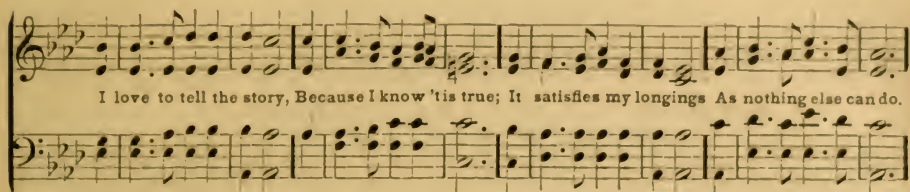
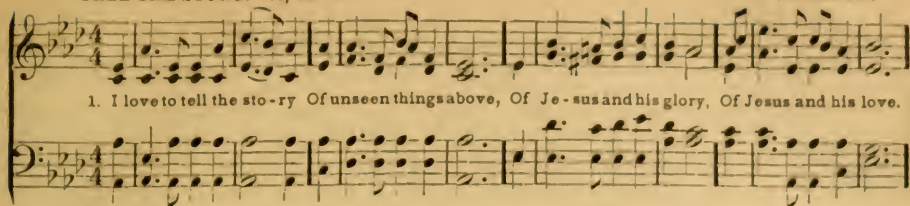
2 Tell me the story slowly,  
That I may take it in—  
That wonderful Redemption,  
God's remedy for sin!  
Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon!  
The "early dew" of morning  
Has passed away at noon!—CHO.

3 Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones and grave;  
Remember! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me that story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.—CHO.

4 Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and when that world's glory  
Is drawing on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story:  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—CHO.

## TELL THE STORY. 7s, 6s, D.

W. G. FISCHER.



414

*The old, old story.*

K. HANKEY.

I LOVE to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love.  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know 'tis true;  
It satisfies my longings  
As nothing else can do.—CHO.

2 I love to tell the story:  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the story:  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation,  
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

3 I love to tell the story;  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,  
'T will be the OLD, OLD STORY  
That I have loved so long.—CHO.

415

*Jesus' Cross.*

ANON.

I SAW the cross of Jesus,  
When burdened with my sin;  
I sought the cross of Jesus,  
To give me peace within;  
I brought my soul to Jesus,  
He cleansed it in his blood;  
And in the cross of Jesus  
I found my peace with God.

CHO.—No righteousness, no merit,  
No beauty can I plead;  
Yet in the cross I glory,  
My title there I read.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!  
There let my weary heart  
Still rest in peace unshaken,  
Till with him, ne'er to part;  
And then in strains of glory  
I'll sing his wondrous power,  
Where sin can never enter,  
And death is known no more.

CHO.—I love the cross of Jesus,  
It tells me what I am;  
A vile and guilty creature,  
Saved only through the Lamb.

OWEN. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

*Sing rapidly.*

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye.

416

*Weeping for sinners.*

B. BEDDOME.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears  
Angels with wonder see;  
Be thou astonished, O my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

417

*The call of love.*

A. B. HYDE.

AND canst thou, sinner! slight  
The call of love divine?  
Shall God, with tenderness, invite,  
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve  
The Spirit from thy breast,  
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave  
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God  
Will hear the suppliant pray;  
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood  
Will wash thy guilt away.

DETROIT. S. M.

E. P. HASTINGS.

1. Now is th'ac-cepted time, Now is the day of grace; O sinners! come, with - out de - lay, And seek the Saviour's face.

418

*The accepted time.*

J. DOBELL.

Now is the accepted time,  
Now is the day of grace;  
O sinners! come, without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,  
The Saviour calls to-day;  
To-morrow it may be too late;—  
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,  
The gospel bids you come;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love;  
Then will the angels spread their wings  
And bear the news above.



## RETURN. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Re - turn, O wan-d'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa - ther calls for thee:

No long - er now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - e - ry. Re - turn, re - turn.

419

*The Prodigal Son.*

T. HASTINGS.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,  
Thy Father calls for thee:

No longer now an exile roam  
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
Thy Saviour calls for thee:

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"  
Oh, now for refuge flee!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
'Tis madness to delay:  
There are no pardons in the tomb;  
And brief is mercy's day!

## BALERMA. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Come, trem - bling sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts re - volve;

Come, with your guilt and fear op - pressed, And make this last re - solve.

420

*Esther 4: 16.*

E. JONES.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve;—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;

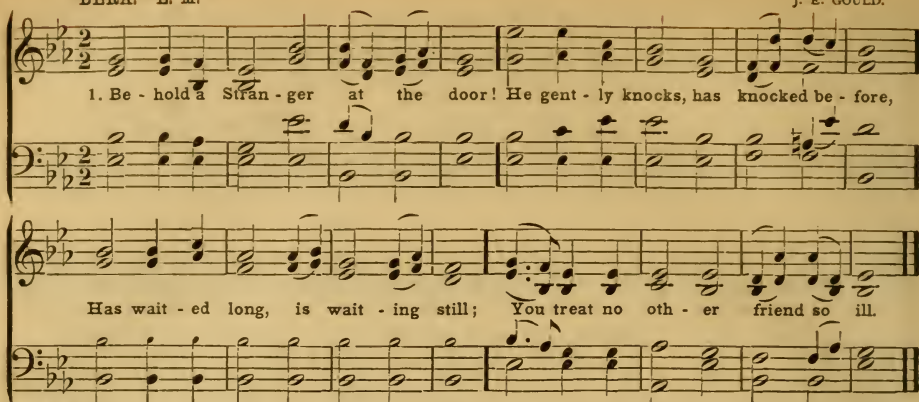
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die."

BERA. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gent - ly knocks, has knock - ed be - fore,  
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

421

*"At the door."*

J. GRIGG.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands  
With melting heart and laden hands;  
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
He will, the very friend you need—  
The Friend of sinners; yes, 't is he,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine,  
That soul-destroying monster sin,  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

INGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?

422

*"God calling yet."*

J. BORTHWICK.

God calling yet! shall I not hear?  
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?  
Can I his loving voice despise,  
And basely his kind care repay?  
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live?  
I wait, but he does not forsake;  
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;  
My heart I yield without delay;  
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

## SEASONS. L. M.

I. FLEVEL.

1. Why will ye waste on tri - fling cares That life which God's com - pas - sion spares?

While, in the va - rious range of thought, The one thing need - ful is for - got?

## 423

*One Thing needful.* P. DODDRIDGE.

WHY will ye waste on trilling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares?  
While, in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot?  
2 Shall God invite you from above?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?  
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart:  
Nor let us waste on trilling cares  
That life which thy compassion spares.

## ASHWELL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?

## 424

*"Why not to-night?"* MRS. E. REED.

OH, do not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light;  
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:  
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long-deluded sight;  
This is the time; oh, then be wise!  
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;  
And wilt thou thus his love requite?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;  
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun:  
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?



MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE. D. C.

1. { Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you—Why? } { He the fa-tal cause de-mands, }  
 { God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with him-self to live; } { Asks the work of his own hands,— }  
 D. C.—Why, yethankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?

425

*Ezekiel 33: 11.*

C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Maker, asks you—Why?  
 God, who did your being give,  
 Made you with himself to live;  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of his own hands,—  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross his love, and die?  
 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?  
 He who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself that ye might live.

Will ye let him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?  
 He, who all your lives hath strove,  
 Urged you to embrace his love:  
 Will ye not his grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,  
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;  
 I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come!

426

*"Whosoever will."* A. L. BARBAULD.

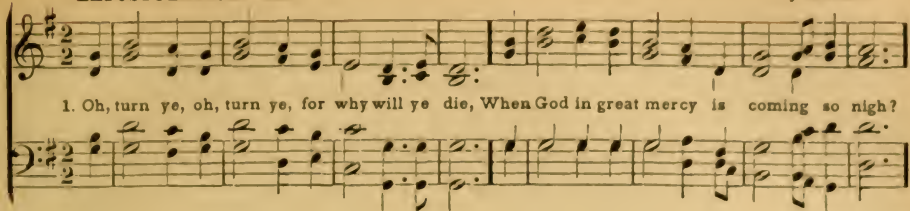
COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
 Come, and make my paths your choice;  
 I will guide you to your home,  
 Weary pilgrim, hither come!  
 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
 In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

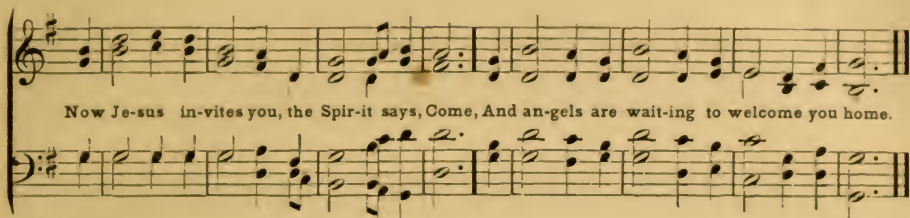
4 Hither come! for here is found  
 Balm that flows for every wound,  
 Peace that ever shall endure,  
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

## EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

J. HOPKINS.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?



Now Je-sus in-vites you, the Spir-it says, Come, And an-gels are wait-ing to welcome you home.

427

*"Why will ye die?"*

J. HOPKINS.

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,  
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?

Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,

2 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,

To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?

To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,

4 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,  
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade,

Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,

What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

Oh, how can you question, if you will believe?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?

'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

429

*"Acquaint thyself."*

KNOX.

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,  
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,

428 *"I made haste."* T. HASTINGS.

And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,

And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;

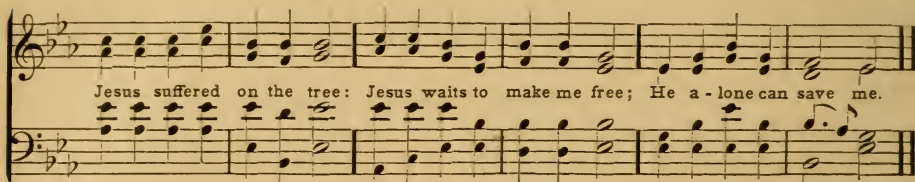
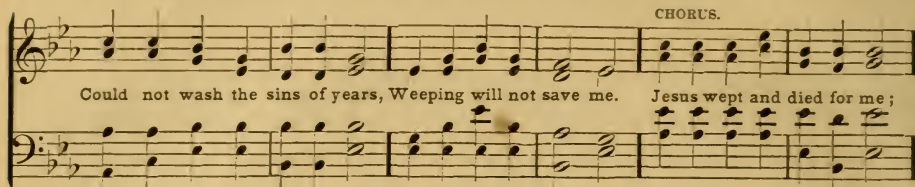
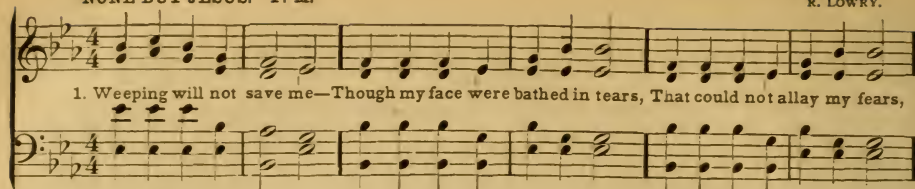
2 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:

Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;

Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

## NONE BUT JESUS. P. M.

R. LOWRY.



430

"No other name."

R. LOWRY.

WEeping will not save me—  
Though my face were bathed in tears,  
That could not allay my fears,  
Could not wash the sins of years,—  
Weeping will not save me.—CHO.

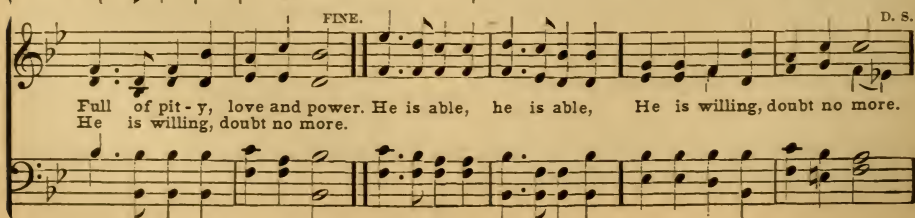
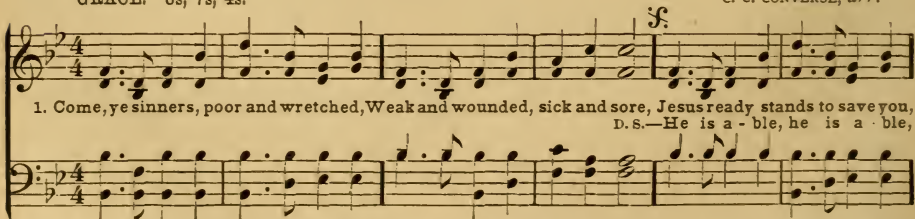
2 Working will not save me—  
Purest deeds that I can do,  
Honest thought and feelings too,  
Cannot form my soul anew,—  
Working will not save me.—CHO.

3 Waiting will not save me—  
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;  
In my ear is mercy's cry;  
If I wait I can but die—  
Waiting will not save me.—CHO.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—  
Let me trust thy weeping Son;  
Trust the work that he has done;  
To his arms, Lord, help me run—  
Faith in Christ will save me.—CHO.

GRACE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

C. C. CONVERSE, arr.

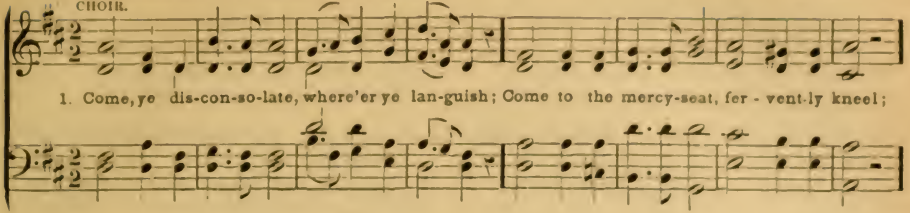




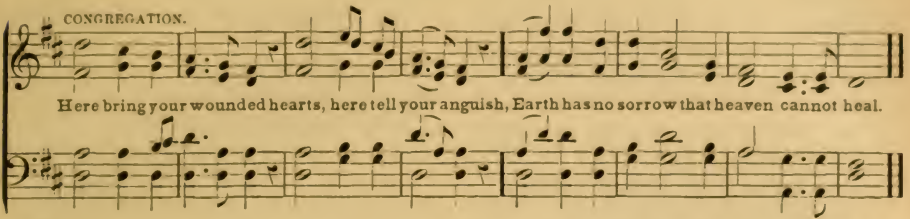
## COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s.

S. WEBBE.

CHOIR.



CONGREGATION.



431

*"Here speaks the Comforter."* T. MOORE.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell  
your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the stray-  
ing,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;

Here speaks the Comforter tenderly say-  
ing—

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters  
flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from  
above;

Come to the feast of love: come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can re-  
move.

432

*"Ho, ye needy!"*

J. HART.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love and power.  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify!  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

433

*"Mercy's Call."*

J. ALLEN.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,  
Coming from the courts above?  
Mercy beams in every passage;  
Every line is full of love;  
Oh! believe it,  
Every line is full of love.

2 Now the heralds of salvation  
Joyful news from heaven proclaim!  
Sinners freed from condemnation,  
Through the all-atoning Lamb!  
Life receiving  
Through the all-atoning Lamb!

3 O ye angels, hovering round us,  
Waiting spirits, speed your way;  
Haste ye to the court of heaven,  
Tidings bear without delay:  
Rebel sinners  
Glad the message will obey.

**434** C. M. *"Oh, amazing Love!"* I. WATTS.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and—oh, amazing love!—  
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But, when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

**435** L. M. *Psalm 136.* I. WATTS.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways;  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He sent his Son, with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;—  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

3 Through this vain world he guides our  
feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly seat;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

**436** C. M. *Ho! Every One."* I. WATTS

LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,  
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill the immortal mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

**437** C. M. *"Not to Condemn, but Save."* I. WATTS.

COME, happy souls, approach your God  
With new, melodious songs;  
Come, render to almighty grace  
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pitied dying men,  
The Father sent his equal Son  
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not  
armed  
With an avenging rod,  
No hard commission to perform  
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was merciful and mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.

5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept thine offered grace;  
We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.

**438** L. M. *"To Save Sinners."* I. WATTS.

NOR to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He loved the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;  
Trust in his mighty name, and live:  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.

**439** S. M. *The Bride says, Come.* J. MONTGOMERY.

COME to the land of peace;  
From shadows come away;  
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,  
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;  
But pure repose and love  
Breathe through the bright, celestial air  
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,  
Gathered from every land;  
For here thy soul shall find its rest,  
Amid the shining band.

440

P. M.

*Jesus calls.*

T. HASTINGS.

Drooping souls, no longer mourn,

Jesus still is precious ;

If to him you now return,

Heaven will be propitious ;

Jesus now is passing by,

Calling wanderers near him ;

Drooping souls, you need not die,

Go to him and hear him !

2 He has pardons, full and free,

Drooping souls to gladden ;

Still he cries—"Come unto me,

Weary, heavy-laden !"

Though your sins, like mountains high,

Rise, and reach to heaven,

Soon as you on him rely,

All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,

Dear to all that love him ;

He to save the dying came ;—

Go to him and prove him !

Wandering sinners, now return ;

Contrite souls, believe him !

Jesus calls you, cease to mourn :

Worship him ; receive him.

441

S. M.

*Spirit and Bride.*

H. U. ONDERDONK.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,

Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"

The bride, the Church of Christ, pro-

To all his children, "Come !" [claims,

2 Let him that heareth, say

To all about him, "Come !"

Let him that thirsts for righteousness,

To Christ, the fountain, come !

3 Yes, whosoever will,

Oh, let him freely come,

And freely drink the stream of life ;

'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,

Declares, "I quickly come ;"

Lord, even so ; we wait thine hour ;

O blest Redeemer, come !

442

L. M.

*Flee for Life.*

W. B. COLLYER.

HASTE, traveler, haste ! the night comes

And many a shining hour is gone ; [on,

The storm is gathering in the west,

And thou far off from home and rest.

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky ;  
The rains descend, the winds are high ;  
The waters swell, and death and fear  
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

3 Oh, yet a shelter you may gain,  
A covert from the wind and rain ;  
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,  
A refuge from the wrath to come !

4 'Then linger not in all the plain ;  
Flee for thy life ; the mountain gain ;  
Look not behind ; make no delay ;  
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way !

443

75.

*Winning Souls.*

W. HAMMOND

WOULD you win a soul to God ?

Tell him of a Saviour's blood,

Once for dying sinners spilt,

To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him—it was sovereign grace

Led thee first to seek his face ;

Made thee choose the better part,

Wrought salvation in thy heart.

3 Tell him of that liberty,  
Wherewith Jesus makes thee free !

Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,

Earnest of the joys of heaven.

444

L. M.

*"Only Knock."*

J. B. WATERBURY.

INFINITE Love ! what precious stores

Thy mercy has prepared for us !

The costliest gems, the richest ores

Could never have endowed us thus.

2 But thy soft hand, O gracious Lord !

Can draw from suffering souls the sting ;

And thy rich bounty to our board

Can bread for hungering sinners bring.

3 How rich the grace ! the gift how free !

'T is only ask—it shall be given ;

'T is only knock, and thou shalt see

The opening door that leads to heaven.

4 Oh ! then arise and take the good,

So full and freely proffered thee,

Remembering that it cost the blood

Of him who died on Calvary.



LIFE. 8s, 7s, 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sinners, ru - ined by the fall! Here a pure and  
 heal - ing foun - tain, Flows to you, to me, to all, - In a full, per -  
 pet - ual tide, Opened when our Sav - iour died, O - pened when our Saviour died.

445

*A fountain opened.* J. MONTGOMERY.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
 Sinners, ruined by the fall!

Here a pure and healing fountain

Flows to you, to me, to all,—

In a full, perpetual tide,

Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,

Wounded, impotent, and blind!

Here the guilty, free remission,

Here the troubled, peace may find;  
 Health this fountain will restore,  
 He that drinks shall thirst no more—

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;

'Tis a soul-renewing flood:

God is faithful; God will never

Break his covenant in blood,

Signed when our Redeemer died,

Sealed when he was glorified.

PASS ME NOT. 8s, 5s.

W. H. DOANE.

1. { Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; }  
 While on others thou art smiling, (omit)..... } Do not pass me by. Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry!  
 D. C.—While on others thou art calling, (omit)..... Do not pass me by. FINE. CHORUS. D. C.

446

*"Do not pass me."* F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,

Hear my humble cry;

While on others thou art smiling,

Do not pass me by.—CHO.

2 Let me at thy throne of mercy

Find a sweet relief;

Kneeling there in deep contrition,

Help my unbelief.—CHO.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,

Would I seek thy face;

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,

Save me by thy grace.—CHO.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,

More than life to me,

Whom on earth have I beside thee,

Whom in heaven but thee!—CHO.

AN OPEN DOOR. P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. The mistakes of my life are many, The sins of my heart are more, And I scarce can see for

CHORUS.

weeping; But I knock at the o - pen door. I know I am weak and sin - ful, It

comes to me more and more; But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll enter that open door.

447

*The door of mercy.*

U. L. BAILEY.

The mistakes of my life are many,  
The sins of my heart are more,  
And I scarce can see for weeping;  
But I knock at the open door.—CHO.  
2 I am lowest of those who love him,  
I am weakest of those who pray:

But I come as he has bidden,  
And he will not say me nay.—CHO.

3 My mistakes his free grace will cover,  
My sins he will wash away,  
And the feet that shrink and falter,  
Shall walk through the gate of day.—CHO.

EVEN ME. P. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; } Showers the thirsty soul refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me, { Even me, Ev - en me, Let some droppings fall on me.

448

*"Even me."*

E. CODNER.

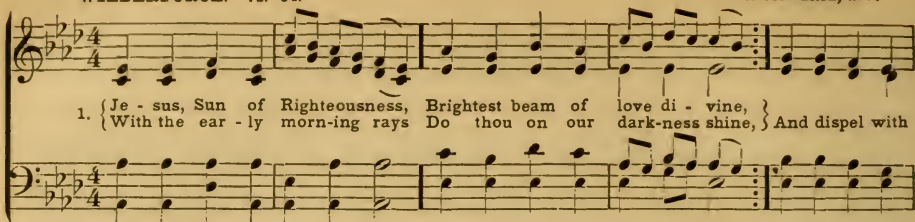
LORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me!—REF.  
2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
Lost and sinful though I be;  
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather  
Let thy mercy light on me.—REF.

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?  
Long been slighting, grieving thee!  
Has the world my heart been keeping,  
Oh! forgive and rescue me!—REF.

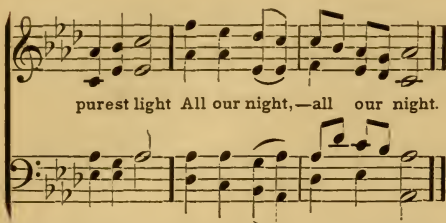
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Testify of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of peace to me.—REF.

## WILBERFORCE. 7s. 6l.

C. C. CONVERSE, arr.



1. { Je - sus, Sun of Righteousness, Brightest beam of love di - vine, }  
 { With the ear - ly morn - ing rays Do thou on our dark - ness shine, } And dispel with



purest light All our night, —all our night.

449

*The melted heart.* J. BORTHWICK.

JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,  
 Brightest beam of love divine,  
 With the early morning rays  
 Do thou on our darkness shine,

And dispel with purest light  
 All our night,—all our night.

2 Like the sun's reviving ray,  
 May thy love, with tender glow,  
 All our coldness melt away,  
 Warm and cheer us forth to go;  
 Gladly serve thee and obey,  
 All the day,—all the day.

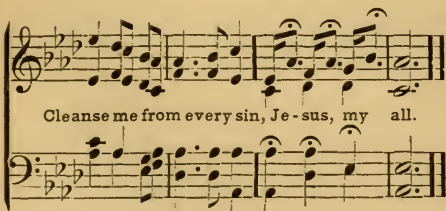
3 Thou, our only Life and Guide,  
 Never leave us nor forsake;  
 In thy light may we abide  
 Till the eternal morning break;  
 Moving on to Zion's hill,  
 Homeward still,—homeward still.

## JESUS, MY ALL. 6s, 4s.

A. BOIELDIEU.



1. { Lord, at thy mer - cy-seat, Hum - bly I fall; }  
 { Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call; } Now let thy work begin, Oh, make me pure with- [in]



Cleanse me from every sin, Je - sus, my all.

450

*"Jesus, my all."* F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

LORD, at thy mercy-seat,  
 Humbly I fall;  
 Pleading thy promise sweet,  
 Lord, hear my call;  
 Now let thy work begin,  
 Oh, make me pure within,  
 Cleanse me from every sin,  
 Jesus, my all.

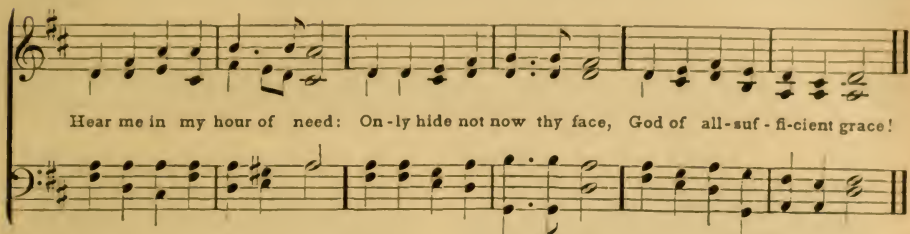
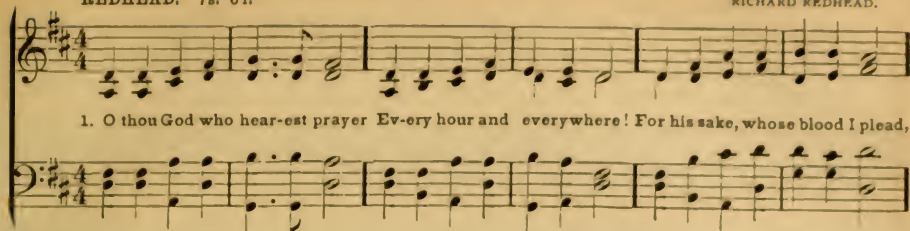
2 Hark! how the words of love  
 Tenderly fall,  
 Ere to the realms above,  
 Heard is my call;  
 Now every doubt has flown,  
 Broken my heart of stone,  
 Lord, I am thine alone,  
 Jesus, my all.

3 Still at thy mercy-seat  
 Humbly I fall;  
 Pleading thy promise sweet,  
 Heard is my call.  
 Faith wings my soul to thee;  
 This all my hope shall be,  
 Jesus has died for me,  
 Jesus, my all.



REDHEAD. 7s. 6l.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



451

*"Hearer of prayer."*

J. CONDER.

O THOU God who hearest prayer  
Every hour and everywhere!  
For his sake, whose blood I plead,  
Hear me in my hour of need:  
Only hide not now thy face,  
God of all-sufficient grace!

2 Leave me not, my strength, my trust;  
Oh, remember I am dust:  
Leave me not again to stray;  
Leave me not the tempter's prey:  
Fix my heart on things above;  
Make me happy in thy love.

3 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!  
For my trust is in thy word;  
Wash me from the stain of sin,  
That thy peace may rule within:  
May I know myself thy child,  
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

There the incarnate Deity  
Numbered with transgressors see;  
There his Father's absence mourns,  
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,  
Find him mighty to redeem;  
At his feet thy burden lay,  
Look thy doubts and cares away;  
Now by faith the Son embrace,  
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

453

*"Chief of sinners."*

MC COMB

CHIEF of sinners though I be,  
Jesus shed his blood for me;  
Died that I might live on high,  
Died that I might never die;  
As the branch is to the vine,  
I am his and he is mine.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!  
Higher than the heavens above,  
Deeper than the depths of sea,  
Lasting as eternity;  
Love that found me,—wondrous thought!—  
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,  
Christ is all in all to me;  
All my wants to him are known,  
All my sorrows are his own;  
Safe with him from earthly strife,  
He sustains my hidden life.

452

*Look and live.*

A. M. TOPLADY.

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne,  
Weeping soul, no longer mourn;  
View him bleeding on the tree,  
Pouring out his life for thee:  
There thy every sin he bore;  
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes  
On the atoning sacrifice:

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. O thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh;

Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye;—

454

"Return."

A. STEELE.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
 Contrition's humble sigh;  
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
 From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,  
 A wretched wanderer mourn;  
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
 Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail  
 To drive me from thy feet?  
 Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,  
 This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,  
 With beams of mercy shine!  
 And let thy healing voice impart  
 The sense of joy divine.

CADDO. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. O thou, from whom all good - ness flows, I lift my soul to thee;

In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, O Lord, re - mem - ber me?

455

"Remember me."

T. HAWEIS.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my soul to thee;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 O Lord, remember me!

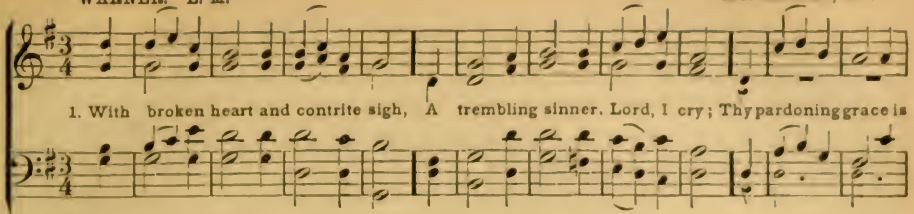
2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
 My sins lie heavily,  
 Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;  
 Thus, Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
 And ills I cannot flee,  
 Oh, let my strength be as my day—  
 Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death  
 I wait thy just decree:  
 Be this the prayer of my last breath:  
 Now, Lord, remember me!

WARNER. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, *arr.*



456

"Be merciful, O God."

C. ELVEN.

With broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:  
O God, be merciful to me!

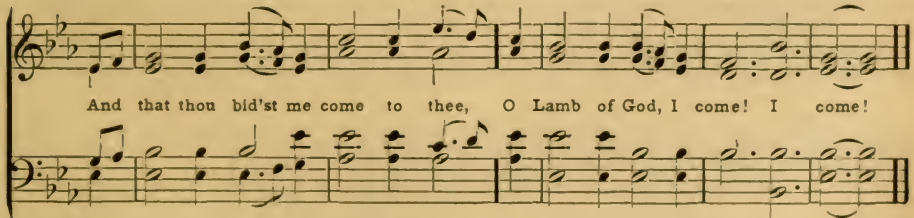
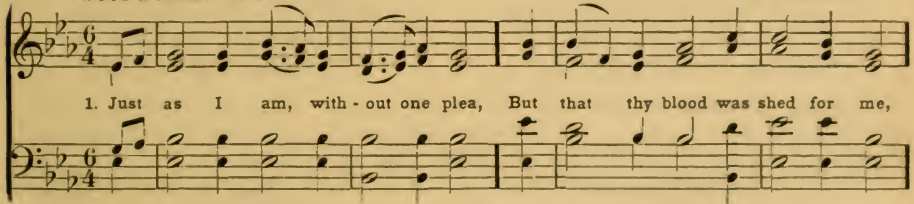
2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;  
Christ and his cross my only plea:  
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee:  
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God hath been merciful to me!

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



457

"Lamb of God."

C. ELLIOTT.

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,

Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!



## PENITENCE. 7s, 6s, 8s.

W. H. OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wanderingsheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I  
D. S.—Turn, and look up-on me, Lord,

Would fain like Pe - ter weep! Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long-sufferings shown,  
And break my heart of stone.

458

*"My heart of stone."*

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wandering sheep;  
False to thee, like Peter, I  
Would fain like Peter weep!  
Let me be by grace restored,  
On me be all long-suffering shown,  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me, through thy dying love,  
The humble, contrite heart:  
Give what I have long implored,  
A portion of thy grief unknown;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!  
And break my heart of stone.

## NEAR THE CROSS. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross; There a precious fountain, Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.

## CHORUS.

In the cross, In the cross, Be my glory ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

459

*"Near the Cross."* F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

JESUS, keep me near the cross;  
There a precious fountain,  
Free to all, a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.—CHO.  
2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;

There the bright and morning star  
Sheds its beams around me.—CHO.

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadow o'er me.—CHO.

GAYLORD. 8s, 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, arr.

1. Take me, O my Father, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son; That which thou wouldst have me, make me, D. S.—Weary come I now, and praying—

Let thy will in me be done. Long from thee my footsteps straying, Thorny proved the way I trod; Take me to thy love, my God.

460

"Take me."

RAY PALMER.

TAKE me, O my Father, take me!  
Take me, save me, through thy Son;  
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,  
Let thy will in me be done.  
Long from thee my footsteps straying,  
Thorny proved the way I trod;  
Weary come I now, and praying—  
Take me to thy love, my God!  
2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,  
Humbly I confess my sin;  
At thy feet, O Father, falling,  
To thy household take me in.

Freely now to thee I proffer  
This relenting heart of mine;  
Freely life and soul I offer—  
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,  
Bare our sins upon the tree;  
On that sacrifice relying,  
Now I look in hope to thee;  
Father, take me! all forgiving,  
Fold me to thy loving breast;  
In thy love for ever living,  
I must be for ever blest!

DEPENDENCE. P. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. I need thee, O my God, Thy all-sus-taining power; I need thy cleansing blood To

save me every hour. O Sav-lour! now behold me; Let thine arms enfold me; While at the cross I'm

kneeling, Oh, come, and bless me now!

461

"I need thee."

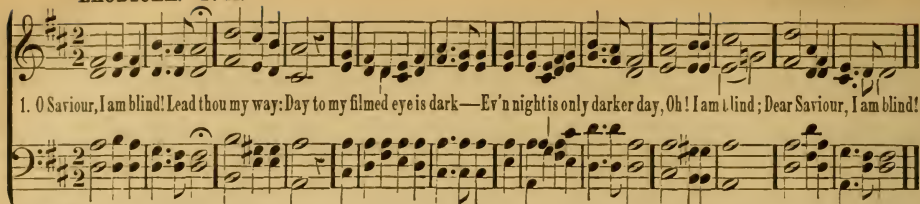
W. F. SHERWIN.

I NEED thee, O my God,  
Thy all-sustaining power;

I need thy cleansing blood  
To save me every hour.—CHO.  
2 I need thy Spirit, Lord,  
My comfort day by day,  
To guide my steps aright,  
And warn me when I stray.—CHO.  
3 I need the sheltering Rock,  
Where, from the noon-tide heat,  
My soul may rest awhile  
Beneath its calm retreat.—CHO.

LAODICEA. P. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



462

*The Soul's Cry.*

S. S. CUTTING.

O SAVIOUR, I am blind!  
 Lead thou my way;  
 Day to my filméd eye is dark—  
 Even night is only darker day;  
 Oh! I am blind,  
 Dear Saviour, I am blind!  
 2 O Saviour, I am deaf!  
 Unstop my ear:  
 My heart would turn to thy dear voice,  
 The voice thy sheep alone will hear;  
 Oh! I am deaf,  
 Dear Saviour, I am deaf!

3 O Saviour, I am poor!

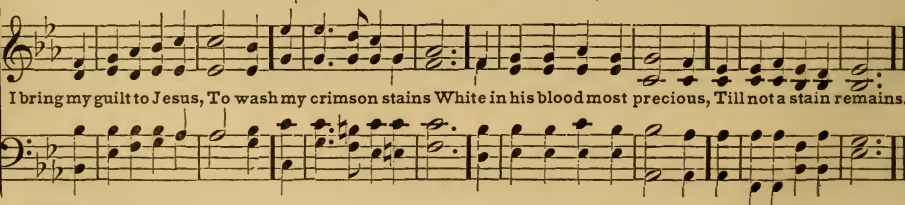
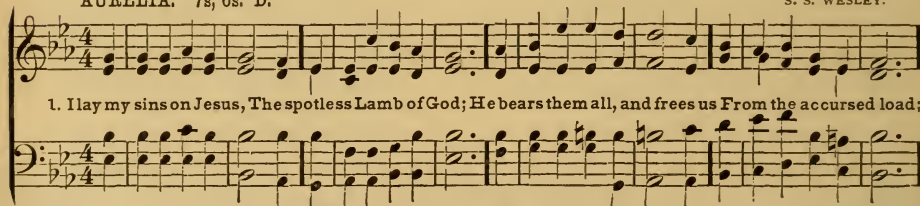
Give me to eat;  
 My hungered heart loathes earthly food,  
 And heavenly manna craves for meat;  
 Oh! I am poor,  
 Dear Saviour, I am poor!

4 O Saviour, I believe,  
 Blind, deaf and poor!

Sight give me; hearing; heavenly food;  
 Thou hast them in thy blessed store.  
 Now I believe,  
 O Saviour, I believe!

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D.

S. S. WESLEY.



463

*"None other name."*

H. BONAR.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
 The spotless Lamb of God;  
 He bears them all, and frees us  
 From the accursed load;  
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
 To wash my crimson stains  
 White in his blood most precious,  
 Till not a stain remains.  
 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;  
 All fullness dwells in him;  
 He healeth my diseases,  
 He doth my soul redeem:

I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares;  
 He from them all releases,  
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's holy child:  
 I long to be with Jesus  
 Amid the heavenly throng,  
 To sing with saints his praises,  
 And learn the angels' song.



ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s. D.

R. HUSBAND.

1. O Je-sus, thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low-ly patience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep him standing there.

464

*At the door.*

W. W. HOW.

O JESUS, thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
We bear the name of Christians,  
His name and sign we bear:  
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!  
To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns thy brow encircle,  
And tears thy face have marred:  
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
Oh, sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,—  
“I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat me so?”  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore!

465

*“Give us pardon.”*

RAY PALMER.

WE stand in deep repentance,  
Before thy throne of love;  
O God of grace, forgive us;  
The stain of guilt remove;  
Behold us while with weeping  
We lift our eyes to thee;  
And all our sins subduing,  
Our Father, set us free!

2 Oh, shouldst thou from us fallen  
Withhold thy grace to guide,  
For ever we should wander,  
From thee, and peace, aside;  
But thou to spirits contrite  
Dost light and life impart,  
That man may learn to serve thee  
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on thee we cast them,  
Our only refuge thou!  
Thy cheering words revive us,  
When pressed with grief we bow:  
Thou bearest the trusting spirit  
Upon thy loving breast,  
And givest all thy ransomed  
A sweet, unending rest.

BLAKE. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



## 466

"To whom shall we go!" A. STEELE.

Thou only Sovereign of my heart,  
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—  
And can my soul from thee depart,  
On whom alone my hopes depend!

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,  
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?  
Can this dark world of sin and woe  
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;  
On these my fainting spirit lives;  
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,  
Than all the round of nature gives

4 Thy name my inmost powers adore;  
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;  
Depart from thee—'tis death, 'tis more;  
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;  
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;  
Still let me live beneath thine eye,  
For life, eternal life, is thine.

## 467

"Thou hast died." C. WESLEY.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee  
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my ruined soul;  
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;  
Dark, till in me thine image shine,  
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be  
That I should fit myself for thee:  
Here, then, to thee I all resign;  
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What can I say thy grace to move?  
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:  
I give up every plea beside,  
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

## 468

Psalm 51.

I. WATTS.

Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace:  
Lord! should thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death;  
And, if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

ERNAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. No more, my God! I boast no more, Of all the du - ties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held be - fore, To trust the mer - its of thy Son.

469

*Philippians 3: 7-10.*

I. WATTS.

- No MORE, my God! I boast no more,  
Of all the duties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain, I count but loss;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;  
Oh, may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

470

"Look unto me!"

S. MEDLEY.

- SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,  
Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,  
At mercy's footstool would remain,  
And then would look,—and look again.
- 2 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,  
Now to thy footstool let me come,  
And tell thee all my grief and pain,  
And wait and look,—and look again!
- 3 Take courage, then, my trembling soul;  
One look from Christ will make thee whole:  
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,  
But wait and look,—and look again!
- 4 Ere long that happy day will come,  
When I shall reach my blissful home;  
And when to glory I attain,  
Oh, then I'll look and look again!

DORMAN. L. M.

E. P. PARKER.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for - give; Let a re - pent - ing re - bel live:  
Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?



471

C. M.

*Deep Penitence.*

S. STENNETT.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at thy feet,

A guilty rebel lies,  
And upwards, to thy mercy-seat,  
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Let not thy justice frown me hence ;

Oh, stay the vengeful storm ;  
Forbid it, that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow could suffice

To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,  
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead

To expiate my guilt ; [shed,—  
No tears, but those which thou hast  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord !

And all my sins forgive ;  
Then justice will approve the word,  
That bids the sinner live.

472

L. M.

*Pardon Implored.*

T. HASTINGS.

FORGIVE US, Lord ! to thee we cry,

Forgive us thro' thy matchless grace ;  
On thee alone our souls rely,  
Be thou our strength and righteousness.

2 Forgive thou us, as we forgive

The ills we suffer from our foes ;  
Restore us, Lord ! and bid us live ;  
Oh ! let us in thine arms repose.

3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great !

Our wretched souls no merit claim ;  
For sovereign mercy still we wait,  
And ask but in the Saviour's name.

4 Forgive us,—O thou bleeding Lamb !

Thou risen, thou exalted Lord !  
Thou great High-Priest, our souls re-  
deem,  
And speak the pardon-sealing word.

473

C. M.

*Psalm 42.*

H. F. LYTE.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,

When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,

My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine !

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?

Trust God ; who will employ  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,

When thou, O Lord ! wast nigh ;  
When every heart was tuned to praise,  
And none more blest than I.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?

Hope still ; and thou shalt sing  
The praise of him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

474

L. M.

*Psalm 51.*

I. WATTS.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,

Is all the sacrifice I bring :  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my Strength and Righteous-  
ness.

475

C. M.

*Submission.*

ANON.

BE merciful to me, O God !

Be merciful to me ;  
For though I sink beneath thy rod,  
Yet do I trust in thee.

2 Thou art my refuge, and I know  
My burden thou dost bear,  
And I would seek, where'er I go,  
To cast on thee my care.

3 Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how  
Strong though my spirit be ; [frail,  
Oh, then assist, when foes assail,  
The soul that clings to thee.

4 And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,  
A thankful heart be mine,—  
A heart that answers to thy call,  
One that is wholly thine.

476

8s, 7s, D.

*Contrition.*

C. WESLEY.

FULL of trembling expectation,  
Feeling much, and fearing more,  
Mighty God of my salvation!  
I thy timely aid implore;  
Suffering Son of Man! be near me,  
All my sufferings to sustain,  
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,  
By thy more than mortal pain.  
2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,  
In thy days of flesh below;  
When thy troubled soul did languish  
Under a whole world of woe;  
When thou didst our curse inherit,  
Groan beneath our guilty load,  
Burdened with a wounded spirit,  
Bruised by the wrath of God.  
3 By thy most severe temptation,  
In that dark, satanic hour;  
By thy last mysterious passion,  
Screen me from the adverse power!  
By thy fainting in the garden,  
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,  
Write upon my heart the pardon,  
Take my sins and fears away.

477

L. M.

*1 Peter i: 12.*

A. L. HILLHOUSE.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,  
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:  
Justice and mercy for my life  
Contend! oh, smile and heal the strife!  
2 The Saviour smiles! upon my soul  
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—  
His voice proclaims my pardon found—  
Seraphic transport wings the sound.  
3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,  
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!  
Tears of such pure and deep delight,  
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.  
4 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise  
The beauteous pillars of the skies:  
Ye know where morn exulting springs,  
And evening folds her drooping wings.  
5 Bright heralds of the eternal Will,  
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;  
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,  
Symphonious, in his presence play.  
6 But I amid your choirs shall shine,  
And all your knowledge will be mine:  
Ye on your harps must lean to hear  
A secret chord that mine will bear.

478

8s, 7s.

*Matt. 11: 28-30.*

J. E. HANKIN.

LABORING and heavy-laden  
With my sins, O Lord, I roam,  
While I know thou hast invited  
All such wanderers to their home.  
2 Make my stubborn spirit willing  
To obey thy gracious voice,  
At the cross to leave its burden,  
And departing to rejoice.  
3 Thy sweet yoke I'd take upon me,  
And would learn, O Lord, of thee;  
Thou art meek in heart, and lowly,  
Teach me like thyself to be.  
4 Laboring and heavy-laden,  
Lord, no longer will I roam:  
Here I fix my habitation,  
In thy sheltering love at home.

479

7s, 6s, 8s.

*"Jesus Only."*

C. WESLEY.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good!  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood:  
All thy pleasures I forego;  
I trample on thy wealth and pride;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.  
2 Other knowledge I disdain;  
'T is all but vanity:  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—  
He tasted death for me.  
Me to save from endless woe,  
The sin-atoning Victim died:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

480

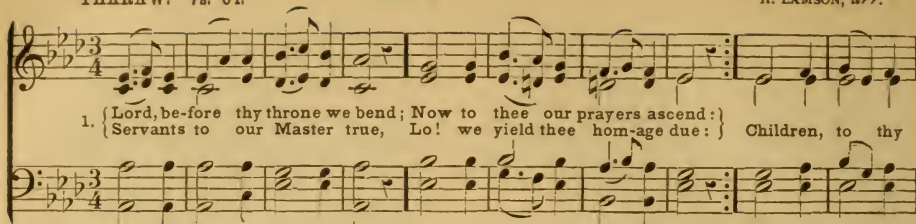
C. M.

*Surrender.*

F. W. FABER.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!  
The simple are the best;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;  
Thou makest there thy rest.  
2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!  
If thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,  
I'll build a house for thee.  
3 Who made this breathing heart of mine  
But thou, my heavenly Guest!  
Let no one have it, then, but thee,  
And let it be thy rest!

## THARAW. 7s. 6l.

H. LAMSON, *arr.*


1. { Lord, be-fore thy throne we bend; Now to thee our prayers ascend: }  
 { Servants to our Master true, Lo! we yield thee hom-age due: } Children, to thy  
 throne we fly, Abba, Fa-ther, hear our cry!

## 481

Psalm 123.

J. BOWDLER.

LORD, before thy throne we bend;  
 Now to thee our prayers ascend:  
 Servants to our Master true,  
 Lo! we yield thee homage due:  
 Children, to thy throne we fly,  
 Abba, Father, hear our cry!

2 Low before thee, Lord! we bow;  
 We are weak—but mighty thou:  
 Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,  
 Here we wait thy holy will;  
 Bound to earth, and rooted here,  
 Till our Saviour God appear.

3 Leave us not beneath the power  
 Of temptation's darkest hour:

Swift to seal their captives' doom,  
 See our foes exulting come!  
 Jesus, Saviour! yet be nigh,  
 Lord of life and victory.

## 482

*Backsliding confessed.*

J. NEWTON

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,

Firmly fixed no more to move;  
 Then my Saviour was my song,

Then my soul was filled with love;  
 Those were happy, golden days,  
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

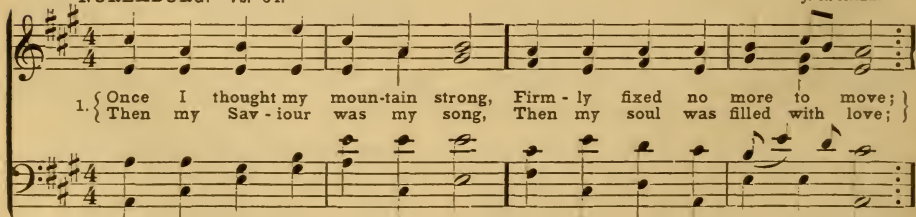
2 Little then myself I knew,  
 Little thought of Satan's power;  
 Now I feel my sins anew;

Now I feel the stormy hour!  
 Sin has put my joys to flight;  
 Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,  
 Bid my dying hopes revive;  
 Make my wounded spirit whole,  
 Far away the tempter drive;  
 Speak the word and set me free,  
 Let me live alone to thee.

## NUREMBURG. 7s. 6l.

J. R. AHLE.



1. { Once I thought my moun-tain strong, Firm-ly fixed no more to move; }  
 { Then my Sav-iour was my song, Then my soul was filled with love; }  
 Those were hap-py, gold-en days, Sweet-ly spent in prayer and praise.



483

"Weary, Lord." A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

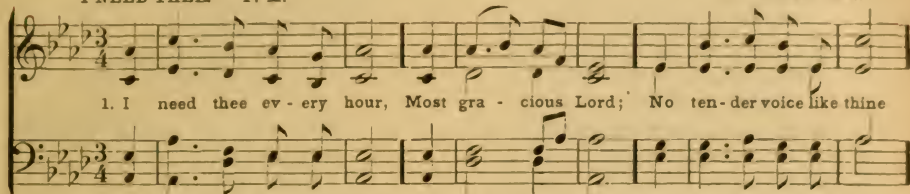
WEARY, Lord, of struggling here  
With this constant doubt and fear,  
Burdened by the pains I bear,  
And the trials I must share—  
Help me, Lord, again to flee  
To the rest that's found in thee.  
Weakened by the wayward will  
Which controls, yet cheats me still;  
Seeking something undefined  
With an earnest, darkened mind—  
Help me, Lord, again to flee  
To the light that breaks from thee.

3 Fettered by this earthly scope  
In the reach and aim of hope,  
Fixing thought in narrow bound  
Where no living truth is found—  
Help me, Lord, again to flee  
To the hope that's fixed in thee.

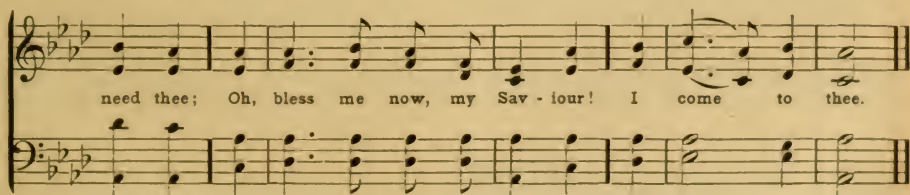
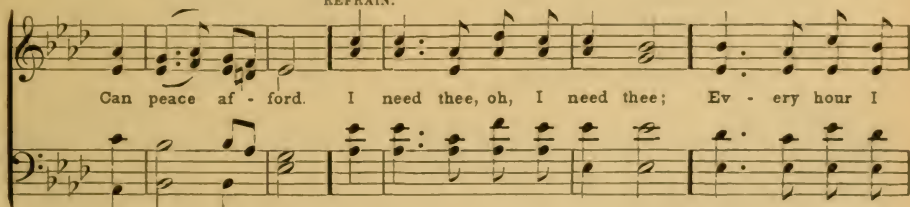
4 Fettered, burdened, wearied, weak,  
Lord, once more thy grace I seek;  
Turn, oh, turn me not away,  
Help me, Lord, to watch and pray—  
That I never more may flee  
From the rest that's found in thee.

I NEED THEE. P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.



REFRAIN.



484

"I need thee."

A. S. HAWKS.

I NEED thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like thine  
Can peace afford.  
REF.—I need thee, oh, I need thee;  
Every hour I need thee;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour!  
I come to thee.  
2 I need thee every hour;  
Stay thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When thou art nigh.—REF.

3 I need thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.—REF.

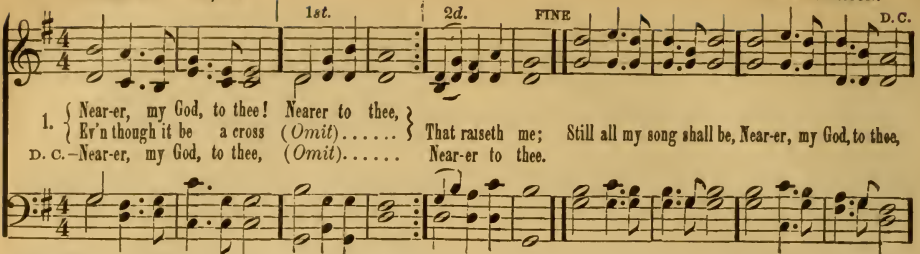
4 I need thee every hour;  
Teach me thy will;  
And thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.—REF.

5 I need thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.—REF.

## BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

D. C.



1. { Near-er, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee, }  
 Ev'n though it be a cross (Omit)..... That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,  
 D. C.—Near-er, my God, to thee, (Omit)..... Nearer to thee.

485

Genesis 28:10-22.

S. F. ADAMS.

NEARER, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!  
 Ev'n though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me!  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!

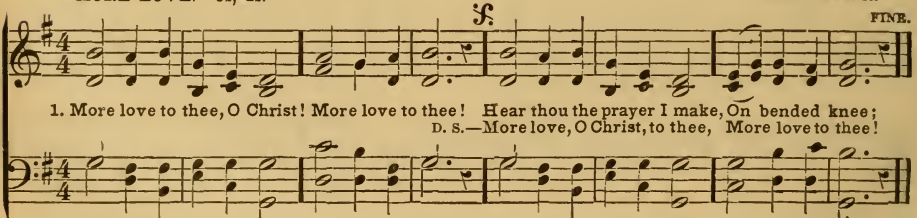
3 There let the way appear,  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that thou sendest me,  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!

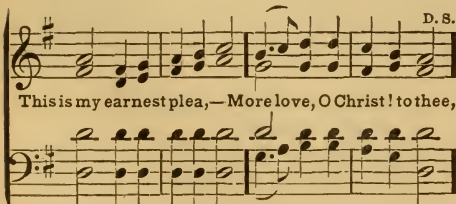
## MORE LOVE. 6s, 4s.

T. E. PERKINS..

FINE.



1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee;  
 D. S.—More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee!



This is my earnest plea,—More love, O Christ! to thee,

486

"Lovest thou me?"

E. P. PRENTISS.

MORE love to thee, O Christ!  
 More love to thee!  
 Hear thou the prayer I make  
 On bended knee;  
 This is my earnest plea,—  
 More love, O Christ, to thee,  
 More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
 Sought peace and rest;  
 Now thee alone I seek,  
 Give what is best:  
 This all my prayer shall be,—  
 More love, O Christ, to thee,  
 More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath  
 Whisper thy praise;  
 This be the parting cry  
 My heart shall raise,—  
 This still its prayer shall be,—  
 More love, O Christ, to thee,  
 More love to thee!

REDEN. 6s, 4s.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. { Saviour! I follow on, Guided by thee, } That leadeth me; Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill;  
 { Seeing not yet the hand (Omit.) } My will shall be.  
 D.C.—On-ly to meet thy will (Omit.)

487

"A way they knew not." C. S. ROBINSON.

SAVIOUR! I follow on,  
 Guided by thee,  
 Seeing not yet the hand  
 That leadeth me;  
 Hushed be my heart and still,  
 Fear I no further ill;  
 Only to meet thy will  
 My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me  
 Thirst to relieve,  
 Manna from heaven falls  
 Fresh every eve;  
 Never a want severe  
 Causeth my eye a tear,  
 But thou dost whisper near,  
 "Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink  
 Have I been brought;  
 Shrinking the cup to drink,  
 Help I have sought;  
 And with the prayer's ascent,  
 Jesus the branch hath rent—  
 Quickly relief hath sent,  
 Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk  
 Closer with thee;  
 Led by thy guiding hand,  
 Ever to be;  
 Constantly near thy side,  
 Quickened and purified,  
 Living for him who died  
 Freely for me!

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s, 4s. D.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Saviour, thy dy-ing love Thou gavest me: Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee:  
 In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow, Some offering bring thee now, Something for thee.

488

"Something for thee." S. D. PHELPS.

SAVIOUR, thy dying love  
 Thou gavest me:  
 Nor should I aught withhold,  
 Dear Lord, from thee:  
 In love my soul would bow,  
 My heart fulfill its vow,  
 Some offering bring thee now,  
 Something for thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,  
 Pleading for me,  
 My feeble faith looks up,

Jesus, to thee:  
 Help me the cross to bear,  
 Thy wondrous love declare,  
 Some song to raise, or prayer,  
 Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—  
 Likeness to thee,  
 That each departing day  
 Henceforth may see  
 Some work of love begun,  
 Some deed of kindness done,  
 Some wanderer sought and won,  
 Something for thee.



## EXHORTATION. C. M.

S. HIBBARD.

1. Oh, for... a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set  
free; A heart that al-ways feels thy blood So free-ly shed for  
A heart that al-ways feels thy blood So  
me! free-ly shed for me! A heart that al-ways feels thy blood So free-ly shed for me!  
A heart that al-ways feels thy blood.

489

*"A clean heart."*

C. WESLEY.

- OH, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that always feels thy blood  
So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone!
- 3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean!  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And filled with love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;  
An image, Lord! of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,—  
Thy new, best name of Love.

490

*Thanks for victory.*

C. WESLEY.

- OH, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God!  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,  
That bids my sorrows cease;  
'Tis music to my ravished ears;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,  
Shall feel our sins forgiven;  
Anticipate our heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

SERENITY. C. M.

FROM W. V. WALLACE.

1. Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame, My long-ing soul is stirred:

Oh, give me a di-vin-er name! Call me thy ser-vant, Lord!

491

*Greatness in Service.* T. H. GILL

Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame  
My longing soul is stirred:  
Oh, give me a diviner name!  
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known  
As uncontrolled and free;  
Oh, not mine own, oh, not mine own!  
Lord, I belong to thee!

3 Thy servant,—me thy servant choose;  
Naught of thy claim abate!  
The glorious name I would not lose,  
Nor change the sweet estate.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,  
This is the name for me!  
The same sweet style and title given  
Through all eternity.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

T. HAWES.

1. Oh, for that ten-der-ness of heart. That bows be-fore the Lord;

That owns how just and good thou art, And trem-bles at thy word.

492

*"Trembleth at my word."* C. WESLEY.

Oh, for that tenderness of heart,  
That bows before the Lord;  
That owns how just and good thou art,  
And trembles at thy word.

2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears,  
Which from repentance flow;  
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears  
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour! to me, in pity give,  
For sin, the deep distress;  
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,  
And bid me die in peace.

4 Oh, fill my soul with faith and love,  
And strength to do thy will;  
Raise my desires and hopes above,—  
Thyself to me reveal.

HERMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,—  
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

493

*The closer walk.*

W. COWPER.

OH, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,—  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

494

*"What hourly dangers!"*

A. STEELE.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!  
What snares beset my way!  
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing tears!  
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!  
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid;  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee!  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee.

495

*"Search me, O God."*

G. P. MORRIS.

SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase  
All thoughts that should not be,  
And in its deep recesses trace  
My gratitude to thee!

2 Hearer of prayer! oh, guide aright  
Each word and deed of mine;  
Life's battle teach me how to fight,  
And be the victory thine.

3 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!  
Thou glorious Three in One!  
Thou knowest best what I need most,  
And let thy will be done.



COOLING. C. M.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav-our's pardoning blood  
Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

496

"Where is the blessedness?"

J. NEWTON.

SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pardoning blood  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue;  
And, when the evening shade prevailed,  
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,  
And make my soul thy care;

I know thy mercy cannot fail,  
Let me that mercy share.

497

"Nearer to thee."

B. CLEVELAND.

Oh, could I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then would my hours glide sweet away  
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
And when my frame dissolves in death,  
My soul shall love thee more.

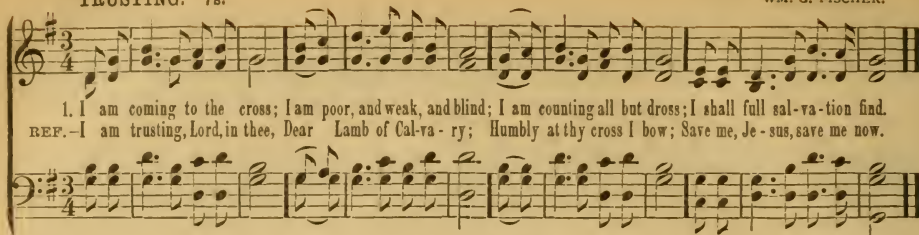
EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL, *arr.*

1. Oh, could I find, from day to day A nearness to my God, Then would my hours glide sweet away While leaning on his word.

## TRUSTING. 7s.

WM. G. FISCHER.



498

*"Cleanseth from all sin."*

W. MC DONALD.

I AM coming to the cross;  
I am poor and weak and blind;  
I am counting all but dross;  
I shall full salvation find.

REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,  
Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at thy cross I bow;  
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;  
Long has evil dwelt within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
I will cleanse you from all sin.—REF.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—  
Friends and time and earthly store;  
Soul and body thine to be—  
Wholly thine for evermore.—REF.

4 In the promises I trust;  
Now I feel the blood applied;  
I am prostrate in the dust;  
I with Christ am crucified.—REF.

499

*"Lovest thou Me?"*

J. NEWTON.

'Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought;  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love?

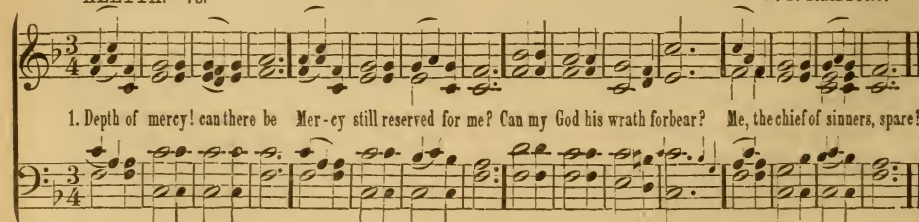
3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all?

4 Could I joy with saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorred,  
Find at times the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord?

5 Lord, decide the doubtful case,  
Thou who art thy people's Sun;  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.

## ALETIA. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



500

*"My repentings are kindled."*

C. WESLEY.

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;  
Me he now delights to spare;  
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—  
Lest the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;  
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!  
God is love! I know, I feel:  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

S. WEBBE.

1. Saviour, when, in dust, to thee Low we bend th'a-doring knee; When, repentant, to the skies  
B. S.—Bending from thy throne on high,

Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; Oh, by all thy pains and woe Suffered once for man below,  
Hear our solemn Lit - a - ny!

501

*The Ancient Litany.*

R. GRANT.

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee  
Low we bend the adoring knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;  
Oh, by all thy pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years,  
By thy life of want and tears,  
By thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness;  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power,—  
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye;  
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By thine hour of dire despair;  
By thine agony of prayer;  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;—  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn Litany!

4 By thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sad sepulchral stone;  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God;—

Oh, from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty re-ascended Lord!  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn Litany!

502

*A hard heart.*

H. BONAR.

Oh, this soul, how dark and blind!  
Oh, this foolish, earthly mind!  
Oh, this froward, selfish will,  
Which refuses to be still!  
Oh, these ever-roaming eyes,  
Upward that refuse to rise!  
Oh, these wayward feet of mine,  
Found in every path but thine!

2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless knee,  
Hands so seldom clasped to thee,  
Longings of the soul, that go  
Like the wild wind, to and fro!  
To and fro, without an aim,  
Turning idly whence they came,  
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,  
Only adding weariness!

3 Giver of the heavenly peace!  
Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease;  
Minister thy holy balm;  
Fill me with thy Spirit's calm:  
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Leave me not in sin to stay;  
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,  
Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt.



## HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus, mer-ci-ful and mild, Lead me as a helpless child: On no oth-er arm but thine

Would my wea-ry soul re-cline; Thou art read-y to for-give, Thou canst bid the

sin-ner live—Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the straight and nar-row way.

503

"Lead me."

T. HASTINGS.

JESUS, merciful and mild,  
Lead me as a helpless child:  
On no other arm but thine  
Would my weary soul recline;  
Thou art ready to forgive,  
Thou canst bid the sinner live—  
Guide the wanderer day by day,  
In the strait and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace  
For the heavenly dwelling-place;  
All thy promises are sure,  
Ever shall thy love endure;  
Then what more could I desire,  
How to greater bliss aspire?  
All I need, in thee I see,  
Thou art all in all to me.

## SOLITUDE. 7s.

L. T. DOWNES.

1. Je - sus, Je - sus! vis-it me; How my soul longs after thee! When, my best, my dearest Friend! Shall our sepa - ra-tion end?

504

"Jesus, visit me."

R. P. DUNN, tr.

JESUS, Jesus! visit me;  
How my soul longs after thee!  
When, my best, my dearest Friend!  
Shall our separation end?

2 Lord! my longings never cease;  
Without thee I find no peace;  
'Tis my constant cry to thee,—  
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

3 Mean the joys of earth appear,  
All below is dark and drear;  
Naught but thy beloved voice  
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

4 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!  
Art my shield and great reward;  
All my hope, my Saviour thou,—  
To thy sovereign will I bow.

## REFUGE. 7s. D.

J. F. HOLBROOK.

Choir.

1. Jesus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly While the bil - lows near me

Congregation.

roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last!

505

Christ, our all.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS! lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on thee is stayed;  
 All my help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;  
 More than all in thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—  
 Grace to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within;  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

## MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

D. C.

1. { Je - sus! lover of my soul. Let me to thy bosom fly } { Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, }  
 { While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; } { Till the storm of life is past; }  
 D. C.—Safe in - to the haven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last.



506

L. M. *Backsliding deplored.* P. DODDRIDGE

RETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And life's vain shadows chase no more ;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God ! whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,  
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,  
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;  
And still its beams unerring dart,  
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love,  
My inmost soul be made to share,  
Till every grace combine to prove  
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

507

L. M. *Psaln 51.* J. MERRICK.

OH, turn, great Ruler of the skies !  
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes ;  
Nor let the offences of my hand  
Within thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdued,—  
A conscience pure, a soul renewed ;  
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,  
An outcast from thy presence roam.

3 Oh, let thy Spirit to my heart  
Once more his quickening aid impart ;  
My mind from every fear release, [peace.  
And soothe my troubled thoughts to

508

L. M. *"Come to Me!"* C. ELLIOTT.

WITH tearful eyes I look around ;  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;  
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest ;  
It tells me where my soul may flee :  
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die !  
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;  
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion ; come to me."

4 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above !  
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

509

L. M. *Our Companion.* I. WATTS.

MY God ! permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee ;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with  
earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, with-  
Let noise and vanity be gone ; [drawn,  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

510

L. M. *"Give me thine heart."* A. STEELE.

JESUS demands this heart of mine,  
Demands my love, my joy, my care ;  
But ah ! how dead to things divine,  
How cold my best affections are !

2 'Tis sin, alas ! with dreadful power,  
Divides my Saviour from my sight ;  
Oh, for one happy, cloudless hour  
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight !

3 Come, gracious Lord ! thy love can raise  
My captive powers from sin and death,  
And fill my heart and life with praise,  
And tune my last expiring breath.

511

C. M. *"His great love."* S. BROWNE.

LORD ! at thy feet we sinners lie,  
And knock at mercy's door :  
With heavy heart and downcast eye,  
Thy favor we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display  
Of thy forgiving love ;  
Take all our heinous guilt away ;  
This heavy load remove.

3 'T is mercy—mercy we implore ;  
We would thy pity move :  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.

4 Oh, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,  
Our numerous sins forgive !  
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break :  
Heal us, and bid us live.



512

L. M., 61. 1 John 4: 18.

ANON.

"PERFECT in love!" Lord, can it be,  
Amid this state of doubt and sin?  
While foes so thick without, I see,  
With weakness, pain, disease within;  
Can perfect love inhabit here,  
And, strong in faith, extinguish fear?

2 O Lord! amid this mental night,  
Amid the clouds of dark dismay,  
Arise! arise! shed forth thy light,  
And kindle love's meridian day:  
My Saviour God, to me appear,  
So love shall triumph over fear.

513

L. M. Psalm 130.

I. WATTS.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,  
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;  
If thou severely mark our faults,  
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,  
Free to dispense thy pardons there;  
That sinners may approach thy face,  
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
And long, and wish for breaking day,  
So waits my soul before thy gate:  
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,  
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,  
Through the redemption of his Son;  
He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.

514

75. Psalm 13.

W. GOODE.

LORD of mercy, just and kind!  
Wilt thou ne'er my guilt forgive?  
Never shall my troubled mind,  
In thy kind remembrance, live?

2 Lord! how long shall Satan's art  
Tempt my harassed soul to sin,  
Triumph o'er my humbled heart,—  
Fears without and guilt within?

3 Lord, my God! thine ear incline,  
Bending to the prayer of faith;  
Cheer my eyes with light divine,  
Lest I sleep the sleep of death.

515

C. M. "Weary, Heavy-laden."

J. NEWTON.

APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh:  
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed;  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him—thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous Love—to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name!

516

75, 65, 85. "Without Care."

C. WESLEY.

THOU, O Lord, in tender love,  
Dost all my burdens bear;  
Lift my heart to things above,  
And fix it ever there!  
Calm in tumult's whirl I sit,  
'Midst busy multitudes alone;  
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,  
Till all thy will be done.

2 Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my happy toil!  
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,  
Supported by his smile.

Joyful thus my faith to show,  
I find his service my reward;  
Every work I do below,  
I do it to the Lord.

3 To the desert or the cell,  
Let others blindly fly,  
In this evil world I dwell,  
Unhurt, unspotted, I.  
Here I find a house of prayer,  
To which I inwardly retire;  
Walking unconcerned in care,  
And unconsumed in fire.

ST. ALBAN'S. 6s, 5s. D.

FROM F. J. HAYDN.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the desert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts u-ni-ted Take our heav'nward way.

REFRAIN.

Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their home on high.

517

"Yehovah Nissi."

T. J. POTTER.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.  
 Journeying o'er the desert,  
 Gladly thus we pray,  
 And with hearts united.  
 Take our heavenward way.—REF.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
 At thy sacred feet,  
 Here with hearts rejoicing  
 See thy children meet;

Often have we left thee,  
 Often gone astray;  
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
 In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us  
 In the way we go;  
 Lead us on victorious  
 Over every foe:  
 Bid thine angels shield us  
 When the storm-clouds lower,  
 Pardon thou and save us  
 In the last dread hour.—REF.

WALES. 8s, 4s.

WELSH AIR.

1. Through the love of God our Saviour, All will be well: Free and changeless is his fa-vor;  
 D. s.—Strong the hand stretched out to shield us:

FINE.

All, all is well. Precious is the blood that healed us; Perfect is the grace that sealed us;  
 All must be well.

## ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s, D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus, Going on be-fore.  
 Christ, the roy-al Master, Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See, his banners go.  
 CHORUS.  
 Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus, Going on be-fore.  
 war. With the cross of Je-sus,

## 518 "Fight the good fight." S. BARING-GOULD.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before.  
 Christ, the royal Master,  
 Leads against the foe;  
 Forward into battle,  
 See, his banners go.—CHO.

2 Like a mighty army,  
 Moves the Church of God;  
 Brothers, we are treading  
 Where the saints have trod;  
 We are not divided,  
 All one body we,  
 One in hope and doctrine,  
 One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,  
 But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain;  
 Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,  
 Join our happy throng;  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph-song;  
 Glory, laud, and honor,  
 Unto Christ the King;  
 This through countless ages,  
 Men and angels sing.—CHO.

## 519 8s, 4s. "All is well." M. B. PETERS.

Through the love of God our Saviour,  
 All will be well;  
 Free and changless is his favor;  
 All, all is well.  
 Precious is the blood that healed us;  
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us;  
 Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;  
 All must be well.  
 2 Though we pass through tribulation,  
 All will be well:  
 Ours is such a full salvation;  
 All, all is well.

Happy still in God confiding,  
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,  
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,  
 All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;  
 All will be well;  
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
 All, all is well.  
 On our Father's love relying,  
 Jesus every need supplying,  
 Or in living, or in dying,  
 All must be well.



ELLESIE. 8s, 7s. D.

FROM J. C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, D. S.—Yet how rich is my condi-tion, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! Perish, ev-'ry fond am-bition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, God and heaven are still my own!

520

*Bearing the Cross.*

H. F. LYTE.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave, and follow thee;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!  
 Perish, every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
 Yet how rich is my condition,  
 God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour, too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
 Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me,  
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me;  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!  
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me;  
 Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!  
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain!  
 In thy service pain is pleasure,  
 With thy favor, loss is gain.  
 I have called thee—Abba, Father!  
 I have stayed my heart on thee!  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
 All must work for good to me.

ESSEX. 8s, 7s.

THOMAS CLARK.

1. Soul, then know thy full salvation, Joy, to find in every station Something still to do or bear, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Something still to do or bear.

521

*The crown coming.*

H. F. LYTE.

SOUL, then know thy full salvation,  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy, to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.

2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee!  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer!  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there:

4 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s. D.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. { Call Je-ho - vah thy sal - vation, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade; }  
 { In his se-cret hab - i - tation Dwell, and never be dismayed: } There no tumult can alarm thee,  
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare; Guile nor violence can harm thee, In e - ter-nal safeguard there.

522

Psalm 91.

J. MONTGOMERY.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,  
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;  
 In his secret habitation  
 Dwell, and never be dismayed:  
 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
 In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,  
 From the noisome pestilence,  
 In the depth of midnight, blasting,  
 God shall be thy sure defence:

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,  
 When a thousand feel the blow;  
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,  
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,  
 Thou on God hast set thy love,  
 With the wings of his protection,  
 He will shield thee from above;  
 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,  
 He will hearken, he will save;  
 Here, for grief reward thee double,  
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

## ALL THE DAYS. P. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. From thee, begetting sure conviction, Sound out, O ris - en Lord, always Those faithful words of  
 val - e - dic - tion, "Lo! I am with you all the days." All the days, All the days;  
 D. S.—Lo! I am with you all the days.

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

523

"Always."—Matt. 28 : 20. A. COLES.

FROM thee, begetting sure conviction,  
 Sound out, O risen Lord, always  
 Those faithful words of valediction,  
 "Lo! I am with you all the days."—REF.

2 What things shall happen on the morrow  
 Thou kindly hidest from our gaze;  
 But tellst us, in joy or sorrow,  
 "Lo! I am with you all the days."—REF.

3 When round our head the tempest rages,  
 And sink our feet in miry ways,  
 Thy voice comes floating down the ages—  
 "Lo! I am with you all the days."—REF

4 O thou who art our life and meetness!  
 Not death shall daunt us or amaze,  
 Hearing those words of power and sweetness,  
 "Lo! I am with you all the days."—REF



## WIMBORNE. L. M.

J. WHITAKER.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;

March to the gates of end - less joy, Where Je - sus, thy great Captain's gone.

524

*Ephesians 6:14.*

I. WATTS.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;  
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—  
Press forward to the heavenly gate;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

## MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. ZEUNER.

1. Awake, our souls! away, our fears! Let every trembling thought be gone; Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on!

525

*Isaiah 40:28-31.*

I. WATTS.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!  
Let every trembling thought be gone;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,

And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

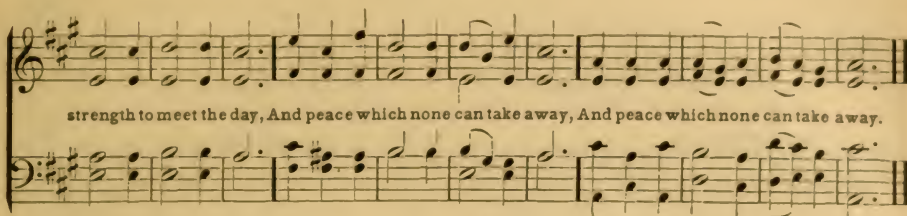
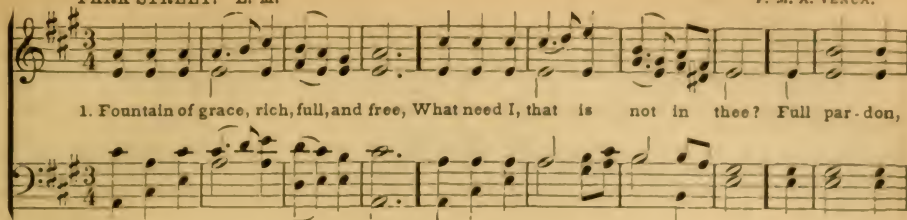
4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!



## PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA.



526

*"My springs in thee."* J. EDMESTON.

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,  
What need I, that is not in thee?  
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,  
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,  
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;  
Am I with dread of justice tried,  
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid  
Forbid my heart to be afraid;  
In death, peace gently veils the eyes,—  
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

527

*Jesus is forever mine.* A. STEELE.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires,  
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;  
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?  
And can my hope, my comfort die?  
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—  
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
Then my immortal life is sure;  
His word a firm foundation gives;  
Here may I build and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;  
If Jesus is for ever mine,  
Not death itself—that last of foes—  
Shall break a union so divine.

528

*"Complete in Him."* G. W. HINSDALE.

My soul complete in Jesus stands!  
It fears no more the law's demands;  
The smile of God is sweet within,  
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;  
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;  
Receives the grace his death secured,  
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,  
And cries—"Tis God that justifies!  
Who charges God's elect with sin?  
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,  
To our eternal, glorious King!  
Shall worship humbly at his feet,  
In whom alone it stands complete.

529

2 Cor. 12: 9.

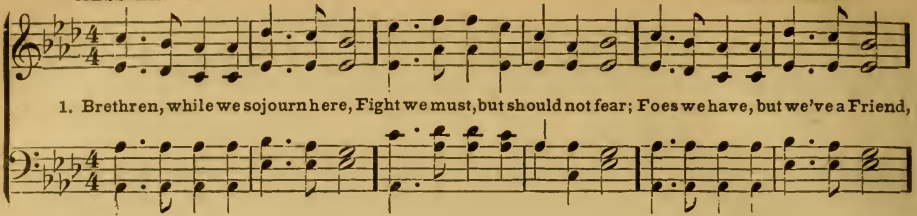
I. WATTS.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,  
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

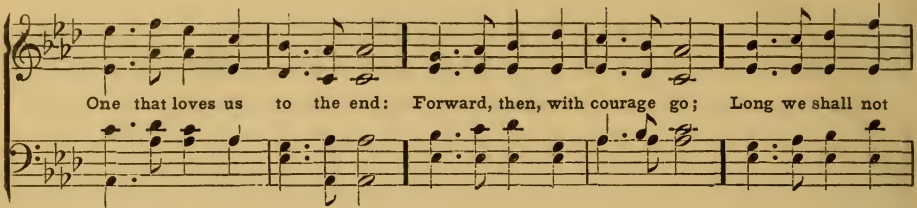
2 I can do all things—or can bear  
All suffering, if my Lord be there;  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me;  
When I am weak, then am I strong;  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

## MESSIAH. 7s. D.

GEO. KINGSLEY, *arr.*

1. Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear; Foes we have, but we've a Friend,



One that loves us to the end: Forward, then, with courage go; Long we shall not



dwell be-low; Soon the joy-ful news will come, "Child, your Fa-ther calls—come home!"

## 530

*"Come home."*

J. SWAIN

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear;  
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,  
One that loves us to the end:  
Forward, then, with courage go;  
Long we shall not dwell below;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

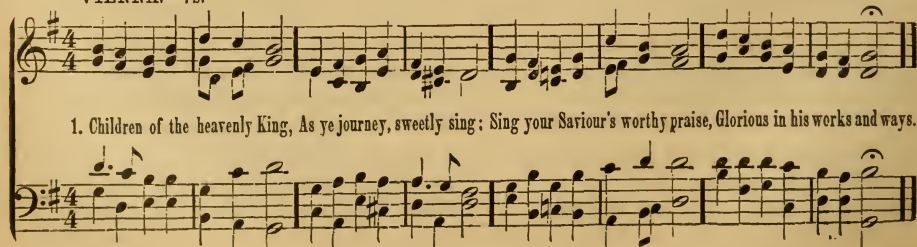
2 In the way a thousand snares  
Lie, to take us unawares;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded part:

But, from Satan's malice free,  
Saints shall soon victorious be;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,  
None so oft mislead our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes that dwell within;  
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,  
Christ shall also conquer these;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

## VIENNA. 7s.

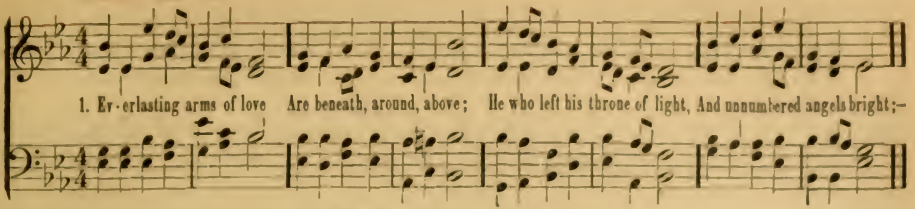
W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

## THEODORA. 7s.

FROM HANDEL.



531

*"The everlasting arms."*

J. R. MACDUFF.

EVERLASTING arms of love  
Are beneath, around, above;  
He who left his throne of light,  
And unnumbered angels bright;—

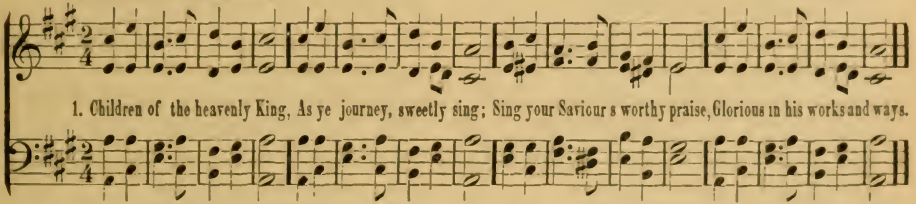
2 He who on the accursed tree  
Gave his precious life for me;  
He it is that bears me on,  
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,  
Earth and sea will pass away;  
Soon will yonder circling sun  
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,  
But the Changeless cannot change:  
Gladly will I journey on,  
With his arm to lean upon.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.



532

Isaiah 35: 8—10.

J. CENNICK.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepared;  
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

533

Redeeming Love.

J. LANGFORD.

Now begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,  
Welcome to his sacred rest;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string;  
Mortals, join the host above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.



CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

J. RANDALL.

1. Glo - ry to God! whose witness-train, Those heroes bold in faith, Could smile on pov - er -

ty and pain, And triumph ev'n in death, And triumph ev'n in death, And triumph ev'n in death.

534

*Martyr-faith.*

MORAVIAN.

GLORY to God! whose witness-train,  
Those heroes bold in faith,  
Could smile on poverty and pain,  
And triumph ev'n in death.

2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,  
Wherein they fearless stood,  
When, in the power of cruel men,  
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,  
Can damp the scorching flame,  
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,  
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still  
With its eternal strength,  
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,  
And conquerors prove at length.

535

*"The elders."*

J. NEEDHAM.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path  
By ancient worthies trod;  
Aspiring, view those holy men  
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,  
And in example live;  
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds  
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was thro' the Lamb's most precious blood  
They conquered every foe;  
And to his power and matchless grace  
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view  
The patterns thou hast given,  
And ne'er forsake the blessed road  
That led them safe to heaven.

WIRTH. C. M.

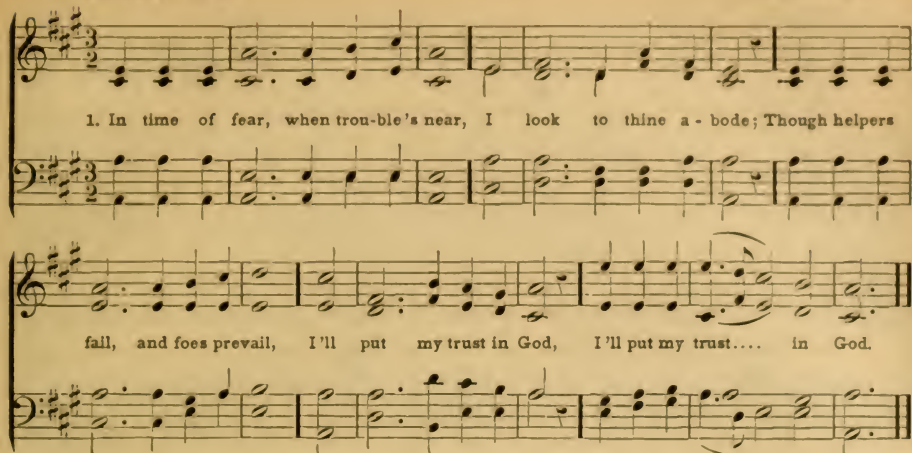
W. B. BRADBURY.

1. In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to thine a - bode;

Though help-ers fail, and foes pre - vail,..... I'll put my trust in God.

## ARCADIA. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



536

*"What time I am afraid."* T. HASTINGS.

In time of fear, when trouble's near,  
I look to thine abode;  
Though helpers fail, and foes prevail,  
I'll put my trust in God.

2 And what is life, 'mid toil and strife?  
What terror has the grave?  
Thine arm of power, in peril's hour,  
The trembling soul will save.

3 In darkest skies, though storms arise,  
I will not be dismayed;  
O God of light, and boundless might,  
My soul on thee is stayed!

537

*"I shall be with Him."* R. BAXTER.

LORD, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live;  
To love and serve thee is my share,  
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than he went through before;  
No one into his kingdom comes,  
But through his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me  
Thy blesséd face to see; [meet,  
For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with all triumphant saints  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with him.

538

*"If God be for us."* F. W. FABER.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,  
Most strange in all its ways,  
And of all things on earth, least like  
What men agree to praise.

2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field, when he  
Is most invisible!

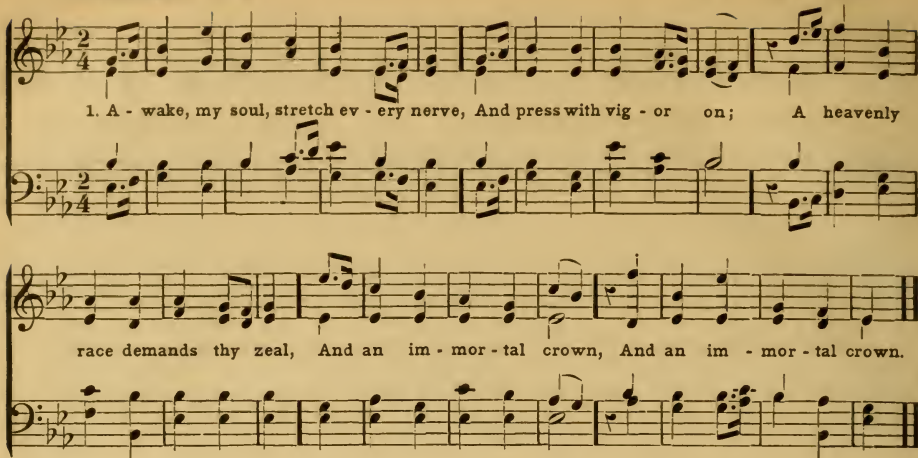
3 And blest is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!  
Oh, learn to lose with God!  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee his road.

5 And right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin!

## CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly  
race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

## 539

*The Race.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high,  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thine armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

## 541

*"I'm not ashamed.*

I. WATTS.

I'M NOT ASHAMED to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause;  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

## 540

*The Warfare.*

I. WATTS.

AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?

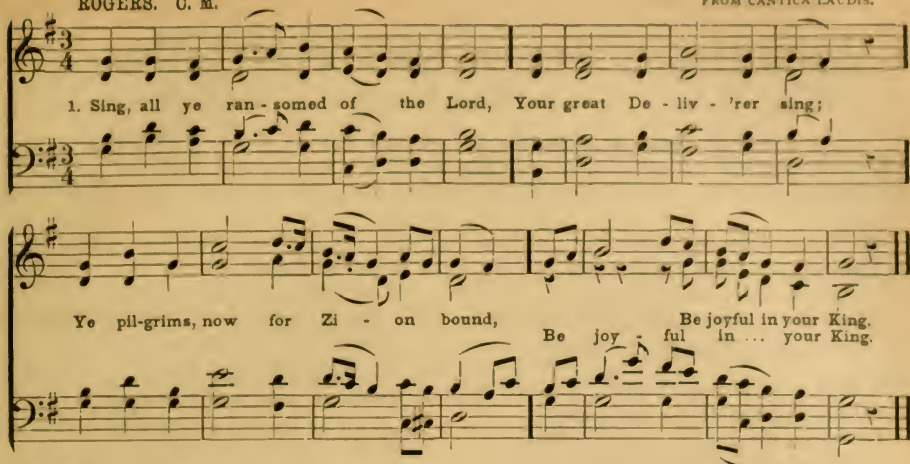
2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?



ROGERS. C. M.

FROM CANTICA LAUDIS.



1. Sing, all ye ran-somed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-'rer sing;  
Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful Be joyful in your King.  
In... your King.

542

*Isaiah 35: 8-10.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing;  
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,  
Be joyful in your King.

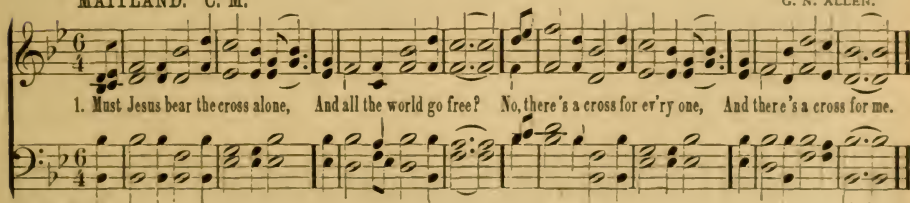
2 His hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road;  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;  
Pursue his footsteps still;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye  
While laboring up the hill.

MAITLAND. C. M.

G. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

543

*No cross, no crown.* T. SHEPHERD, alt.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here!  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

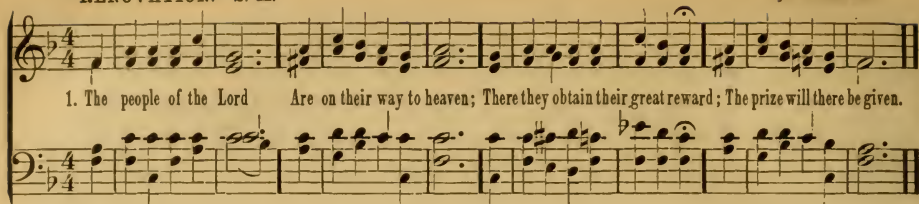
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' pierced feet,  
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,  
And his dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,  
Beneath heaven's arches high;  
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,  
That lives no more to die.

6 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!  
Oh, resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

## RENOVATION. S. M.

J. N. HUMMEL.



544

*Christian Pilgrims.*

T. KELLY.

THE people of the Lord  
Are on their way to heaven;  
There they obtain their great reward;  
The prize will there be given.

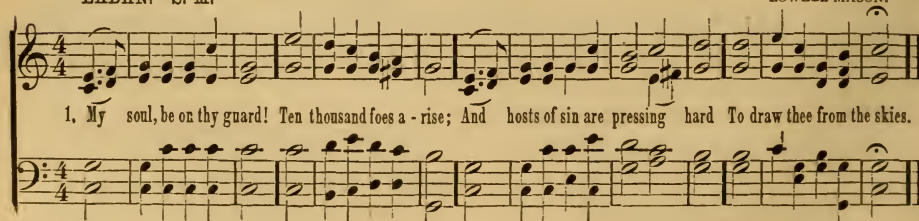
2 'Tis conflict here below;  
'Tis triumph there, and peace:  
On earth we wrestle with the foe;  
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;  
'Tis light and joy above;  
There all is pure, and all is clear;  
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,  
And ease succeed to care:  
The victors there divide the spoil;  
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing:  
The conflict is not long:  
We hope in heaven to praise our King  
In one eternal song.

LABAN. S. M.



547

*"Watch."*

G. HEATH.

MY soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
And hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

545

*"Jehovah fireh."*

J. SWAIN.

I STAND ON Zion's mount,  
And view my starry crown;  
No power on earth my hope can shake,  
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers,  
That lift their heads on high,  
Shall all be leveled low in dust—  
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,  
Built by Jehovah's hands;  
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock  
Of my salvation stands!

546

*"Goeth forth weeping."*

G. BURGESS.

THE harvest dawn is near,  
The year delays not long;  
And he who sows with many a tear,  
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,  
His seed with weeping leaves;  
But he shall come, at twilight's close,  
And bring his golden sheaves.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God!  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
Up to his blest abode.

## OLAPTON. S. M.

WILLIAM JONES.

1. My soul, weigh not thy life A - - gainst thy heaven - ly crown;

Nor suf - fer Sa - tan's dead - liest strife To beat thy cour - age down.

548

*"Weigh not thy life."*

L. SWAIN.

My soul, weigh not thy life  
Against thy heavenly crown;  
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife  
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,  
Hold on the fearful fight,  
And let the breaking day prolong  
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,  
If thou thy part fulfill;  
For strong as is the hostile shield,  
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,  
Thy feet with victory shod;  
And on thy head shall quickly shine  
The diadem of God.

## DENNIS. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are!

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

549

*"He careth."*

P. DODDRIDGE.

How GENTLE God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears creation up  
Shall guard his children well.

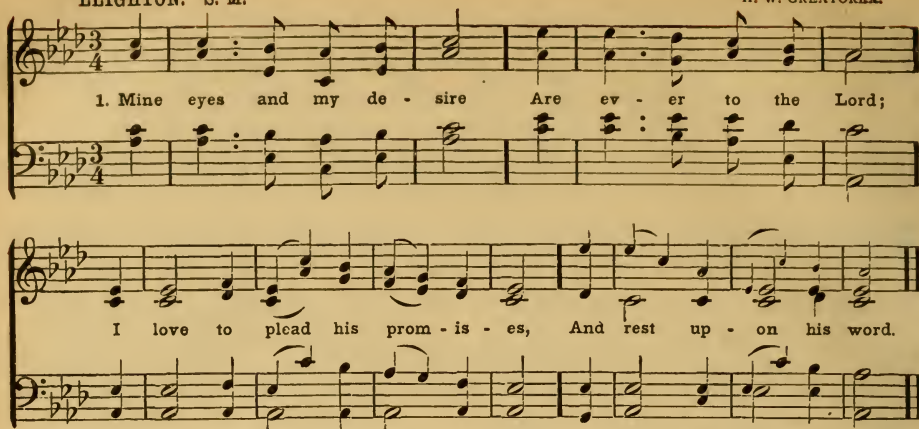
3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day:  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.



LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATORREX.



1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord;  
I love to plead his prom - is - es, And rest up - on his word.

550

Psalm 25.

I. WATTS.

- MINE eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord;  
I love to plead his promises,  
And rest upon his word.
- 2 Lord, turn to thee my soul;  
Bring thy salvation near:  
When will thy hand release my feet  
From sin's destructive snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace  
Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dangerous ways  
My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 Oh, keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame!  
For I have placed my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.
- 5 With humble faith I wait  
To see thy face again;  
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,  
He sought the Lord in vain.

551

Psalm 60.

T. KELLY.

- ARISE, ye saints, arise!  
The Lord our Leader is;  
The foe before his banner flies,  
And victory is his.
- 2 We follow thee, our Guide,  
Our Saviour, and our King!  
We follow thee, through grace supplied  
From heaven's eternal spring.

- 3 We soon shall see the day  
When all our toils shall cease;  
When we shall cast our arms away,  
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here;  
It makes our burdens light;  
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,  
Till faith shall end in sight.
- 5 Till, of the prize possessed,  
We hear of war no more;  
And ever with our Leader rest,  
On yonder peaceful shore.

552

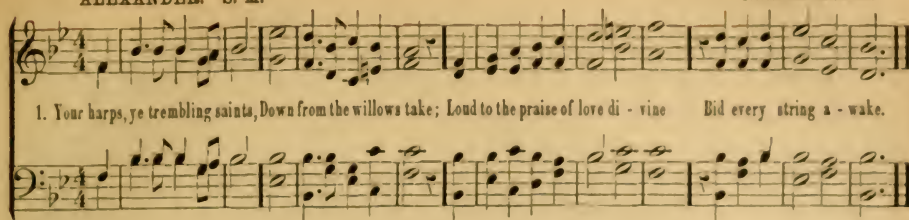
Psalm 31.

H. F. LYTE

- My spirit on thy care,  
Blest Saviour, I recline;  
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
For thou art love divine.
- 2 In thee I place my trust;  
On thee I calmly rest:  
I know thee good, I know thee just,  
And count thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform;  
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me,—  
Secure of having thee in all,  
Of having all in thee.

ALEXANDER. S. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid every string a - wake.

553

*Our Salvation near.* A. M. TOPLADY.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take:  
Loud to the praise of love divine  
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside in his control;  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,  
Who stays himself on thee;  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

554

*"Be of good courage."* J. WESLEY, tr.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;  
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou his time; so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not!  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work has wrought,  
That caused thy needless fear.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take:  
Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid every string a - wake.

OASKEY. 7s, 6s. D.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Sometimes a light sur-pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who ris - es sea-son of clear shin-ing, D. S.—A

With heal-ing in his wings: When comforts are de - clin-ing, He grants the soul a - gain To cheer it af - ter rain. FINE. D. S.

555

*Matthew 6 : 25-34.*

W. COWPER.

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in his wings:  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But he will bring us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And he who feeds the ravens,  
Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,  
Their wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;

Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For while in him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

556

*Perfect peace.*

A. E. WARING.

- IN heavenly love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear,  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here:  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed?
- 2 Wherever he may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack:  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim:  
He knows the way he taketh,  
And I will walk with him.
  - 3 Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been:  
My hope I cannot measure;  
My path to life is free;  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And he will walk with me.



## YARMOUTH. 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON, arr.

1st. 2d.

1. { Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; }  
 { Lift high his royal banner, (*Omit*)..... } It must not suffer loss: From vict'ry unto vict'ry His army shall he  
 lead, Till every foe is vanquished, Till every foe is vanquished, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.

557

"Having done all, stand." G. DUFFIELD.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high his royal banner,

It must not suffer loss:

From victory unto victory

His army shall he lead,

Till every foe is vanquished,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict,

In this his glorious day:

"Ye that are men, now serve him,"

Against unnumbered foes;

Let courage rise with danger,

And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

Stand in his strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail you—

Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,

And, watching unto prayer,

Where duty calls, or danger,

Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long;

This day, the noise of battle,

The next, the victor's song:

To him that overcometh,

A crown of life shall be;

He with the King of glory

Shall reign eternally!

## WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart can fear; And safe is such con - fid - ing,  
 D. S.—But God is round a - bout me,

FINE. D. S.

For nothing changes here. The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid,  
 And can I be dismayed?

## WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.

CRANE.

1. Come on, my partners in dis-tress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bodies feel:

A-while forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce-les-tial hill.

558

*"Bliss-inspiring hope."*

C. WESLEY.

COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel:  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode;  
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down;  
To patient faith the prize is sure;  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.

559

*"Complete in him."*

S. MEDLEY.

COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,  
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,  
And worship at his feet;  
Come, take his praises on your tongues,  
And raise to him your thankful songs,  
"In him ye are complete!"

2 In him, who all our praise excels,  
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,  
And all perfections meet:  
The head of all celestial powers,  
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;—  
"In him ye are complete!"

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,  
Dependent on him day by day,  
His presence still entreat;  
His precious name for ever bless,  
Your glory, strength, and righteousness,—  
"In him ye are complete!"

## FATHERLAND. P. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. Je-sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless, We will follow,

calm and fearless: Guide us by thy hand To our Fa-ther-land, To our Fa-ther-land.



## BREMEN. O. P. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Fear not, O lit - tle flock, the foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - ver-throw; Dread

not his rage and power; { What tho' your courage sometimes faints, }  
 { His seeming triumph o'er God's saints } Lasts but a lit - tle hour.

560 *'Fear not, little flock.'* C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe  
 Who madly seeks your overthrow;  
 Dread not his rage and power;  
 What tho' your courage sometimes faints,  
 His seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
 Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs  
 To him who can avenge your wrongs;  
 Leave it to him, our Lord!  
 Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,  
 He sees the Gideon that shall rise  
 To save us, and his word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,  
 Not earth nor hell with all their crew  
 Against us shall prevail;  
 A jest and by-word are they grown;  
 God is with us, we are his own,  
 Our victory cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!  
 Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,  
 Fight for us once again!  
 So shall thy saints and martyrs raise  
 A mighty chorus to thy praise,  
 World without end: Amen!

561 *'Casting all care on God.'* J. ANSTICE.

O LORD! how happy should we be,  
 If we could cast our care on thee,  
 If we from self could rest;  
 And feel, at heart, that One above,  
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
 Is working for the best!

2 How far from this our daily life,  
 Ever disturbed by anxious strife,  
 By sudden, wild alarms!  
 Oh, could we but relinquish all  
 Our earthly props, and simply fall  
 On thine almighty arms!

562 P. M. *"Lead on."* J. BORTHWICK, *tr.*

JESUS still lead on,  
 Till our rest be won;  
 And although the way be cheerless,  
 We will follow, calm and fearless;  
 Guide us by thy hand  
 To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,  
 If the foe be near,  
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
 Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
 For, through many a foe,  
 To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief  
 From a long-felt grief,  
 When temptations come, alluring,  
 Make us patient and enduring;  
 Show us that bright shore  
 Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,  
 Till our rest be won;  
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
 Still support, console, protect us,  
 Till we safely stand  
 In our Fatherland.



## PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

J. READING.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said,— To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

563

"Fear Not."

G. KEITH.

- How FIRM a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said,— To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not—I will not desert to his foes; That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

## CANA. 11s.

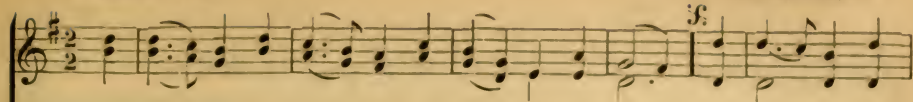
GEO. KINGSLEY.

D. C.

1. { The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; }  
 { I feed in green pastures, safe-fold-ed I rest; } He lead-eth my soul where the still-waters flow,  
 D. C. - Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op - pressed.

GOSHEN. 11s.

THOS. HASTINGS, arr.



1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green  
D. S. Re - stores me when



pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow,  
wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed.



564

Psalm 23.

J. MONTGOMERY.

565

"Faint, yet pursuing."

J. N. DARBY.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;  
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,  
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;  
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;  
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;  
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;  
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God! Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;  
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;  
The weak, and oppressed—he will hear their complaint;  
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,  
But how can we falter?—our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;  
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!  
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,  
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;  
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;  
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come;  
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

## LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing,—Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling;  
D. S.—Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion,

FINE. D. S.  
All thy faithful mercies crown. Je-sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
En-ter ev-ery trembling heart.

566

*"Finish thy new creation."*

C. WESLEY.

Love divine, all love excelling,—  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown:  
Jesus! thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.  
2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find the promised rest:

Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive!  
Speedily return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave!  
3 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure, unspotted may we be:  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by thee!  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## BAYLEY. 8s, 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, *arr.*

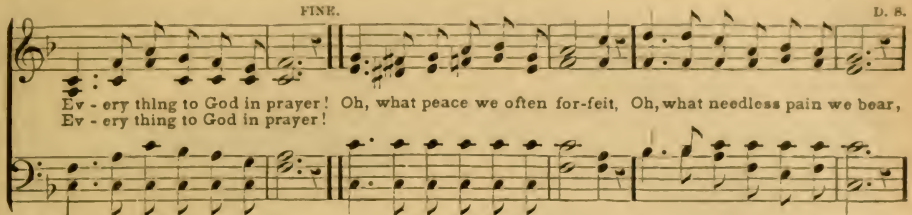
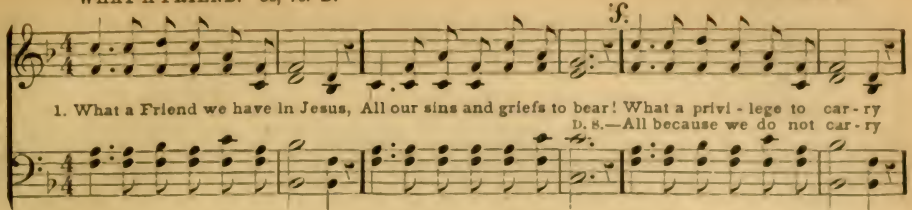
1. { Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing,—Joy of heaven, to earth come down! } mer-cies crown:  
D. C.—Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery (Omit) trem-bling heart.

D. C.  
Je-sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art:



## WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.

C. C. CONVERSE.



567

*What a Friend.*

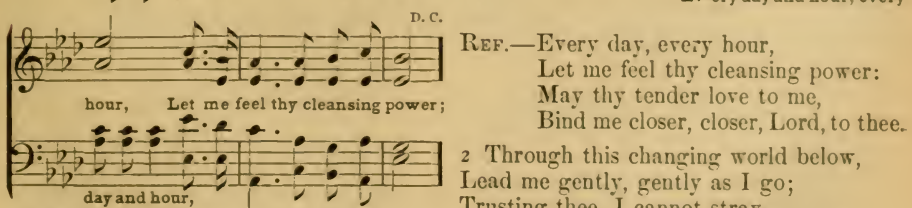
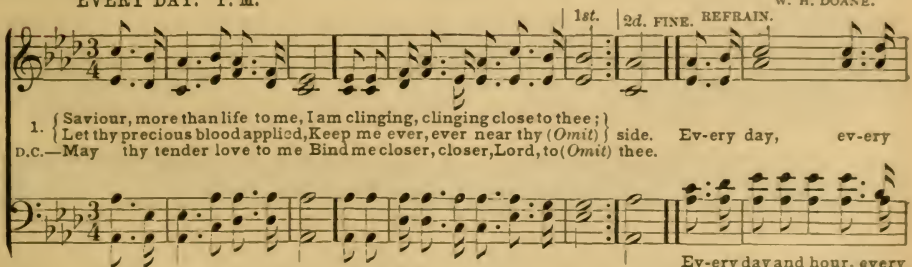
ANON.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

## EVERY DAY. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.



568

*"Clinging."*

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

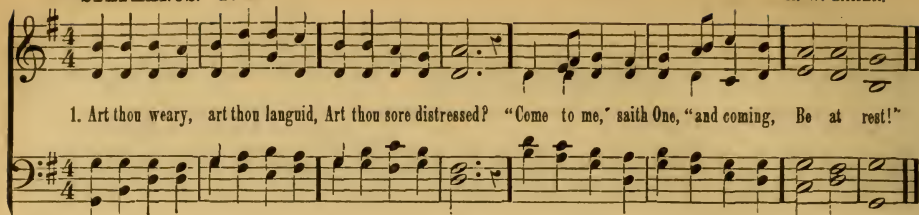
SAVIOUR, more than life to me,  
I am clinging, clinging close to thee;  
Let thy precious blood applied,  
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

2 Through this changing world below,  
Lead me gently, gently as I go;  
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,  
I can never, never lose my way.—REF.

3 Let me love thee more and more,  
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;  
Till my soul is lost in love,  
In a brighter, brighter world above.—REF.

## STEPHANOS. P. M.

H. W. BAKER.



## 569

*Our Master.*J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

ART thou weary, art thou languid,

Art thou sore distressed?

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
If he be my Guide?—

"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That his brow adorns?—

"Yea, a crown, in very surety;  
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,  
What his guerdon here?—

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,  
What hath he at last?—

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?—

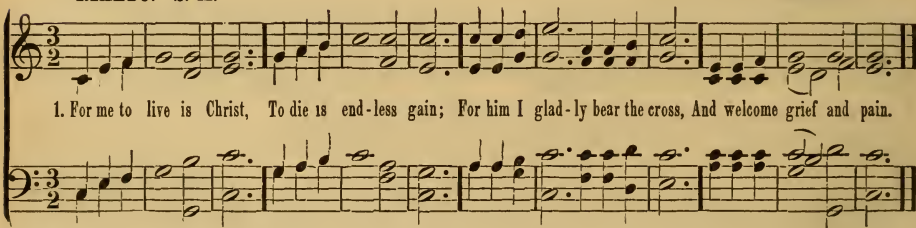
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is he sure to bless?—

"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, Yes."

## RIALTO. S. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.



## 570

*"To live is Christ."*

ANON.

FOR me to live is Christ,  
To die is endless gain;  
For him I gladly bear the cross,  
And welcome grief and pain.

2 A pilgrimage my lot,  
My home is in the skies;  
I nightly pitch my tent below,  
And daily higher rise.

3 I fare with Christ my Lord;  
His path the path I choose;  
They joy who suffer most with him—  
They win who with him lose.

4 The dawn on distant hills  
Shines o'er the vales below;  
The shadows of this world are lost  
In light to which I go.

5 My journey soon will end,  
My scrip and staff laid down:  
Oh, tempt me not with earthly toys—  
I go to wear a crown.

6 Faithful may I endure,  
And hear my Saviour say,  
Thrice welcome home, beloved child,  
Inherit endless day!

## PALESTRINA. C. M.

G. F. A. PALESTRINA.

1. Un - shak - en as the sa - cred hill, And fixed as mountains be,  
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, That leans, O Lord, on thee!

571

Psalm 125.

I. WATTS.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And fixed as mountains be,  
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,  
That leans, O Lord, on thee!

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Old Salem's happy ground,

As those eternal arms of love,  
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
And lead them safely on  
To the bright gates of Paradise,  
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

## TOPAZ. P. M.

C. BEECHER.

1. A - long the mountain track of life, A - long the wea - ry lea, In rocks, in storms, in  
joy, in strife, Let this my heart-cry be,— "Nearer to thee—near-er to thee."

572

"Nearer to thee."

CAREY

Along the mountain track of life,  
Along the weary lea,  
In rocks, in storms, in joy, in strife,  
Let this my heart-cry be,—  
"Nearer to thee—nearer to thee."

2 This pilgrim-path by thee was trod,  
Jesus,—my King, by thee,  
Traced by thy tears, thy feet, thy blood,  
In love, in death, for me:  
Oh, bring my soul nearer to thee.

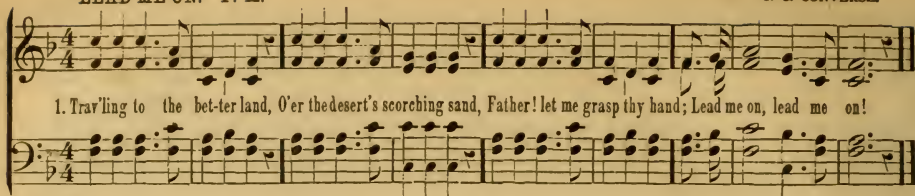
3 Let every step, let every thought  
Sweet memories bear of thee;  
And hear the soul thy love hath bought,  
Whose every cry shall be—  
"Nearer to thee—nearer to thee."

4 Thou wilt! thou dost!—a still small voice  
Whispers of faith in thee,  
Of hope that might in grief rejoice,  
If still the way-cry be,—  
"Nearer to thee—nearer to thee."



## LEAD ME ON. P. M.

C. C. CONVERSE.



573

*"Lead me on."*ANON. Every step brings Canaan nigher:  
Lead me on!

TRAVELING to the better land,  
O'er the desert's scorching sand,  
Father! let me grasp thy hand;  
Lead me on, lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,  
I the sparkling fountain greet,  
Make the bitter water sweet;  
Lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,  
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,  
And her wells, as crystal clear:  
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,  
Never let me fall or tire,

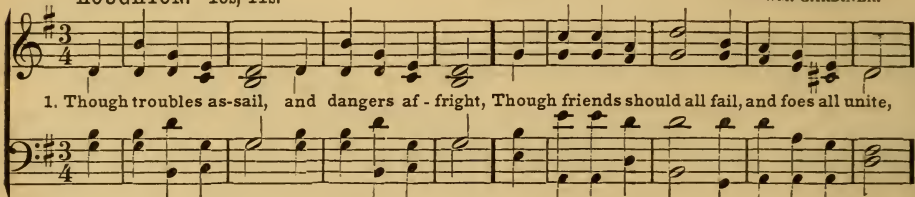
5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,  
Gaze upon the land of light,  
Then, transported with the sight,  
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,  
Never let me fear or shrink;  
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:  
Lead me on!

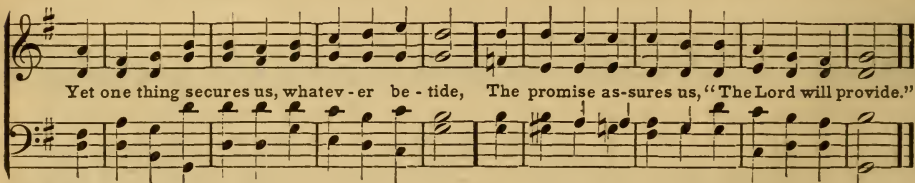
7 When the victory is won,  
And eternal life begun,  
Up to glory lead me on!  
Lead me on, lead me on!

## HOUGHTON. 10s, 11s.

WM. GARDINER.



1. Though troubles as-sail, and dangers af-fright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,



Yet one thing secures us, whatever be-tide, The promise as-sures us, "The Lord will provide."

574

*The Lord will provide.* J. NEWTON.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers af-fright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The bread, without barn or store-house,  
are fed;  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:

His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:

Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

## MY LIFE FLOWS ON. P.M.

R. LOWRY.

1st. 2d.

1. { My life flows on in endless song; A-bove earth's lamenta-tion, } That hails a new cre-a-tion;  
 { I catch the sweet, though far-off, hymn (Omit) ..... }

Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ringing; It finds an ech - o

in my soul—How can I keep from singing?

575

*"Songs in the Night."*

ANON.

My life flows on in endless song;  
 Above earth's lamentation,  
 I catch the sweet, though far-off, hymn  
 That hails a new creation;  
 Through all the tumult and the strife,  
 I hear the music ringing;  
 It finds an echo in my soul—  
 How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die?  
 The Lord my Saviour liveth;  
 What though the darkness gather round?  
 Songs in the night he giveth;  
 No storm can shake my inmost calm,  
 While to that refuge clinging;  
 Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,  
 How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;  
 I see the blue above it;  
 And day by day this pathway smooths,  
 Since first I learned to love it;  
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,  
 A fountain ever springing;  
 All things are mine since I am his—  
 How can I keep from singing?

576

10s, 11s. *Christ with us.* J. NEWTON.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief will surely appear;  
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per-  
 form, [storm.  
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my  
 guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures  
 all fail, [vail  
 The word he has spoken shall surely pre-

3 His love in time past forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite  
 through.

4 Since all that I meet shall work for my  
 good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;  
 Though painful at present, 't will cease be-  
 fore long, [song!  
 And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's

577

98, 88.

*Rom.* 13: 11, 12.

J. RUSLING.

CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,

And all the midnight shadows flee,  
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,  
A beacon-light hung out for thee;  
Arise! arise! the light breaks o'er thee;  
Thy name is graven on the throne;  
Thy home is in the world of glory,  
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,

Calmly composed, and dauntless stand,  
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges  
The height that bounds the promised land:

Behold! behold! the land is nearing,  
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;  
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,

See in what throngs they range the shore!

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,

Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray,  
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of  
Invite thy happy soul away; [glory  
Away! away! leave all for glory,  
Thy name is graven on the throne;  
Thy home is in that world of glory,  
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

578

S. M.

*Psalms* 23.

A. STEELE.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,  
My Shepherd and my guide,  
I bid farewell to anxious fear:  
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,  
Where rich abundance grows,  
His gracious hand indulgent leads,  
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
My wandering feet restore;  
To thy fair pastures guide my way,  
And let me rove no more.

4 Unworthy, as I am,  
Of thy protecting care,  
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,  
For all my hopes are there.

579

S. M.

*The Warfare.*

C. WESLEY.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on,  
Strong is the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son. [plies

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued,  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

4 Till, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
You may overcome, through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry  
In all his soldiers, come!  
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,  
And take the conquerors home.

580

75, 68, D.

*Psalms* 77.

J. MONTGOMERY.

IN time of tribulation,  
Hear, Lord! my feeble cries;  
With humble supplication  
To thee my spirit flies:

My heart with grief is breaking;  
Scarce can my voice complain:  
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,  
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 Thee, with the tribes assembled,  
O God, the billows saw;  
They saw thee and they trembled,  
Turned, and stood still with awe;  
The clouds shot hail,—they lightened,—  
The earth reeled to and fro;  
The fiery pillar brightened  
The gulf of gloom below.

3 Thy way is in great waters:  
Thy footsteps are not known:  
Let Adam's sons and daughters  
Confide in thee alone:  
Through the wild sea thou leddest  
Thy chosen flock of yore:  
Still on the waves thou treadest,  
And thy redeemed pass o'er.



581

68, 58. *Growth by Conflict.*

Purer yet and purer  
I would be in mind,  
Dearer yet and dearer  
Every duty find;  
Hoping still and trusting  
God without a fear,  
Patiently believing  
He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer  
Trial bear and pain,  
Surer yet and surer  
Peace at last to gain;  
Suffering still and doing,  
To his will resigned,  
And to God subduing  
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher  
Out of clouds and night,  
Nearer yet and nearer  
Rising to the light—  
Light serene and holy,  
Where my soul may rest,  
Purified and lowly,  
Sanctified and blest.

4 Quicker yet and quicker  
Ever onward press,  
Firmer yet and firmer  
Step as I progress:  
Oft these earnest longings  
Swell within my breast,  
Yet their inner meaning  
Ne'er can be expressed.

582

H. M. 1 Tim. 6: 12. J. MONTGOMERY.

Fight the good fight! lay hold  
Upon eternal life;  
Keep but thy shield,—be bold!  
Stand through the hottest strife:  
With thy great Captain on the field,  
Thou canst not fail, unless thou yield.

2 No force of earth or hell,  
Though fiends with men unite,  
Truth's champion can compel,  
However pressed, to flight:  
He stands unmoved upon the field;  
He cannot fall, unless he yield.

3 Great words are these, and strong;  
Yet, Lord, I look to thee;

ANON. To whom alone belong

Valor and victory:  
With thee, my Captain, in the field,  
I must prevail—I cannot yield!

583

C. M. D. "Wake thy heart!" J. BOWDLER.

CHILDREN of God, who, faint and slow,  
Your pilgrim-path pursue,  
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,  
To God's high calling true!—  
Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,  
A doubting, mournful band?  
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?  
Why fails the feeble hand?

2 Oh, weak to know a Saviour's power,  
To feel a Father's care!  
A moment's toil, a passing shower,  
Is all the grief ye share.  
The orb of light, though clouds awhile  
May hide his noon-tide ray,  
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile  
To gild the closing day,—

3 And, bursting through the dusky  
shroud  
That dared his power invest,  
Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,  
Triumphant to his rest.  
Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,  
The faithless doubt remove;  
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,  
Oh! wake thy heart to love.

584

75. Deut. 33: 25. W. F. LLOYD.

Wart, my soul, upon the Lord,  
To his gracious promise flee,  
Laying hold upon his word,  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case  
Seem peculiar still to thee,  
God has promised needful grace—  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,  
In succession thou mayst see;  
This is still thy sweet relief—  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,  
With thy promise full and free;  
Faithful, positive, and sure—  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

BARTIMEUS. 8s, 7s.

STEPHEN JENKS.

1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend;  
His is love be - yond a broth-er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.

585

*"Closer than a brother."* J. NEWTON.

- ONE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abaséd,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a friend we have above.

586

*"Jesus only."* E. NASON.

- JESUS only, when the morning  
Beams upon the path I tread;  
Jesus only, when the darkness  
Gathers round my weary head.
- 2 Jesus only, when the billows  
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;  
Jesus only, when the trumpet  
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
- 3 Jesus only, when, adoring,  
Saints their crowns before him bring;  
Jesus only, I will, joyous,  
Through eternal ages sing.

587

*None but Jesus.* A. R. COUSIN.

- NONE but Christ: his merit hides me,  
He was faultless—I am fair;  
None but Christ, his wisdom guides me,  
He was out-cast—I'm his care.
- 2 None but Christ: his Spirit seals me,  
Gives me freedom with control;  
None but Christ, his bruising heals me,  
And his sorrow soothes my soul.
- 3 None but Christ: his life sustains me,  
Strength and song to me he is;  
None but Christ, his love constrains me,  
He is mine and I am his.

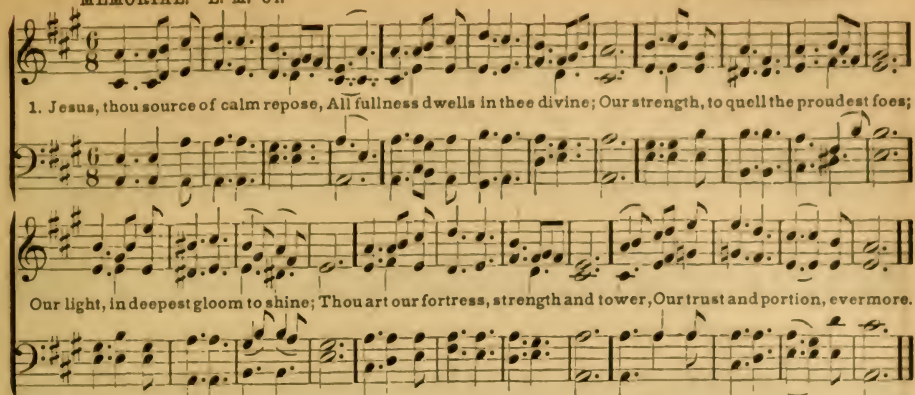
588

*"With you always."* E. H. NEVIN.

- ALWAYS with us, always with us—  
Words of cheer and words of love;  
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,  
From his dwelling-place above.
- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,  
Sowing much and reaping none;  
Telling us that in the future  
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear;  
Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stillling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream—  
Lighting up the steps to glory  
With salvation's radiant beam.

MEMORIAL. L. M. 61.

FROM DONIZETTI.



589

"All fullness."

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,  
All fullness dwells in thee divine;  
Our strength to quell the proudest foes;  
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;  
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,  
Our trust and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;  
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;  
The balm to heal each broken heart,  
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;  
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;  
In shame, our glory and our crown;—

3 In want, our plentiful supply;  
In weakness, our almighty power;  
In bonds, our perfect liberty;  
Our refuge in temptation's hour;  
Our comfort when in grief and thrall;  
Our life in death; our all in all.

590

"Just such as I."

J. EDMESTON.

AS OFT with worn and weary feet,  
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,  
The thought, how comforting and sweet,  
Christ trod this very path before!  
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,  
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,  
And whisper evil things within,  
So did he, in the desert way,  
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin:  
When worn, and in a feeble hour,  
The tempter came with all his power.

3 Just such as I, this earth he trod,  
With every human ill but sin;  
And, though indeed the very God,  
As I am now, so he has been:  
My God, my Saviour! look on me  
With pity, love, and sympathy.

591

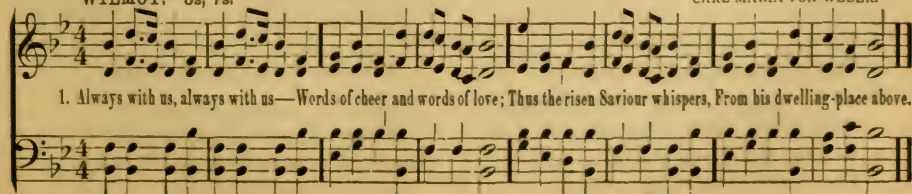
"My Strength, my Tower." J. WESLEY, tr.

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower!  
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;  
Thee will I love, with all my power,  
In all thy works, and thee alone:  
Thee will I love, till the pure fire  
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!  
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown  
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod.  
What though my heart and flesh decay?  
Thee shall I love in endless day.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



1. Always with us, always with us—Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the risen Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place above.



CARLISLE. S. M.

CHARLES LOCKHART.

1. Dear Lord and Mas - ter mine! Thy hap - py ser - vant see;

My Conqu'ror! with what joy di - vine Thy cap - tive clings to thee!

592

*"Master mine!"*

T. H. GILL.

DEAR Lord and Master mine!

Thy happy servant see;

My Conqueror! with what joy divine

Thy captive clings to thee!

2 I would not walk alone,

But still with thee, my God,

At every step my blindness own,

And ask of thee the road.

3 The weakness I enjoy

That casts me on thy breast;

The conflicts that thy strength employ  
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine!

Still keep thy servant true;

My Guardian and my Guide divine!

Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

5 My Conqueror and my King!

Still keep me in thy train;

And with thee thy glad captive bring

When thou return'st to reign.

STILLINGFLEET. S. M.

SWISS COLL.

1. My God, my Life, my Love, To thee, to thee I call; I cannot live, if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

593

*None but Jesus.*

I. WATTS.

Mr God, my Life, my Love,

To thee, to thee I call;

I cannot live, if thou remove,

For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,

The angels owe their bliss:

They sit around thy gracious throne,

And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above

Can make a heavenly place,

If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,

Can one delight afford—

No, not a drop of real joy

Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,

Where all my pleasures roll;

The circle where my passions move,

And centre of my soul.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. R. SWEETSER.

1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to him be - long,

It mat - ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.

594

"Jesus is my friend." C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

SINCE Jesus is my friend,  
And I to him belong,  
It matters not what foes intend,  
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast  
Sweet words of holy cheer,  
How they who seek in God their rest  
Shall ever find him near;—

3 How God hath built above  
A city fair and new,  
Where eye and heart shall see and prove  
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;  
It cannot more be sad;  
For very joy it smiles and sings,—  
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes  
Is Christ, the Lord I love;  
I sing for joy of that which lies  
Stored up for me above.

3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim;  
And guide me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my future days;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

595

*Psalms 23.*

I. WATTS.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied;  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.

596

*Unseen, we love.*

I. WATTS.

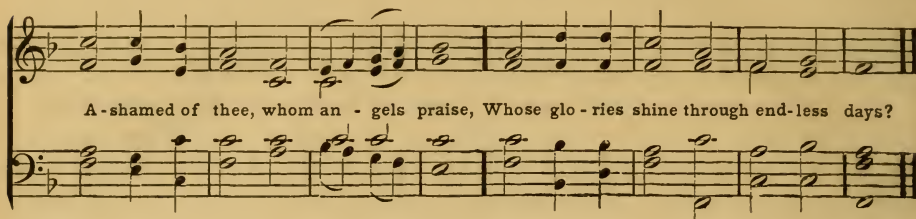
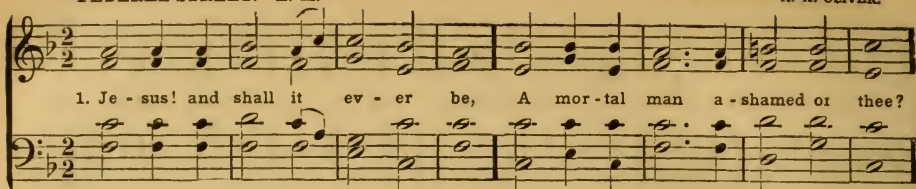
Nor with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord;  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name;  
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face;  
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heaven begins below.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



597

*"Ashamed of me."*

J. GRIGG.

Jesus! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!  
And, oh, may this my glory be  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

598

*Jesus all in all.*

RAY PALMER, tr.

Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts,  
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!  
From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on thee call;  
To them that seek thee thou art good,  
To them that find thee, All in All.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon thee still;  
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

599

*"Not your own."*

S. F. SMITH.

Oh, not my own these verdant hills,  
And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and  
wood;

But his who all with glory fills,  
Who bought me with his precious blood.

2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,  
Its curious work, its living soul;  
But his who for my ransom came;  
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

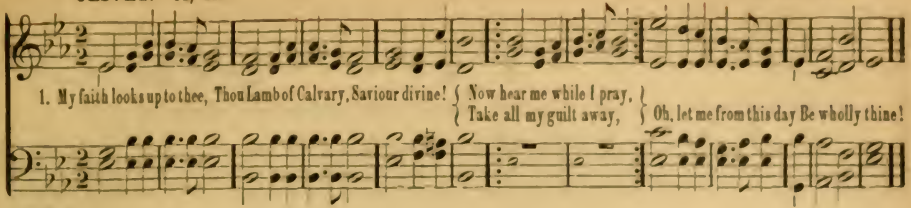
3 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps  
My feet from fierce temptations free;  
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps,  
Adoring, blessed Lord, to thee.

4 Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing,  
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,  
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring  
Safe home, to wander nevermore.



OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



600

"Look unto Me."

RAY PALMER.

My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly thine!

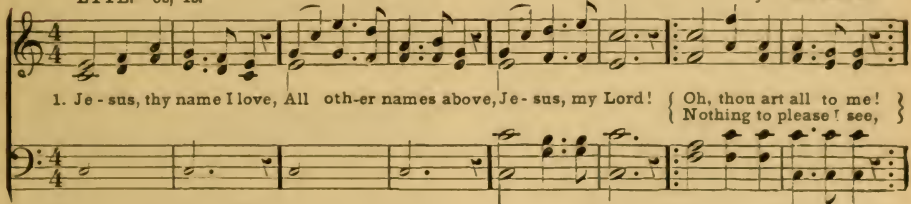
2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

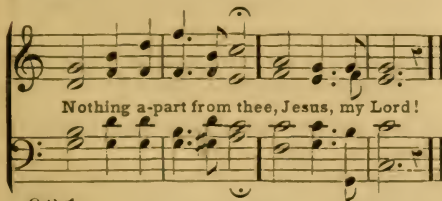
4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour! then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

LYTE. 6s, 4s.

J. F. HOLBROOK.



1. Je- sus, thy name I love, All oth-er names above, Je- sus, my Lord! { Oh, thou art all to me! }  
Nothing to please I see, { }



Nothing a-part from thee, Jesus, my Lord!

601

"Jesus my Lord!"

J. G. DECK.

JESUS, thy name I love,  
All other names above,  
Jesus, my Lord!

Oh, thou art all to me!  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from thee,  
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blesséd Son of God,  
Hast bought me with thy blood,  
Jesus, my Lord!

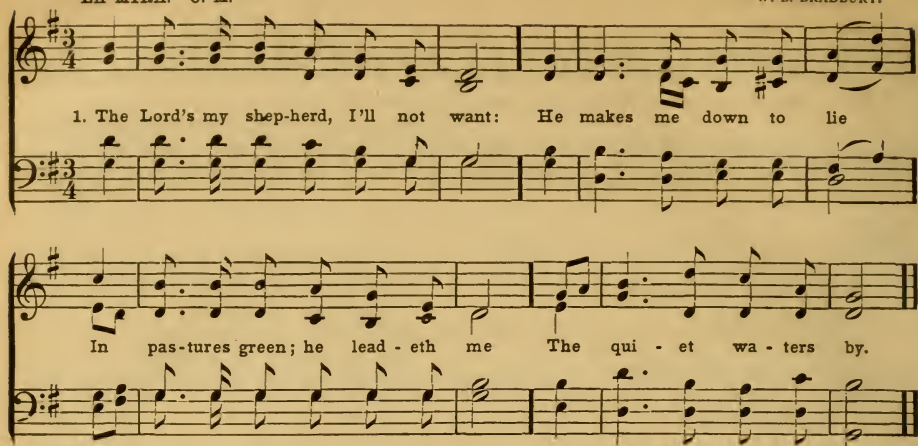
Oh, how great is thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my refuge be,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
What need I now to fear?  
What earthly grief or care,  
Since thou art ever near?  
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!  
I shall be happy then,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Then thine own face I'll see,  
Then I shall like thee be,  
Then evermore with thee,  
Jesus, my Lord!

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. The Lord's my shep-herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie  
In pas-tures green; he lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.

602

Psalm 23.

SCOTCH VERS.

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For thou art with me, and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

603

Loving and Beloved.

P. DODDRIDGE.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart, and see;  
And turn the dearest idol out  
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,  
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honor of thy name?  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;  
But, oh, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

ARMENIA. C. M.

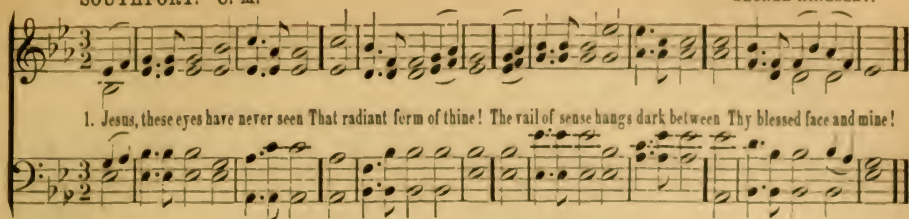
S. B. POND.



1. { Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart, and see; }  
And turn the dearest i - dol out (Omit) ..... That dares to ri - val thee.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. Jesus, these eyes have never seen That radiant form of thine! The vail of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine!

604

"Whom unseen, we love." RAY PALMER.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of thine!  
The vail of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine!

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,  
Yet art thou oft with me;  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,  
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un-  
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought,  
Thine image ever fills my thought,  
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone;  
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,  
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending vail shall thee reveal,  
All glorious as thou art!

605

Strength, Fortress, Refuge. A. STEELE.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,  
Here let my soul retreat,  
With humble hope attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

GEER. C. M.

H. W. GREATOROX.



1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On thee, when sor - rows rise,



On thee, when waves of troub - le roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.



HURSLEY. L. M.

W. H. MONK, arr.

1. Oh, sweetly breathe the lyres a - bove, When an - gels touch the quivering string;

And wake, to chant Im - man - uel's love, Such strains as an - gel - lips can sing.

606

*Immanuel.*

RAY PALMER.

Oh, sweetly breathe the lyres above,  
When angels touch the quivering string,  
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,  
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,  
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;  
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,  
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;  
We own the bond that makes us thine;  
And carnal joys that charmed before,  
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,  
Accept thine offered grace to-day;  
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,  
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust,—on thee rely;  
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;  
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly  
To join the bright, immortal throng!

607

*Robe of Righteousness.*

J. WESLEY, tr.

JESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—  
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,  
For ever doth for sinners plead,—  
For me, ev'n for my soul, was shed.

3 When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies—  
Ev'n then, this shall be all my plea:  
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruined nature sinks in years;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice:  
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

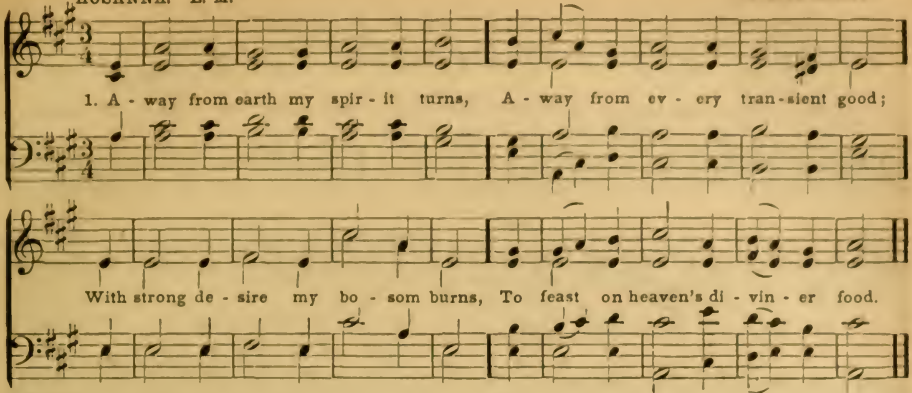
GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

I. FLEVEL.

1. Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

HOSANNA. L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



1. A - way from earth my spir - it turns, A - way from ev - ery tran - sient good;  
With strong de - sire my bo - som burns, To feast on heaven's di - vin - er food.

608

"The living bread."

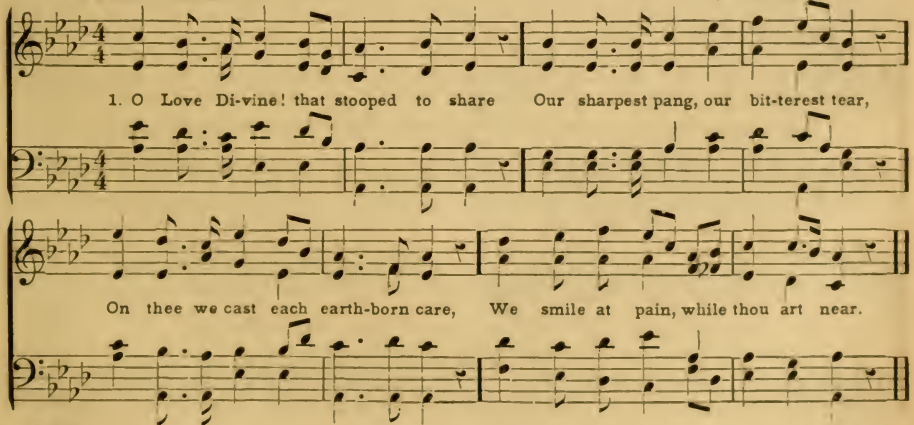
RAY PALMER.

AWAY from earth my spirit turns,  
Away from every transient good;  
With strong desire my bosom burns,  
To feast on heaven's diviner food.  
2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;  
Thou wilt my every want supply:  
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,  
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,  
And sin assails and breaks my peace;  
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,  
And bid the storms of passion cease.  
4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,  
And walk beside thee onward still;  
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,  
For ever firm, on Zion's hill.

DWIGHT. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK, arr.



1. O Love Di-vine! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-terest tear,  
On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain, while thou art near.

609

"Thou art near."

O. W. HOLMES.

O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain, while thou art near.  
2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us thou art near.  
4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, for ever dear;  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living or dying, thou art near!

## PENIEL. O. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. My God! the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights,  
The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights!

610

*"Altogether Lovely."*

I. WATTS.

My God! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun:  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers, I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To embrace my dearest Lord!

## MELODY. C. M.

A. CHAPIN.

1. Je-sus, who on his glo-rious throne Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,  
Is pleased to claim me for his own And give him-self to me.

611

*"To live is Christ."*

J. NEWTON.

JESUS, who on his glorious throne  
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,  
Is pleased to claim me for his own  
And give himself to me.

2 His person fixes all my love,  
His blood removes my fear;  
And while he pleads for me above,  
His arm preserves me here.

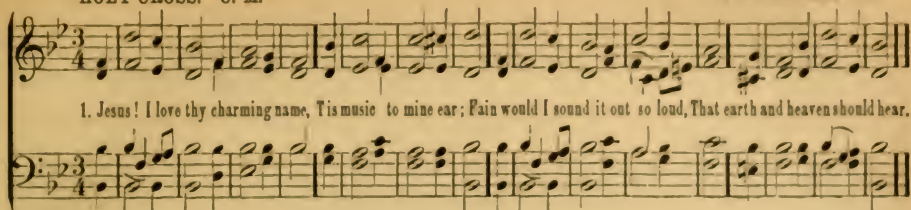
3 His word of promise is my food,  
His Spirit is my guide;  
Thus daily is my strength renewed,  
And all my wants supplied.

4 For him I count as gain each loss,  
Disgrace for him renown;  
Well may I glory in my cross,  
While he prepares my crown.



HOLY CROSS. C. M.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.



1. Jesus! I love thy charming name, Tis music to mine ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heaven should hear.

612

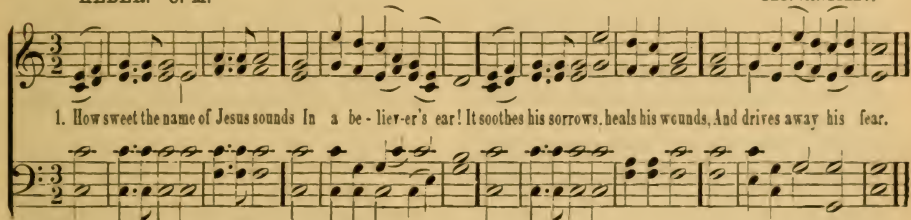
"His name Jesus." P. DODDRIDGE.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,  
 'Tis music to mine ear;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
 That earth and heaven should hear.  
 2 Yes!—thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport and my trust;  
 Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
 In thee doth richly meet;  
 Not to mine eyes is light so dear,  
 Nor friendship half so sweet.  
 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
 And sheds its fragrance there;—  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

613

"He is precious." J. NEWTON.

How SWEET the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.  
 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary, rest.  
 3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring.  
 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought;  
 But when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll praise thee as I ought.  
 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,  
 With every fleeting breath;  
 And may the music of thy name,  
 Refresh my soul in death.

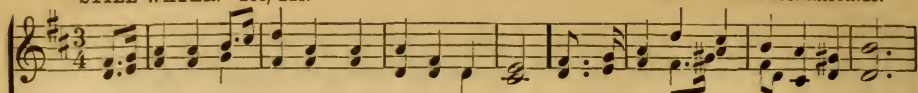
614

"Jesus only." E. CASWALL, tr.

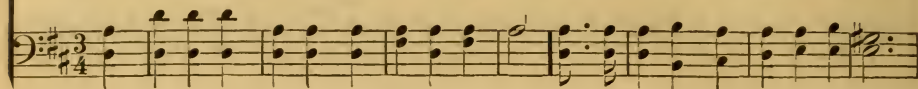
JESUS, the very thought of thee,  
 With sweetness fills my breast;  
 But sweeter far thy face to see  
 And in thy presence rest.  
 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find  
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,  
 O Saviour of mankind!  
 3 O Hope of every contrite heart!  
 O Joy of all the meek!  
 To those who fall, how kind thou art!  
 How good to those who seek!  
 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is,  
 None but his loved ones know.  
 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,  
 As thou our prize wilt be;  
 Jesus, be thou our glory now,  
 And through eternity.

## STILL WATER. 10s, 11s.

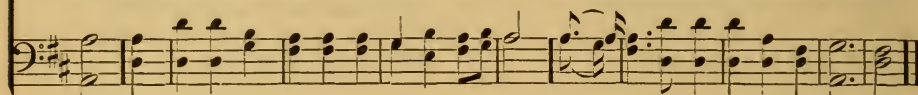
THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Oh, tell me, thou life and de - light of my soul, Where the flock of thy pasture are feed -



ing, I seek thy pro - tection, I need thy con - trol, I would go where my Shepherd is leading.



## 615

Cant. 1: 7, 8.

THOS. HASTINGS.

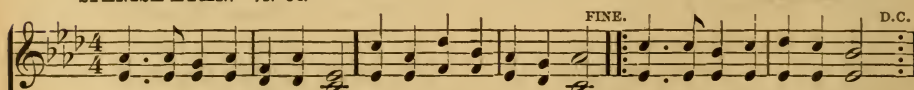
- Oh, tell me, thou life and delight of my soul,  
Where the flock of thy pasture are feed - ing;  
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,  
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.
- 2 Oh, tell me the place where thy flock are  
at rest,  
Where the noontide will find them re -  
posing;  
The tempest now rages, my soul is dis -  
tressed,  
And the pathway of peace I am losing.
- 3 And why should I stray with the flocks  
of thy foes,  
In the desert where now they are rov -  
ing,
- Where hunger and thirst, where affliction  
and woes,  
And temptations their ruin are proving?
- 4 Ah, when shall my woes and my wander -  
ings cease,  
And the follies that fill me with weeping?  
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that  
peace,  
Thou dost give to the flock thou art  
keeping.
- 5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids  
me return  
By the way where the footprints are  
lying;  
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn:  
And homeward my spirit is flying.

## SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6l.

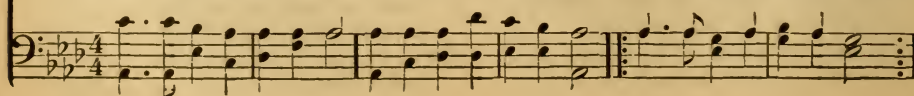
SPANISH MELODY.

FINE.

D.C.



1. Blessed Saviour, thee I love, All my other joys a -bove; } { All my hopes in thee a-bide, }  
D.C.—Ev - er let my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly thee. } { Thou my hope, and naught beside; }



ARIEL C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine!  
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Ga-briel while he sings } In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine.

616

"He is precious."

S. MEDLEY.

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,  
 Oh, could I sound the glories forth,  
 Which in my Saviour shine!  
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
 In notes almost divine.  
 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
 Of sin and wrath divine!  
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
 In which all-perfect heavenly dress  
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
 And all the forms of love he wears,  
 Exalted on his throne:  
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
 I would to everlasting days  
 Make all his glories known.  
 4 Well—the delightful day will come,  
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
 And I shall see his face:  
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 A blest eternity I'll spend,  
 Triumphant in his grace.

617

7s, 6L

"Only thee."

G. DUFFIELD.

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,  
 All my other joys above;  
 All my hopes in thee abide,  
 Thou my hope, and naught beside:  
 Ever let my glory be,  
 Only, only, only thee.  
 2 Once again beside the cross,  
 All my gain I count but loss;  
 Earthly pleasures fade away,—  
 Clouds they are that hide my day:  
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see  
 Jesus, crucified for me.  
 3 Blesséd Saviour, thine am I,  
 Thine to live, and thine to die;  
 Height, or depth, or earthly power,  
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:  
 Ever shall my glory be  
 Only, only, only thee!

618

7s, 6L

"I am thine."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

JESUS, Master, whose I am,  
 Purchased thine alone to be,  
 By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,  
 Shed so willingly for me;  
 Let my heart be all thine own,  
 Let me live to thee alone.  
 2 Other lords have long held sway;  
 Now thy name alone to bear,  
 Thy dear voice alone obey,  
 Is my daily, hourly prayer.  
 Whom have I in heaven but thee?  
 Nothing else my joy can be.  
 3 Jesus, Master, I am thine;  
 Keep me faithful, keep me near;  
 Let thy presence in me shine  
 All my homeward way to cheer.  
 Jesus, at thy feet I fall,  
 Oh, be thou my All in all.



GOSHEN. 11s.

THOS. HASTINGS, arr.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my  
D. S.—Je - ho - vah, my

FINE. D. S.

dan-ger, and felt not my load; Though friends spoke in rap-ture of Christ on the tree,  
Sav-our, seemed nothing to me.

619

*Love and assurance.* R. M. MC CHEVNE.

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God;  
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;  
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ  
on the tree,  
Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to me.

2 When free grace awoke me by light from  
on high,  
Then legal fears shook me: I trembled to die:  
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see:  
Jehovah, thou only my Saviour must be!

3 My terrors all vanished before his sweet  
name;  
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I  
came  
To drink at the fountain, so copious and free:  
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and  
boast;  
Jehovah, my Saviour, I ne'er can be lost;  
In thee I shall conquer, by flood and by  
field,  
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield!

620

*"Looking unto Jesus."* J. N. DAREY.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that  
are sore!  
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!  
The light of his countenance shineth so  
bright,  
That here, as in heaven, there need be no  
night.

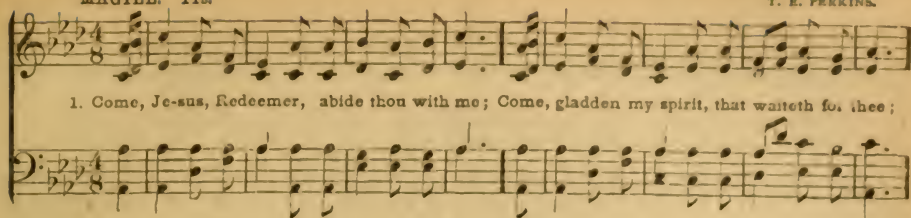
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart can-  
not fear;  
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;  
I know that his presence my safeguard  
will be,  
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith  
unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,  
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me  
round:  
They bear me away in his presence to be:  
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

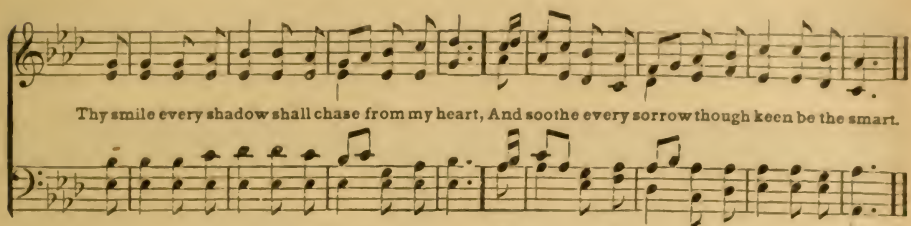
4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty  
and grace  
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;  
Shall know how his love went before me  
each day,  
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

MAGILL. 11s.

T. E. PERKINS.



1. Come, Je-sus, Redeemer, abide thou with me; Come, gladden my spirit, that waiteth for thee;



Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart, And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.

621

"I will come to you."

RAY PALMER.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me;  
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee;  
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,  
And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.

5 Oh, then, blessed Jesus, who once for me died,  
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,  
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,  
And praise thee with raptures for ever untold!

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;

By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;

Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,

Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure!

Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!

That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,

That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace:

From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;

In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,

Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

622

"Distresses for Christ's sake."

C. FRY.

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King,

For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?

Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,

For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?

2 For this I should praise; but if only for this,

I should leave half untold the donation of bliss!

I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, and care,

For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;—

3 For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears, A present of pain, a prospective of fears;

I praise thee, I bless thee, my Lord and my God,

For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed!

DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

LEWIS EDSON.

FINE.

1. {How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no long-er I see!}  
 The woodlands, the fields, and the flowers, Have lost all their sweetness to me. }  
 D. C.—His presence can ban-ish my gloom, And bid all with-in me re-joice.

His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And soft-er than mu-sic his voice;

623

"Whom have I but thee?" J. NEWTON.

How TEDIOUS and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see!  
 The woodlands, the fields, and the flowers,  
 Have lost all their sweetness to me.  
 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And softer than music his voice;  
 His presence can banish my gloom,  
 And bid all within me rejoice.

2 Dear Lord! if indeed I am thine,  
 And thou art my light and my song;  
 Say, why do I languish and pine,  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky,  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
 Or bid me soar upward on high,  
 Where winters and storms are no more.

624

"Altogether lovely."

B. FRANCIS.

My gracious Redeemer I love,  
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim:  
 And join with the armies above,  
 To shout his adorable name.  
 To gaze on his glories divine  
 Shall be my eternal employ;  
 To see them incessantly shine,  
 My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed with his blood  
 My soul from the confines of hell,  
 To live on the smiles of my God,  
 And in his sweet presence to dwell:—  
 To shine with the angels in light,  
 With saints and with seraphs to sing,  
 To view, with eternal delight,  
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King!

VERNON. 8s. D.

GERMAN.

1. {My gra-cious Redeem-er I love, His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim:}  
 And join with the ar-mies a-bove, (Omit) To shout his a -  
 D. C.—To see them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My boundless, in-ef-fa-ble joy.

dor-a-ble name. To gaze on his glo-ries di-vine Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy;



MADISON. 8s. D.

S. B. POND.

1. Ye angels! who stand round the throne, And view my Immanuel's face,—In rapturous songs make him

known, Oh, tune your soft harps to his praise: He formed you the spirits you are, So hap-py, so

no - ble, so good; When oth-ers sank down in despair, Confirmed by his pow-er, ye stood.

625

*Philippians 1: 23.*

M. DE FLEURY.

YE angels! who stand round the throne,  
And view my Immanuel's face,—  
In rapturous songs make him known,  
Oh, tune your soft harps to his praise:  
He formed you the spirits you are,  
So happy, so noble, so good;  
When others sank down in despair,  
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,  
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
His grace and his glory display,  
And all his rich mercy repeat;  
He snatched you from hell and the grave,  
He ransomed from death and despair:  
For you he was mighty to save,  
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the period appear  
When I shall unite in your song?  
I'm weary of lingering here,  
And I to your Saviour belong!  
I want—oh, I want to be there,  
To sorrow and sin bid adieu—  
Your joy and your friendship to share—  
To wonder, and worship with you!

626

*"Not seen, ye love."*

W. COWPER.

My Saviour, whom absent I love,  
Whom, not having seen, I adore,  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power,—  
Dissolve thou these bands that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee;  
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free!

2 When that happy era begins,  
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline,  
Oh, then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me thy brightness be poured!  
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,  
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose:  
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone;  
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne!

KARL. 7s.

GEO. KINGSLEY, arr.

1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,  
But be - fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.

627

*"Altogether lovely."* F. E. COX, tr.

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,  
Lovely forms or beauties rare,  
But before my eyes they bring  
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,  
When the golden sunbeams rise,  
Then my Saviour's form I find  
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the star-beams pierce the night,  
Oft I think on Jesus' light;  
Think how bright that light will be,  
Shining through eternity.

4 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel  
This dark cloud in which I dwell,  
And to me the power impart  
To behold thee as thou art.

628

*"Immanuel."*

J. NEWTON.

SWEETER sounds than music knows  
Charm me in Immanuel's name;  
All her hopes my spirit owes  
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came the angels sung,  
"Glory be to God on high:"  
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;  
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,  
That he might the law fulfill,  
Bleed and suffer in my room,—  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are, and weak;  
For should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour! Shield, and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend—  
Every precious name in one!  
I will love thee without end.

629

*"To live is Christ."*

R. WARDLAW.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,  
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,  
Still in thee let me be found,  
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!  
Freely from thy fullness give;  
Till I close my earthly race,  
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

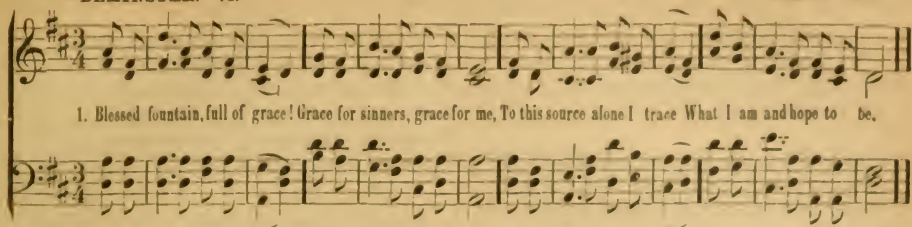
3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,  
Nothing shall my heart confound;  
Safely I shall pass the flood,  
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessed shore,  
Back the closing waves shall roll!  
Death's dark stream shall nevermore  
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus—oh, thus an entrance give  
To the land of cloudless sky;  
Having known it "Christ to live,"  
Let me know it "gain to die."

BEMINSTER. 7s.

BRISTOL COLL.



1. Blessed fountain, full of grace! Grace for sinners, grace for me, To this source alone I trace What I am and hope to be.

630

"I am what I am."

T. KELLY.

BLESSED fountain, full of grace!

Grace for sinners, grace for me,  
To this source alone I trace  
What I am, and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeemed,  
Saved and rescued by the Lord;  
Hating what I once esteemed,  
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,  
When I take my place above;

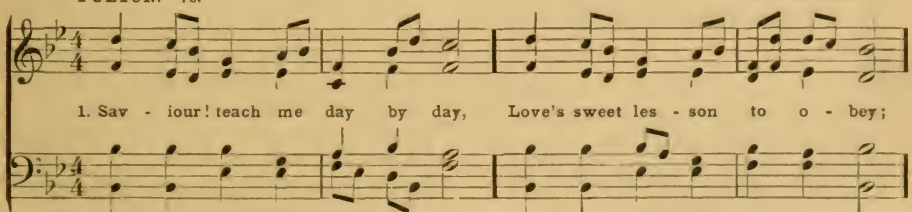
When I join the heavenly throng;  
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,  
Who redeemed his saints from sin,  
Whom I now obscurely see,  
Through a veil that stands between.

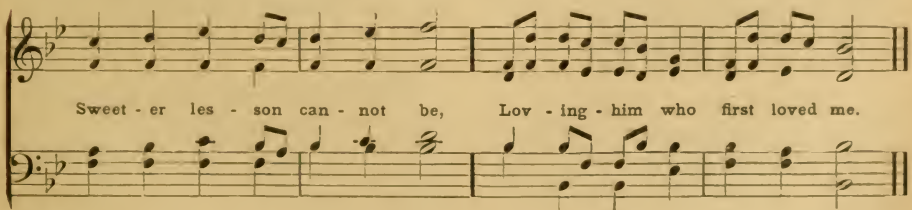
5 Blesséd fountain, full of grace!  
Grace for sinners, grace for me;  
To this source alone I trace  
What I am, and hope to be.

FULTON. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Sav - iour! teach me day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;



Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing - him who first loved me.

631

"Who first loved us."

J. E. LERSON.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson to obey;  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,  
At thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow thee,  
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in thy grace;

Learning how to love from thee,  
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till thy face I see,  
Of his love who first loved me.



632

C. M.

*"He is precious,"* O. HEGINBOTHAM.

BLEST JESUS! when my soaring thoughts  
O'er all thy graces rove,  
How is my soul in transport lost,—  
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,  
Like thy beloved name;  
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire  
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes  
Unnumbered blessings see;  
But what is life, with all its bliss,  
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?  
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell  
If aught can raise my passions thus,  
Or please my soul so well.

5 No; thou art precious to my heart,  
My portion and my joy:  
For ever let thy boundless grace  
My sweetest thoughts employ.

633

C. M. D.

*Jesus' Words.*

H. BONAR.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—  
"Come unto me and rest:  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast!"  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad,  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—  
"Behold I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-  
And now I live in him. [vived,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—  
"I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise  
And all thy day be bright!"  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till all my journey's done.

634

7S, 6 L.

*Psalm 23.*

ANON.

SHEPHERD! with thy tenderest love,  
Guide me to thy fold above;  
Let me hear thy gentle voice;  
More and more in thee rejoice;  
From thy fullness grace receive,  
Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,  
For thy love no limit knows:  
Guardian angels, ever nigh,  
Lead and draw my soul on high;  
Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,  
Death is life, and labor rest;  
Guide me while I draw my breath,  
Guard me through the gate of death;  
And at last, oh, let me stand,  
With the sheep at thy right hand.

635

L. M. D.

*"I love thee, Lord!"*

R. HEBER.

THOUGH sorrows rise and dangers roll,  
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;  
Though friends are false, and love de-  
And few and evil are my days; [cays,  
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,  
Swell with remembered guilt my woes;  
Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,  
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,  
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,  
And memory points, with busy pain,  
To grace and mercy given in vain;  
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,  
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;  
Though every thought has power to kill,  
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

3 Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,  
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,  
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom  
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;  
By these my pangs, whose healing smart,  
Thy grace hath planted in my heart—  
I know, I feel thy bounteous will,  
Thou lov'st me, Lord! thou lov'st me still!

636

C. M. D.

*Psalm 23.*

I. WATTS.

My Shepherd will supply my need,  
 Jehovah is his name;  
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
 Beside the living stream.  
 He brings my wandering spirit back,  
 When I forsake his ways;  
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
 In paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk through the shades of  
 Thy presence is my stay; [death,  
 A word of thy supporting breath  
 Drives all my fears away.  
 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
 Doth still my table spread;  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God  
 Attend me all my days;  
 Oh, may thy house be mine abode,  
 And all my works be praise:  
 There would I find a settled rest,  
 While others go and come,—  
 No more a stranger, or a guest,  
 But like a child at home.

637

C. M.

*Christ, our Model.* E. CASWALL, tr.

O JESUS! King most wonderful,  
 Thou Conqueror renowned;  
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,  
 In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,  
 Then truth begins to shine,  
 Then earthly vanities depart,  
 Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!  
 Thou Fount of life and fire!  
 Surpassing all the joys we know,  
 All that we can desire,—

4 May every heart confess thy name,  
 And ever thee adore;  
 And, seeking thee, itself inflame  
 To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless:  
 Thee may we love alone;  
 And ever in our life express  
 The image of thine own.

638

C. M.

*Christ above all.*

J. NEWTON.

LET worldly minds the world pursue—  
 It has no charms for me;  
 Once I admired its trifles too,  
 But grace hath set me free.

2 Its joys can now no longer please,  
 Nor ev'n content afford:  
 Far from my heart be joys like these,  
 For I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day  
 The stars are all concealed,  
 So earthly pleasures fade away  
 When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice—  
 I bid them all depart;  
 His name, his love, his gracious voice,  
 Have fixed my roving heart.

5 And may I hope that thou wilt own  
 A worthless worm like me?  
 Dear Lord! I would be thine alone,  
 And wholly live to thee.

639

7s, 6s, D. "God, our Saviour."

T. HAWKES

To thee, my God and Saviour!

My heart exulting sings,  
 Rejoicing in thy favor,  
 Almighty King of kings!  
 I'll celebrate thy glory,  
 With all thy saints above,  
 And tell the joyful story  
 Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses  
 Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun reposes  
 Upon the ocean's breast,  
 My voice, in supplication,  
 Well-pleased the Lord shall hear:  
 Oh, grant me thy salvation,  
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,  
 I'll pass the dangerous road,  
 With heavenly hosts escorted,  
 Up to thy bright abode;  
 Then cast my crown before thee,  
 And, all my conflicts o'er,  
 Unceasingly adore thee:—  
 What could an angel more?

## ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6l.

C. R. A. MALAN.

1. { Bless-ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own blood; }  
 { They are ransomed from the grave; Life e - ter - nal they shall have: } With them numbered

may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

## 640

Brotherly Love. J. HUMPHREYS.

BLESSED are the sons of God,  
 They are bought with Christ's own blood;  
 They are ransomed from the grave;  
 Life eternal they shall have:  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,  
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace;  
 All their sins are washed away;  
 They shall stand in God's great day:  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,  
 Children of a heavenly birth,—

One with God, with Jesus one:  
 Glory is in them begun:  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity.

## 641

Charity. C. WINKWORTH, tr.

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues  
 Bravest words of strength and fire,  
 They are but as idle songs,  
 If no love my heart inspire;  
 All the eloquence shall pass  
 As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have  
 On the poor in charity,  
 Though I shrink not from the grave,  
 Or unmoved the stake can see,—  
 Till by love the work be crowned,  
 All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,  
 Who didst forth from God proceed,  
 Never from my heart remove;  
 Let me all thy impulse heed;  
 Let my heart henceforward be  
 Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

## GUIDE. 7s. 6l.

M. M. WELLS.

1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart; Make me teach - a - ble and mild,  
 D. C.—From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es thee. FINE.

Up - right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a wean - ed child: D. C.



## REPOSE. 7s. 6l.

J. P. HOLBROOK, arr.

1. Qui - et, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teach-a-ble and mild, Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child: From distrust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleases thee.

## 642

Psalm 131.

J. NEWTON.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child:  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:  
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;  
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone;—  
Let me thus with thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

## 643

Trust.

E. H. NEVIN.

SAVIOUR, happy would I be,  
If I could but trust in thee;  
Trust thy wisdom me to guide;  
Trust thy goodness to provide;  
Trust thy saving love and power;  
Trust thee every day and hour:—

2 Trust thee as the only light  
In the darkest hour of night;  
Trust in sickness, trust in health;  
Trust in poverty and wealth;  
Trust in joy and trust in grief;  
Trust thy promise for relief:—

3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;  
Trust thy grace to make me whole;  
Trust thee living, dying too;  
Trust thee all my journey through;  
Trust thee till my feet shall be  
Planted on the crystal sea.

## VIOLA. 7s. 6l.

FINE.

W. B. BRADBURY.

D.C.

1. Abba, Father, hear thy child, Late in Jesus re - con - ciled; Hear, and all the graces shower, All the joy, and peace, and power;  
D. C. - All my Saviour asks above, All the life and heaven of love.

## 644

Spirituality.

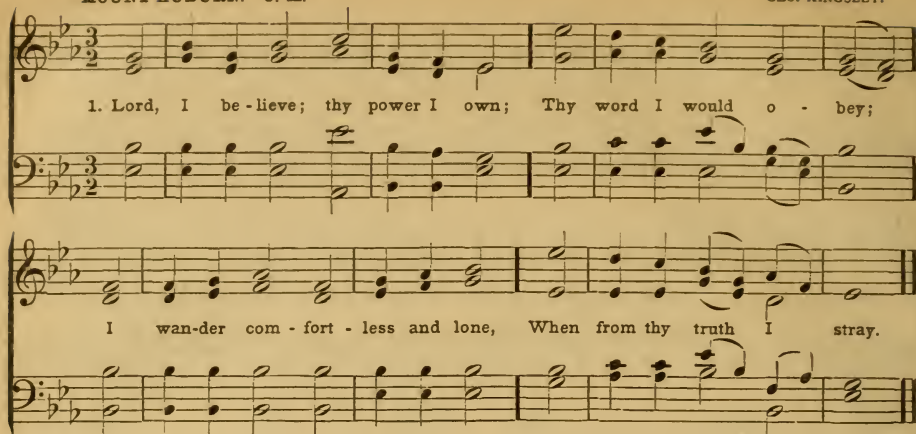
C. WESLEY.

ABBA, Father, hear thy child,  
Late in Jesus reconciled;  
Hear, and all the graces shower,  
All the joy, and peace, and power;  
All my Saviour asks above,  
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Holy Ghost, no more delay;  
Come, and in thy temple stay:  
Now, thine inward witness bear,  
Strong, and permanent, and clear:  
Spring of life, thyself impart;  
Rise eternal in my heart.

## MOUNT AUBURN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. Lord, I be-lieve; thy power I own; Thy word I would o-bey;  
I wan-der com-fort-less and lone, When from thy truth I stray.

645

*Faith.*

J. R. WREPFORD.

LORD, I believe; thy power I own;  
Thy word I would obey;  
I wander comfortless and lone,  
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight;  
I look to thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,  
My faith is cold and weak:  
My weakness strengthen, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou  
Canst give my soul relief:  
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;  
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

646

*Meekness.*

T. H. GILL.

LORD! when I all things would possess,  
I crave but to be thine;  
Oh, lowly is the loftiness  
Of these desires divine.

2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn  
How boundless is thy store;  
I go from strength to strength, and yearn  
For thee, my Helper, more.

3 How can my soul divinely soar,  
How keep the shining way,  
And not more tremblingly adore,  
And not more humbly pray!

4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,  
The more I wait on thee;  
The grace that mightily uplifts  
Most sweetly humbleth me.

5 The heaven where I would stand complete  
My lowly love shall see,  
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,  
My holy One! for thee.

647

*Calmness.*

H. BONAR.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;  
Let thine outstretched wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,  
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet,—  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in my hour of pain,  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like him who bore my shame,  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,  
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

## CORINTH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My God, how won - der - ful thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how bright!

How glo - rious is thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!

648

*"Herein is Love."*

F. W. FABER.

My God, how wonderful thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright!  
How glorious is thy mercy seat,  
In depths of burning light!

2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as thou art;  
For thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee,  
No mother half so mild  
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done  
With me, thy sinful child.

4 My God, how wonderful thou art,  
Thou everlasting Friend!  
On thee I stay my trusting heart,  
Till faith in vision end.

## NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Father! whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise :-

649

*Humble Devotion.*

A. STEELE.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine:  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

650

*Growth in grace.*

A. NETTLETON.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;  
This one great gift impart—  
What most I need, and most desire,  
An humble, holy heart.

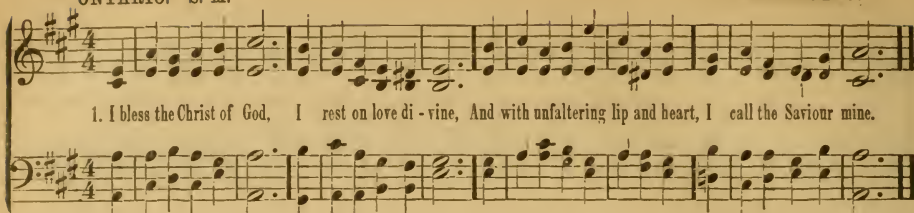
2 Bear witness I am born again,  
My many sins forgiven:  
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain  
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,  
From sin's deceit be free;  
In all the Christian graces grow,  
And live alone to thee.



## ONTARIO. S. M.

LONDON TUNE BOOK.



651

*Grateful Confidence.*

H. BONAR.

I BLESS the Christ of God,  
I rest on love divine,  
And with unfaltering lip and heart,  
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;  
I bury in his tomb  
Each thought of unbelief and fear,  
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of peace;  
I trust his truth and might;  
He calls me his, I call him mine,  
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis he who saveth me,  
And freely pardon gives:  
I love because he loveth me;  
I live because he lives.

5 My life with him is hid,  
My death has passed away,  
My clouds have melted into light,  
My midnight into day.

652

*Purity.*

J. KEBLE.

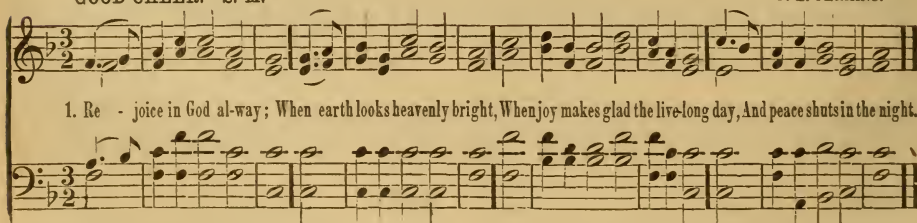
BLESSED are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see their God;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs;  
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 He to the lowly soul  
Doth still himself impart,  
And for his dwelling, and his throne,  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord! we thy presence seek:  
May ours this blessing be;  
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,—  
A temple meet for thee.

## GOOD CHEER. S. M.

T. E. PERKINS.



653

*Joy.*

MOULTRIE.

REJOICE in God alway;  
When earth looks heavenly bright,  
When joy makes glad the livelong day,  
And peace shuts in the night.

2 Rejoice when care and woe  
The fainting soul oppress;  
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,  
And morn brings heaviness.

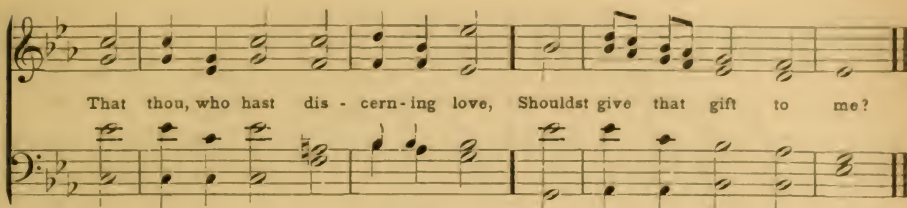
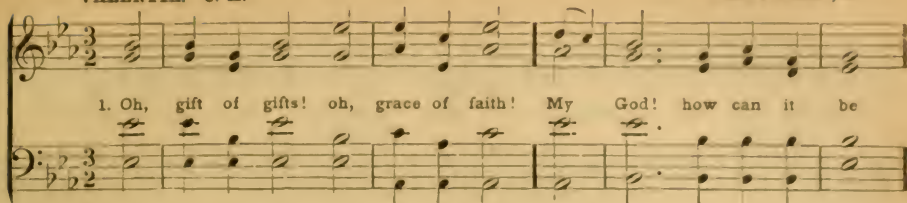
3 Rejoice in hope and fear;  
Rejoice in life and death;

Rejoice when threatening storms are near,  
And comfort languisheth.

4 When should not they rejoice,  
Whom Christ his brethren calls,  
Who hear and know his guiding voice,  
When on their hearts it falls?

5 So, though our path is steep,  
And many a tempest lowers,  
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,  
And Christ's dear love be ours.

## VALENTIA. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, *arr.*

## 654

*Faith.*

F. W. FABER.

OH, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!  
 My God! how can it be  
 That thou, who hast discerning love,  
 Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had  
 More innocent than mine!  
 How many souls more worthy far  
 Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts  
 It is thy boast to come,  
 The glory of thy light to find  
 In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,  
 Seem trifles less than light—  
 Earth looks so little and so low  
 When faith shines full and bright

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!  
 If thou canst be, O Faith,  
 The treasure that thou art in life,  
 What wilt thou be in death!

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb  
 No fearful shade shall wear;  
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
 For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see  
 Thy path, though thorny, bright,  
 For God by grace shall dwell in thee,  
 And God himself is light.

## 656

*Faith.*

D. TURNER.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
 And saves me from its snares;  
 Its aid, in every duty, brings,  
 And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power  
 The healing balm to give;  
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer;  
 And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,  
 Where deathless pleasures reign;  
 And bids me seek my portion there,  
 Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed  
 With the Redeemer's blood;  
 And helps my feeble hope to rest  
 Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,  
 Till this frail body dies;  
 And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
 To endless glory rise.

## 655

*Godly sincerity.*

BARTON.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know  
 That fellowship of love,  
 His Spirit only can bestow,  
 Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find  
 Thy heart made truly his,  
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
 In whom no darkness is.

## GRATITUDE. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS, *arr.*

1. My God, how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev-ery eve-ning new;  
And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove, Gen-tly dis-till like ear-ly dew.

657

*Gratitude.*

I. WATTS.

My God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new;  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

658

*Faith.*

J. NEWTON.

By faith in Christ I walk with God,  
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;  
Supported by his staff and rod,  
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,  
And earth and hell my course withstand,  
I triumph over all by faith,  
Guarded by his almighty hand.

3 The wilderness affords no food,  
But God for my support prepares,  
Provides me every needful good,  
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

4 With him sweet converse I maintain;  
Great as he is, I dare be free;  
I tell him all my grief and pain,  
And he reveals his love to me.

659

*Contentment.*W. COWPER, *tr.*

O LORD, how full of sweet content  
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!  
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time:  
Our country is in every clime:  
We can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
But with our God to guide our way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot;  
But regions none remote we call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

660

*Voiceless Prayer.*

GREEK HYMN.

O BLESSED God, to thee I raise  
My voice in thankful hymns of praise;  
And when my voice shall silent be,  
My silence shall be praise to thee.

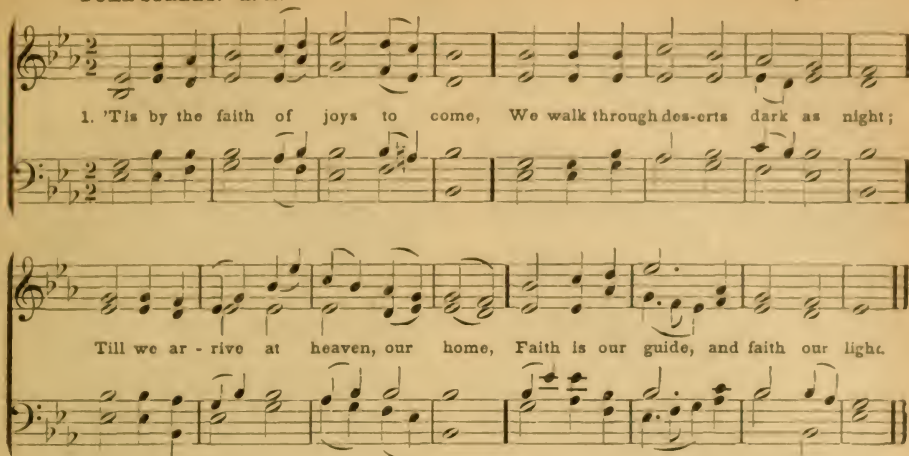
2 For voice and silence doth impart  
The filial homage of my heart;  
And both alike are understood  
By thee, thou Parent of all good—

3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,  
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,  
Who loves my loudest praise to hear,  
And loves to bless my voiceless prayer.



## DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



661

*Faith.*

I. WATTS.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come,  
We walk through deserts dark as night;  
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;  
She makes the pearly gates appear;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

662

*Self-denial.*

J. KEBLE.

If on our daily course our mind  
Be set, to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

- 2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 3 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask;—  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

663

*Love.*

I. WATTS.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell  
All that is done in heaven and hell—  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store  
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name:—
- 4 If love to God and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

664

*Consistency.*

I. WATTS.

- So let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour God;  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,—  
The bright appearance of the Lord:  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

665

C. M. *Docility.—Ps. 131.*

I. WATTS.

Is there ambition in my heart ?  
 Search, gracious God, and see ;  
 Or do I act a haughty part ?  
 Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
 And all my carriage mild ;  
 Content, my Father, with thy will,  
 And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,  
 Shall have a large reward ;  
 Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,  
 And trust a faithful Lord.

666

C. M. *"The Head, even Christ."* C. WESLEY.

BLEST be the dear, uniting love,  
 That will not let us part :  
 Our bodies may far off remove ;  
 We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,  
 Where he appoints we go ;  
 We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
 And show his praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,  
 And nothing know beside !  
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
 But Jesus crucified !

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
 The same in mind and heart,  
 Not joy nor grief nor time nor place  
 Nor life nor death can part.

667

C. M. *"Watch and Pray."* T. HASTINGS.

THE Saviour bids thee watch and pray  
 Through life's momentous hour ;  
 And grants the Spirit's quickening ray  
 To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,  
 Maintain a warrior's strife ;  
 O Christian ! hear his voice to-day :  
 Obedience is thy life.

3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray ;  
 For soon the hour will come  
 That calls thee from the earth away  
 To thy eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,  
 Oh, hearken to his voice,  
 And follow where he leads the way,  
 To heaven's eternal joys !

668

L. M. *Living to Christ.* F. DODDRIDGE

My gracious Lord, I own thy right  
 To every service I can pay,  
 And call it my supreme delight  
 To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,  
 Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
 Thine ever-smiling face to see,  
 And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
 Or to increase my worldly good ;  
 Nor future days nor powers employ  
 To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'T is to my Saviour I would live,  
 To him who for my ransom died ;  
 Nor could the bowers of Eden give  
 Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
 When youthful vigor is no more ;  
 And my last hour of life confess  
 His dying love, his saving power.

669

S. M. *Psalms 103.*

I. WATTS.

OH, bless the Lord, my soul !  
 Let all within me join,  
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
 Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,  
 Nor let his mercies lie  
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
 And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins,  
 'T is he relieves thy pain,  
 'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,  
 And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,  
 When ransomed from the grave ;  
 He that redeemed my soul from hell,  
 Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;  
 He gives the sufferers rest :  
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
 And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways  
 He made by Moses known ;  
 But sent the world his truth and grace  
 By his beloved Son.

670 78. 61. *Acknowledgment.* R. M. MC CHEYNE.

CHOSEN not for good in me,  
Waked from coming wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified—  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud:  
But, when fear is at the height,  
Jesus comes, and all is light;  
Blesséd Jesus! bid me show  
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—  
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;  
But a night thine anger burns—  
Morning comes, and joy returns:  
God of comforts! bid me show  
To thy poor how much I owe.

4 When in flowery paths I tread,  
Oft by sin I'm captive led;  
Oft I fall, but still arise—  
Jesus comes—the tempter flies:  
Blesséd Jesus! bid me show  
Weary sinners all I owe.

671 C. M. *Psalm 34.* TATE-BRADY.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble, and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
Till all, who are distressed,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his name!  
When in distress to him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance he affords to all,  
Who on his succor trust.

5 Oh, make but trial of his love;  
Experience will decide,  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.

672 78. *Psalm 131.* C. WESLEY

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall as my Master be,—  
Rooted in humility!

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Changed into a little child;  
Pleased with all the Lord provides,  
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;  
Every evil let me flee;  
Nothing want, beneath, above,  
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Oh, that all may seek and find  
Every good in Jesus joined!  
Him let Israel still adore,  
Trust him, praise him evermore.

673 S. M. *Phil. 2: 13.* ANON.

HEIRS of unending life,  
While yet we sojourn here,  
Oh, let us our salvation work  
With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts,  
With might before unknown;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,  
'Tis he that works to do;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too!

674 L. M. "Of one heart." A. L. BARBAULD.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,  
In union sweet, according minds!  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!  
What jealous care, what holy fear!  
How doth the generous flame within,  
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow,  
For human guilt and human woe;  
Their ardent prayers united rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
'Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire:  
Soon shall they meet in realms above—  
A heaven of joy, because of love.



## BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Complete in thee! no work of mine May take, dear Lord, the place of thine; Thy blood has pardon bought for

me, And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin,  
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;  
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,  
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,  
And no good thing to me denied,  
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,  
I ask no more—complete in thee.

**675** *Completeness.* A. R. WOLFE.

COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine  
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;  
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,  
And I am now complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour! when, before thy bar,  
All tribes and tongues assembled are,  
Among thy chosen may I be  
At thy right hand—complete in thee.

## SPOHR. L. M.

FROM L. SPOHR.

1. Not all the no - bles of the earth, Who boast the hon - ors of their birth,

So high a dig - ni - ty can claim, As those who bear the Chris-tian name.

**676***Adoption.*

S. STENNETT.

Nor all the nobles of the earth,  
Who boast the honors of their birth,  
So high a dignity can claim,  
As those who bear the Christian name.

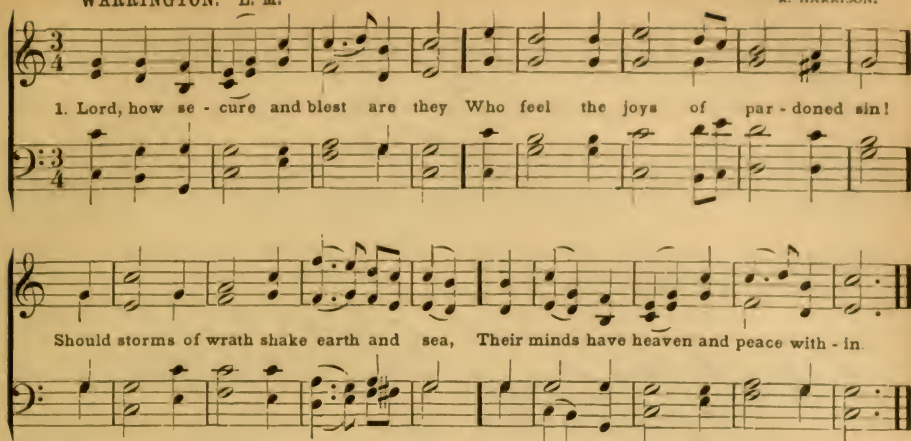
2 To them the privilege is given  
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;  
Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,  
And teaches their young feet to go;  
Whispers instruction to their minds,  
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 Their daily wants his hands supply,  
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;  
Leads them from earth to heaven above,  
And crowns them with eternal love.

## WARRINGTON. L. M.

R. HARRISON.



677

*Security and rest.*

I. WATTS.

LORD, how secure and blest are they  
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love;  
And soft and silent as the shades,  
Their nightly minutes gently move

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,  
But fly not half so swift away:  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,  
Where streams of living pleasures flow;  
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles  
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,  
But spend the day, and share the night,  
In numbering o'er the richer joys  
That heaven prepares for their delight.

678

*Remembrance.*

J. BOWRING.

EARTH's transitory things decay;  
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;  
But the sweet memory of the good  
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,  
The eternal isles established be,  
'Gainst which the surges of the main  
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;—

3 As in the heavens, the urns divine  
Of golden light for ever shine;  
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,  
They still shine on from age to age;—

4 So, through the ocean tide of years,  
The memory of the just appears;  
So, through the tempest and the gloom,  
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

679

*Perseverance.*

I. WATTS.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
'Tis God who justifies their souls;  
And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?  
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;  
And their salvation to fulfill,  
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,  
For ever interceding there:  
Who shall divide us from his love,  
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?  
He who hath loved us bears us through,  
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love

BRIDGMAN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, *arr.*

1. If God is mine, then present things And things to come are mine; Yea, Christ, his word, and

Spir - it too, And glo - ry all divine.

680

"Saints' Inventory." B. BEDDOME.

- If God is mine, then present things  
And things to come are mine;  
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,  
And glory all divine.
- 2 If he is mine, then from his love  
He every trouble sends;  
All things are working for my good,  
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,  
Let wealth and honor flee:

Sure he who giveth me himself  
Is more than these to me.

- 4 Oh, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;  
What can I wish beside?  
My soul shall at the fountain live,  
When all the streams are dried.

681

*Perseverance.* I. WATTS.

- FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,  
My Lord, my hope, my trust;  
If I am found in Jesus' hands,  
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engaged to save  
The meanest of his sheep;  
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,  
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove  
His favorites from his breast;  
In the dear bosom of his love  
They must for ever rest.

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to

ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

682

*Assurance.* I. WATTS.

- When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all!—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.



## HUNTINGTON. C. M.

C. W. HUNTINGTON.

1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,  
Re - served for all the heirs of grace— Oh, be that ref - uge mine!

683

*Security.*

H. F. LYTE.

THERE is a safe and secret place,  
Beneath the wings divine,  
Reserved for all the heirs of grace,—  
Oh, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,  
Uninjured and unawed;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,  
Of love and truth divine;  
O child of God, O glory's heir!  
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honored life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all!

## ECKHARDSHEIM. C. M.

C. ZEUNER.

1. My God, the covenant of thy love A - bides for ev - er sure; And in its matchless grace I feel My hap - pi-ness se-cure.

684

*The Covenant.*

P. DODDRIDGE

MY God, the covenant of thy love  
Abides for ever sure;  
And in its matchless grace I feel  
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become,  
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,  
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,  
For all that will is love;  
And when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the light above.

685

*Adoption.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

MY Father, God! how sweet the sound!  
How tender and how dear!  
Not all the melody of heaven  
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name  
On my expanding heart;  
And show, that in Jehovah's grace  
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,  
Unwavering I believe;  
My spirit Abba, Father! cries,  
Nor can the sign deceive.

## GREENPORT. C. M. D.

FROM S. THALBERG.

1. Thou art my hid-ing-place, O Lord! In thee I put my trust; En-couraged by thy  
ho-ly word, A fee-ble child of dust: I have no ar-gu-ment be-side,  
I urge no oth-er plea; And 'tis enough my Saviour died, My Saviour died for me!

686

*Hiding-place.*

T. RAFFLES.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!  
In thee I put my trust;  
Encouraged by thy holy word,  
A feeble child of dust:  
I have no argument beside,  
I urge no other plea;  
And 'tis enough my Saviour died,  
My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
And furious foes assail,  
My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
My hope within the veil:  
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,  
My spirit flies to thee;  
Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
My Saviour died for me!

3 And when thine awful voice commands  
This body to decay,  
And life in its last lingering sands,  
Is ebbing fast away;—  
Then, though it be in accents weak,  
My voice shall call on thee,  
And ask for strength in death to speak,  
“My Saviour died for me.”

687

*Union to Christ.*

J. G. DECK.

LORD Jesus, are we one with thee?  
Oh, height! oh, depth of love!  
With thee we died upon the tree,  
In thee we live above.  
Such was thy grace, that for our sake  
Thou didst from heaven come down,  
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,  
In all our sorrows one.

2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
Confessed and borne by thee;  
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine,  
To set thy members free.  
Ascended now, in glory bright,  
Still one with us thou art;  
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,  
Thy saints and thee can part.

3 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own  
This wondrous mystery,  
That thou with us art truly one,  
And we are one with thee!  
Soon, soon shall come that glorious day.  
When, seated on thy throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,  
That thou with us art one.

## SOLID ROCK. L. M. 61.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }  
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name: } On Christ, the solid  
 rock, I stand; All other ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

688

*In Christ alone.*

E. MOTE.

My hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name:  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail his face,  
 I rest on his unchanging grace;

In every high and stormy gale,  
 My anchor holds within the vail;  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.  
 3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,  
 Support me in the whelming flood:  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay:  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

## AND CAN IT BE? L. M. 61.

OLD MELODY. FINE.

1. { And can it be that I should gain An int'rest in the Saviour's blood? }  
 Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued? }  
 D. C.—A - maz - ing love! how can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

A - maz - ing love! how can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

689

*"No condemnation."*

C. WESLEY.

AND can it be that I should gain  
 An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
 Died he for me, who caused his pain?  
 For me, who him to death pursued?  
 Amazing love! how can it be,  
 That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 He left his Father's throne above;  
 (So free, so infinite his grace!)

Emptied himself of all but love,  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race;  
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
 For, O my God, it found out me!  
 3 No condemnation now I dread,—  
 Jesus, with all in him, is mine;  
 Alive in him, my living Head,  
 And clothed in righteousness divine,  
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.



LUTHER. S. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Harmonious to mine ear! Heav'n with the ech - - o  
shall resound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

690

Grace.

P. DODDRIDGE.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!

Harmonious to mine ear!

Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

4 At cost of all I have,  
At cost of life and limb,  
I cling to God who yet shall save;  
I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,  
O'er all my mind he reigns;  
My care and sadness he dispels,  
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day  
His work within my heart,  
Till I have strength and faith to say,  
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

692

"It is well."

J. KENT.

WHAT cheering words are these;  
Their sweetness who can tell?

In time, and to eternal days,  
"Tis with the righteous well!"

2 Well when they see his face,  
Or sink amidst the flood;  
Well in affliction's thorny maze,  
Or on the mount with God.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,  
'Tis well when sorrows flow,  
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,  
And strong temptations grow.

4 'Tis well when Jesus calls,—  
"From earth and sin arise,  
To join the hosts of ransomed souls.  
Made to salvation wise!"

691

God our Father. C. WINKWORTH, tr.

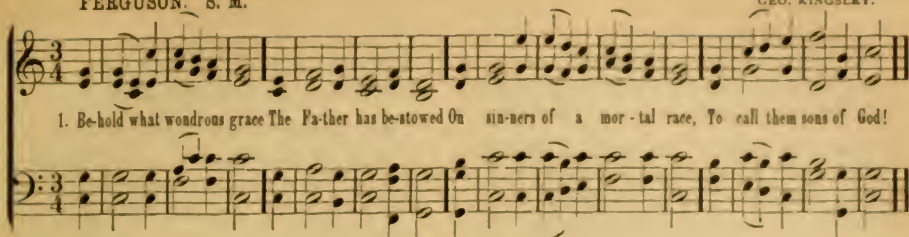
HERE I can firmly rest;  
I dare to boast of this,  
That God, the highest and the best,  
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,  
Naught in the life I lead;  
What Christ hath given, that alone  
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground  
Of Jesus and his blood;  
It is through him that I have found  
My soul's eternal good.

FERGUSON. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



693

*Adoption.*

I. WATTS.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne;  
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

694

*Peace.*

C. WESLEY.

Thou very present Aid  
In suffering and distress,  
The mind which still on thee is stayed,  
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined  
On the Redeemer's breast,  
'Mid raging storms, exults to find  
An everlasting rest

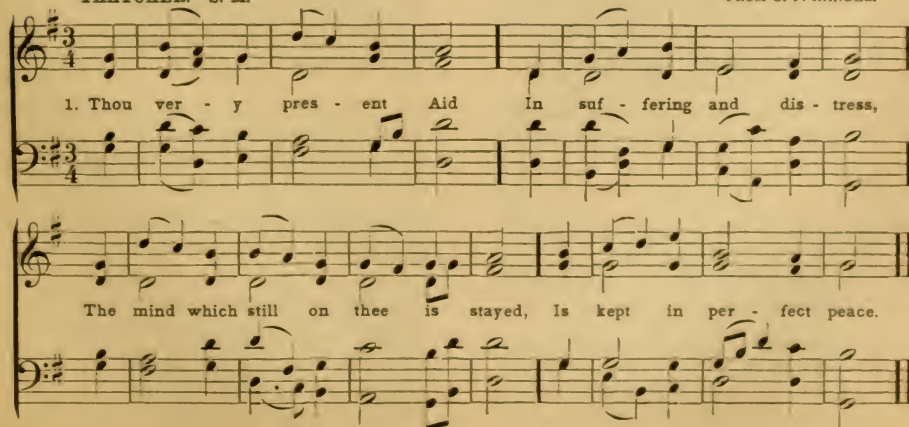
3 Sorrow and fear are gone,  
When'er thy face appears;  
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,  
And dries the widow's tears.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,  
Doth all my wishes fill;  
What though created streams are dry?  
I have the fountain still.

5 Stripped of each earthly friend,  
I find them all in One,  
And peace and joy which never end,  
And heaven, in Christ, alone.

THATCHER. S. M.

FROM G. F. HANDEL.



695

L. M.

*Psalms 91.*

I. WATTS.

HE that hath made his refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure abode;  
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God! thy power  
Shall be my fortress and my tower;  
I, who am formed of feeble dust,  
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care  
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;—  
Satan, the fowler, who betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire;  
God is thy life,—his wings are spread,  
To shield thee with a healthful shade.

5 If vapors, with malignant breath,  
Rise thick and scatter midnight death,  
Israel is safe, the poisoned air  
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

696

L. M.

*Psalms 85.*

I. WATTS.

SALVATION is for ever nigh

The souls that fear and trust the Lord;  
And grace, descending from on high,  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ, the Lord, came down from  
By his obedience so complete [heaven;  
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again,  
And heavenly influence bless the ground  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us free access to God;  
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps and keep the road.

697

C. M.

*God's Peace.*

ANON.

WE bless thee for thy peace, O God!  
Deep as the soundless sea,  
Which falls like sunshine on the road  
Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose  
Which comes from outward rest,  
If we may have through all life's woes  
Thy peace within our breast;—

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see,  
Deems not the trial way too long,  
But leaves the end with thee;—

4 That peace which flows serene and  
A river in the soul, [deep—  
Whose banks a living verdure keep:  
God's sunshine o'er the whole!

5 Such, Father, give our hearts such  
Whate'er the outward be, [peace,  
Till all life's discipline shall cease,  
And we go home to thee.

698

85, 75, D.

*The Pilgrim.*

T. HASTINGS.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,  
Through this lonely vale of tears;  
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,  
Till our last great change appears.  
When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.  
And when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

699

S. M.

*Psalms 61.*

I. WATTS.

WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies;  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the rock,  
That's high above my head;  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord;  
For ever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.



700

L. M. 61. "Thy boundless love." J. WESLEY, *tr.*

JESUS, thy boundless love to me [clare ;  
 No thought can reach, no tongue de-  
 Oh, knit my thankful heart to thee,  
 And reign without a rival there :  
 Thine wholly, thine alone, I am ;  
 Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul  
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone :  
 Oh, may thy love possess me whole,—  
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown :  
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;  
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love ! how cheering is thy ray !  
 All pain before thy presence flies ;  
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
 Where'er thy healing beams arise :  
 O Jesus ! nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire, or seek but thee !

701

H. M. *Protection.—Psalm 121.* I. WATTS.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,  
 From God is all my aid ;  
 The God who built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made :  
 God is the tower | His grace is nigh  
 To which I fly ; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,  
 Nor fall in fatal snares,  
 Since God, my guard and guide,  
 Defends me from my fears :  
 Those wakeful eyes | Shall Israel keep  
 That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,  
 Nor blasts of evening air,  
 Shall take my health away,  
 If God be with me there ;  
 Thou art my sun, | To guard my head  
 And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word  
 To save my soul from death ?  
 And I can trust my Lord  
 To keep my mortal breath :  
 I'll go and come, | Till, from on high  
 Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

702

L. M. *At Jesus' Feet.* MRS. E. REED.

Oh, that I could for ever dwell,  
 Delighted at the Saviour's feet ;  
 Behold the form I love so well,  
 And all his tender words repeat !

2 The world shut out from all my soul,  
 And heaven brought in with all its bliss,—  
 Oh ! is there aught, from pole to pole,  
 One moment to compare with this ?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—  
 A life of penitential love ;  
 When most my follies I despise,  
 And raise my highest thoughts above ;

4 When all I am I clearly see,  
 And freely own, with deepest shame ;  
 When the Redeemer's love to me  
 Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,  
 And all my former sins forsake ;  
 Then rise to God within the veil,  
 And of eternal joys partake.

703

C. M. *Our Father.—Psalm 31.* A. STEELE.

My God, my Father!—blissful name !  
 Oh, may I call thee mine ?  
 May I, with sweet assurance, claim  
 A portion so divine ?

2 This only can my fears control,  
 And bid my sorrows fly :  
 What harm can ever reach my soul,  
 Beneath my Father's eye ?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,  
 I calmly would resign  
 For thou art just, and good, and wise ;  
 Oh, bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,  
 Oh, give me strength to bear ;  
 And let me know my Father reigns,  
 And trust his tender care.

5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,  
 And life almost depart,  
 Is not thy mercy still the same,  
 To cheer my drooping heart ?

6 My God, my Father ! be thy name  
 My solace and my stay ;  
 Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,  
 And drive my fears away ?

## PALESTINE. L. M. 61.

J. MAZZINGHI.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;

Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And let..... thy tears for-get to flow;

Be-hold, the pre-cious balm is found, To lull.... thy pain, to heal thy wound.

## 704

"Balm in Gilead."

W. SHIRLEY.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe,  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow;  
Behold, the precious balm is found,  
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;  
On Jesus, cast thy weighty load;  
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,  
Safe in the mercy of thy God;  
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!  
For ever love and praise the Lord.

## 705

"Eben-ezer."

J. NEWTON.

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word;  
Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?

2 When first before his mercy-seat  
Thou didst to him thy all commit,

He gave thee warrant from that hour  
To trust his wisdom, love, and power:  
Did ever trouble yet befall  
And he refuse to hear thy call?

3 He who has helped thee hitherto,  
Will help thee all thy journey through;  
Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home, apace, to God;  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For heaven will make amends for all.

## 706

"As thy days."

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,  
And in my heart despondence sighs;  
When life her throng of cares reveals,  
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,  
Grateful I hear the kind decree,  
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

2 One trial more must yet be past,  
One pang—the keenest and the last;  
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,  
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,  
Redeemer! grant my soul to see  
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

HANDY. L. M. 61.

J. F. HOLBROOK.

1. At eve-ning time let there be light; Life's lit - tle day draws near its close;  
A - round me fall the shades of night, The night of death, the grave's re- pose;  
To crown my joys, to end my woes, At eve-ning time let there be light.

707

*"At evening time."*

ANON.

At evening time let there be light;  
Life's little day draws near its close;  
Around me fall the shades of night,  
The night of death, the grave's repose;  
To crown my joys, to end my woes,  
At evening time let there be light.

2 At evening time let there be light;  
Stormy and dark hath been my day—  
Yet rose the morn divinely bright;  
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the  
way;—

Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!  
At evening time let there be light.

3 At evening time there shall be light!  
For God hath spoken; it must be;  
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;  
His glory now is risen on me;  
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;  
'Tis evening time, and there is light!

708

*"Jesus wept."*

R. GRANT.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few.

On him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,—  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,—  
Still he, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 Whensorrowing o'er some stone, I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me, for a little while,  
My Saviour sees the tears I shed,  
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, oh, when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict, but the last,—  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe my latest tear away.



ROMBERG, C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. O thou, whose boun - ty fills my cup With ev - ery bless - ing meet!

I give thee thanks for ev - ery drop— The bit - ter and the sweet.

709

*Thanks for all.*

J. CREWDSON.

O THOU, whose bounty fills my cup  
With every blessing meet!  
I give thee thanks for every drop—  
The bitter and the sweet.

2 I praise thee for the desert road,  
And for the river-side;  
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,  
And all thy grace denied.

3 I thank thee for both smile and frown,  
And for the gain and loss;  
I praise thee for the future crown,  
And for the present cross.

4 I thank thee for the wing of love,  
Which stirred my worldly nest;  
And for the stormy clouds which drove  
The flutterer to thy breast.

5 I bless thee for the glad increase,  
And for the waning joy;  
And for this strange, this settled peace,  
Which nothing can destroy.

710

*"I firmly trust."* J. MONTGOMERY.

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—  
When I am wholly thine;  
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,  
In thee I firmly trust;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee  
Whate'er I have I owe;  
And back, in gratitude, from me  
May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign thy will?  
No, let me bless thy name, and say,  
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possessed;  
And all must fail when I go home,  
For this is not my rest.

711

*"Sweet to lie passive."* A. M. TOPLADY

WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,  
And long to fly away;—

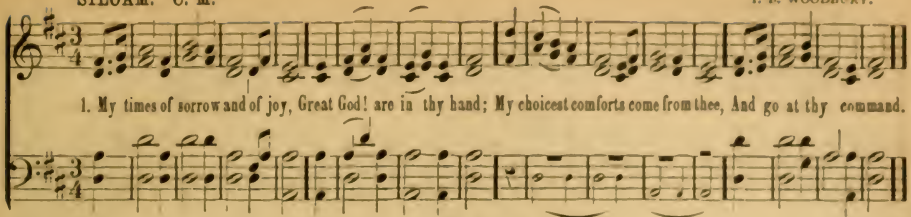
2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above;—

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace  
For all things to depend;—

4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.

## SILOAM. C. M.

I. R. WOODBURY.



1. My times of sorrow and of joy, Great God! are in thy hand; My choicest comforts come from thee, And go at thy command.

## 712

*"My times."*

B. BEDDOME.

My times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God! are in thy hand;  
My choicest comforts come from thee,  
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine;  
Before they were possessed by me,  
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness,  
In thee, and thee alone.

## 713

*A pierced hand.*

J. EDMESTON.

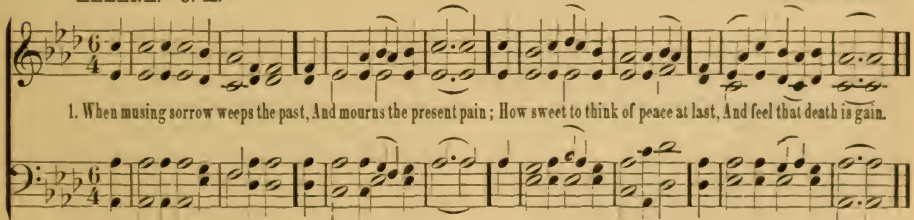
O thou, whose mercy guides my way,  
Though now it seems severe,  
Forbid my unbelief to say  
There is no mercy here!

2 Oh, may I, Lord, desire the pain  
That comes in kindness down,  
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,  
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,  
Love only shall I see;  
The gracious hand that strikes the blow,  
Was wounded once for me.

## HELENA. C. M.

W. E. BRADBURY.



1. When musing sorrow weeps the past, And mourns the present pain; How sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.

## 714

*"To die is gain."*

G. T. NOEL.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain;  
How sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain!

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.

4 Oh, let me wing my hallowed flight  
From earth-born woe and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share!

## 715

*"It is I."*

C. ELLIOTT.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,  
My soul is not dismayed;  
I hear a voice I know full well,—  
"Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,  
And storms my path invade,  
Those accents tranquilize each fear,—  
"Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed:  
Saviour, be near to aid!  
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—  
"Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,  
Death hides within its shade;  
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—  
"Tis I; be not afraid."

COMFORT. 7s. D.

ENGLISH AIR.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe; When our bit - ter tears o'erflow; When we mourn the  
lost, the dear, Je - sus, son of Ma - ry, hear! Thou our fee - ble flesh hast worn;  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne; Thou hast shed the human tear: Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear!

716

"Son of Mary."

H. H. MILMAN.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe;—  
When our bitter tears o'erflow;—  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!  
Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;  
Thou hast shed the human tear:  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 When the heart is sad within,  
With the thought of all its sin;  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesus, son of Mary, hear!  
Thou the shame, the grief hast known;  
Though the sins were not thine own,  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When our eyes grow dim in death;  
When we heave the parting breath;  
When our solemn doom is near,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!  
Thou hast bowed the dying head;  
Thou the blood of life hast shed;  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

717

Looking to Jesus.

J. G. DECK.

When along life's thorny road,  
Faints the soul beneath the load,  
By its cares and sins oppressed,  
Finds on earth no peace or rest;  
When the wily tempter's near,  
Filling us with doubt and fear:  
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,  
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne  
List'nest to thy people's moan;  
Thou, the living Head, dost share  
Every pang thy members bear;  
Full of tenderness thou art,  
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;  
Full of power, thine arm shall quell  
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,  
Thou hast overcome the grave;  
Thou the bars of death hast riven,  
Opened wide the gates of heaven;  
Soon in glory thou shalt come,  
Taking thy poor pilgrims home;  
Jesus, then we all shall be,  
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee.



## MERCY. 7a.

E. F. PARKER, *arr.*

1. In the dark and cloudy day, When earth's rich - es flee a - way,  
And the last hope will not stay, Sav - iour, com - fort, com - fort me!

## 718

*Comfort.*

G. RAWSON.

In the dark and cloudy day,  
When earth's riches flee away,  
And the last hope will not stay,  
Saviour, comfort me!

2 When the secret idol's gone  
That my poor heart yearned upon,—  
Desolate, bereft, alone,  
Saviour, comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,  
In the darkness crucified,  
Bid me in thy love confide;  
Saviour, comfort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down:  
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;  
I deserve it all, I own:  
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me  
Much afflicted now to be,  
If thou wilt but tenderly,  
Saviour, comfort me!

## 719

*"For he careth."*

W. HAMMOND

CAST thy burden on the Lord,  
Only lean upon his word;  
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless  
His unchanging faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,  
He enables thee to stand;  
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,  
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,  
God's free grace shall not decay;  
He hath promised to fulfill  
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! guardian of thy flock,  
Be thyself our constant rock;  
Make us by thy powerful hand,  
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

## 720

*Love seen in trials.*

W. COWPER.

'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,—  
This is happiness to me.

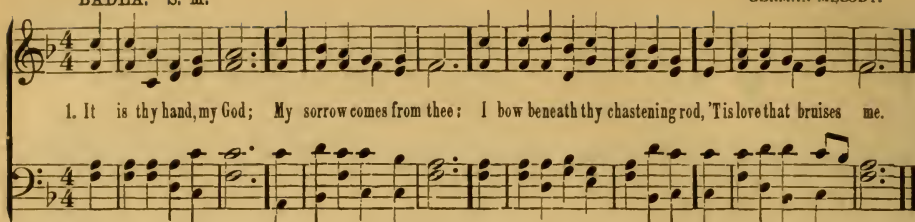
3 God in Israel sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain and toil;  
These spring up and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil

4 Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not with reason fear  
I should prove a castaway?

5 Trials make the promise sweet;  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

BADEA. S. M.

GERMAN MELODY.



1. It is thy hand, my God; My sorrow comes from thee: I bow beneath thy chastening rod, 'Tis love that bruises me.

721

*"Spare me."*

J. G. DECK.

It is thy hand, my God;

My sorrow comes from thee:

I bow beneath thy chastening rod,

'Tis love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord;

Before thee I am dumb:

Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,

To thee for help I come.

3 My God, thy name is Love;

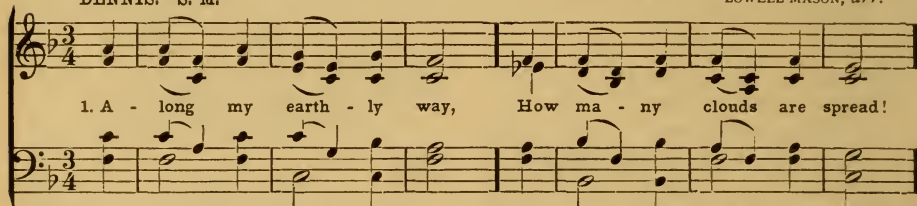
A Father's hand is thine;

With tearful eyes I look above,  
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

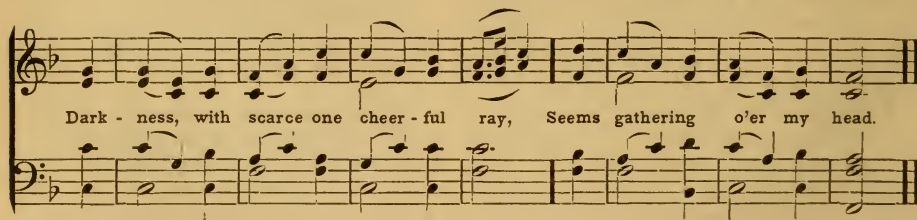
4 Jesus for me hath died;  
Thy Son thou didst not spare:  
His pierced hands, his bleeding side,  
Thy love for me declare.

5 Here my poor heart can rest;  
My God, it cleaves to thee:  
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,  
All work for good to me.

DENNIS. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. A - long my earth - ly way, How ma - ny clouds are spread!



Dark - ness, with scarce one cheer - ful ray, Seems gathering o'er my head.

722

*Hereafter.*

J. EDMESTON.

ALONG my earthly way,

How many clouds are spread!

Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,

Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, thou art Love;

Oh, hide not from my view!

But when I look, in prayer, above,

Appear in mercy through!

3 My pathway is not hid;

Thou knowest all my need;

And I would do as Israel did,—  
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet  
Shall never, never stray;  
But safely I shall reach the seat  
Of happiness and day.

5 And, oh, from that bright throne  
I shall look back, and see,—  
The path I went, and that alone  
Was the right path for me.

SELVIN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. If, through unruffled seas, Tow'rd heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,

We'll own the fav'ring gale, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.

723

*"We walk by faith."* A. M. TOPLADY.

IF, through unruffled seas,  
Toward heaven we calmly sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,  
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to thy control:  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,  
To make thy will our own;  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

724

*Kindness even in affliction.* T. HASTINGS.

How tender is thy hand,  
O thou beloved Lord!  
Afflictions come at thy command,  
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod  
That chastened us for sin!  
How soon we found a smiling God,  
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,  
A Father's heart we knew;  
With tears of penitence we knelt,  
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief,  
We thought of Jesus' love;  
A sense of pardon brought relief,  
And bade our pains remove.

5 Now we will bless the Lord,  
And in his strength confide;  
For ever be his name adored;  
For there is none beside.

725

*Psaln 103.*

I. WATTS.

MY soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.

3 The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel:  
He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.



JEWETT. 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, arr.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine! In - to thy hand of love

I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me

as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!

726

J. BORTHWICK, tr.  
"Not my will, but thine."

My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
Oh, may thy will be mine;  
Into thy hand of love  
I would my all resign;  
Through sorrow, or through joy,  
Conduct me as thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear;  
Since thou on earth hast wept,  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with thee,  
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
All shall be well for me;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with thee:  
Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord, thy will be done!

727

H. BONAR.  
"He knoweth the way."

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!  
Lead me by thine own hand;  
Choose out my path for me.  
I dare not choose my lot:  
I would not, if I might;  
Choose thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek  
Is thine: so let the way  
That leads to it be thine,  
Else I must surely stray.  
Take thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to thee may seem;  
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom and my All.

## FLEMMING. 8s, 6s.

F. FLEMMING.

1. O Ho-ly Sav-iour! Friend un-seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me  
lean, Help me, throughout life's changing scene. By faith to cling to thee.

728

*Clinging to Christ.* C. ELLIOTT.

O HOLY SAVIOUR! Friend unseen,  
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,  
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,  
By faith to cling to thee!

2 What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and hopes remove;  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would I cling to thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone  
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,  
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
The soul that clings to thee!

729

*A will resigned.* J. G. WHITTIER.

I ASK not now for gold to gild,  
With mocking shine, an aching frame;  
The yearning of the mind is stilled—  
I ask not now for fame.

2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known;  
I only ask a will resigned,  
O Father, to thine own.

3 In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;  
I only feel how weak I am,  
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see;  
And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto thee.

## THY WILL BE DONE. Chant.

LOWELL MASON.

Close. Thy will be done!

730

*Mark 14 : 36.* J. BOWRING.

"Thy will be | done!" || In devious way  
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||  
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |  
"Thy will be | done."

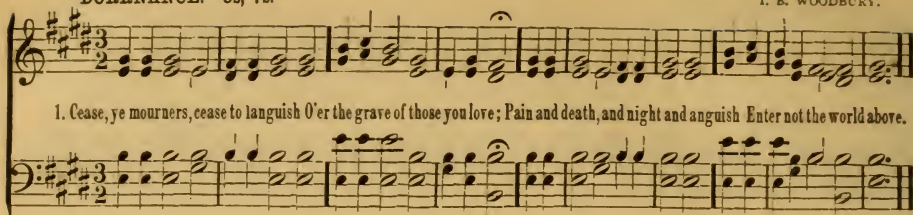
2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine  
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||

This prayer will make it more divine—|  
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" || Tho' shrouded o'er  
Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort—one  
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |  
"Thy will be | done."

## DORENANCE. 8s, 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain and death, and night and anguish Enter not the world above.

## 731

*Comfort.*

W. B. COLLYER.

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the grave of those you love;  
Pain and death, and night and anguish  
Enter not the world above.

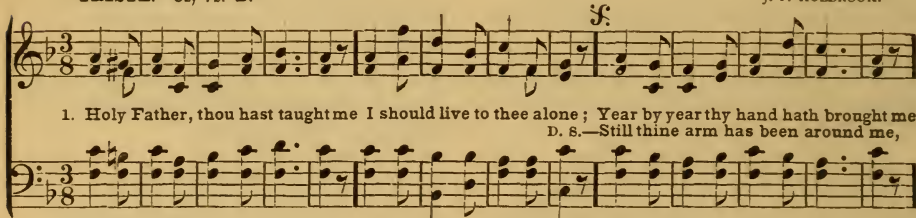
2 While our silent steps are straying  
Lonely through night's deepening shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving  
From the hand of God most high,  
In his glorious presence living,  
They shall never, never die.

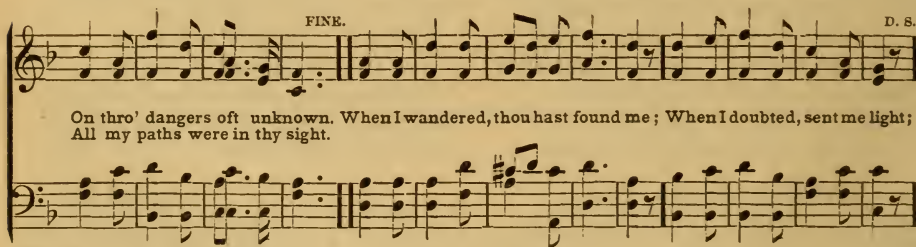
4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the grave of those you love;  
Far removed from pain and anguish,  
They are chanting hymns above.

## TRISTE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



1. Holy Father, thou hast taught me I should live to thee alone; Year by year thy hand hath brought me  
D. S.—Still thine arm has been around me,



On thro' dangers oft unknown. When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubted, sent me light;  
All my paths were in thy sight.

## 732

*"Keep me ever."*

J. M. NEALE.

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me  
I should live to thee alone;  
Year by year thy hand hath brought me  
On through dangers oft unknown.  
When I wandered, thou hast found me;  
When I doubted, sent me light;  
Still thine arm has been around me,  
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,  
Craftier, stronger far than I;  
And the strife may never fail me,  
Well I know, before I die.

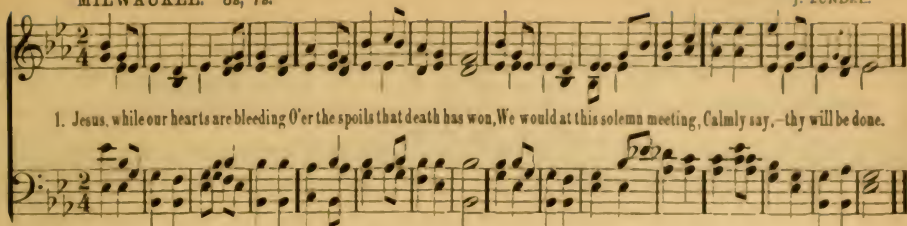
Therefore, Lord, I come believing  
Thou canst give the power I need;  
Through the prayer of faith receiving  
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protection,  
Wholly rest upon thine arm;  
Follow wholly thy direction,  
Thou, mine only guard from harm!  
Keep me from mine own undoing,  
Help me turn to thee when tried,  
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,  
Keep me ever at thy side.



## MILWAUKEE. 8s, 7s.

J. ZUNDEL.



1. Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death has won, We would at this solemn meeting, Calmly say,—thy will be done.

## 733

"Thy will be done." T. HASTINGS.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding  
O'er the spoils that death has won,  
We would at this solemn meeting,  
Calmly say,—thy will be done.

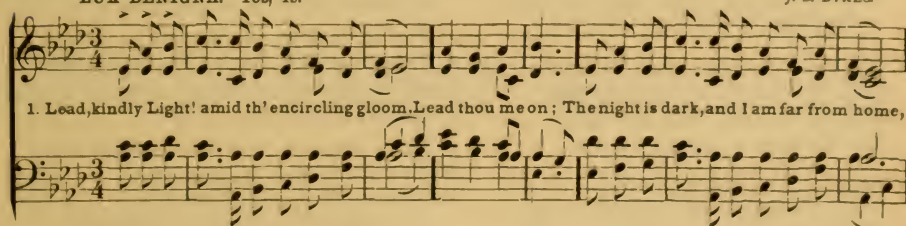
2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;  
Though afflicted, not alone;  
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;  
Blesséd Lord,—thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,  
Mercy still is on the throne;  
With thy smiles of love returning,  
We can sing—thy will be done.

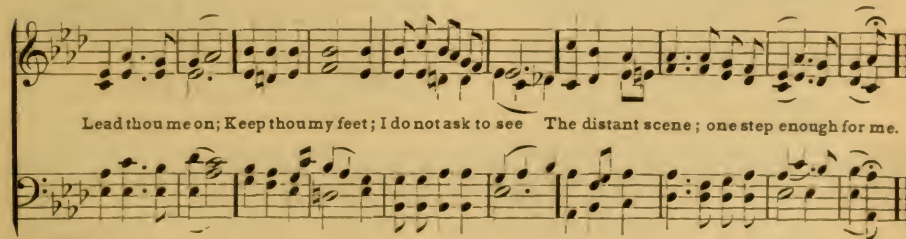
4 By thy hands the boon was given,  
Thou hast taken but thine own:  
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,  
Evermore,—thy will be done!

## LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,



Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

## 734

"Lead thou me on!" J. H. NEWMAN.

LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling  
Lead thou me on; [gloom,  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on;

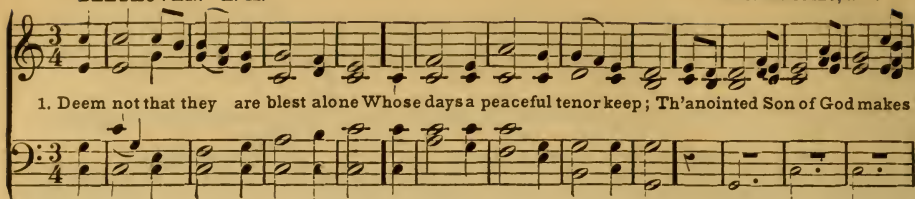
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead thou me on:

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past  
years.

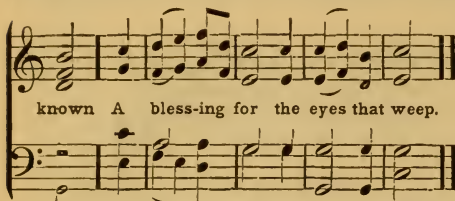
3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure  
Will lead me on [it still  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
awhile!

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, *arr.*

1. Deem not that they are blest alone Whose days a peaceful tenor keep; Th' anointed Son of God makes



known A blessing for the eyes that weep.

Though with a pierced and broken heart,  
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear;  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

735

*Blessing for mourners.* W. C. BRYANT.

DEEM not that they are blest alone  
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;  
The anointed Son of God makes known  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny,

736

*Resignation.*

J. ROSCOE.

THY will be done! I will not fear  
The fate provided by thy love;  
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,  
I know that all is bright above.

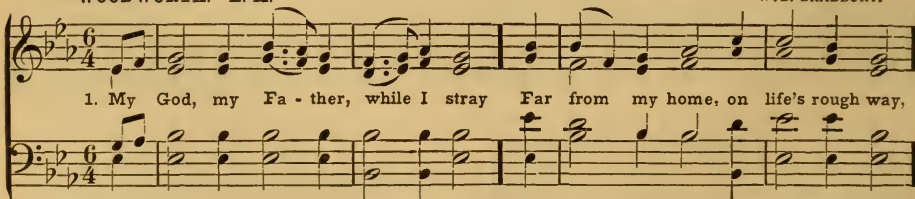
2 Father, forgive the heart that clings,  
Thus trembling, to the things of time;  
And bid my soul, on angel wings,  
Ascend into a purer clime.

3 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,  
No sorrows dim celestial love;  
But these afflictions of the dust,  
Like shadows of the night, remove.

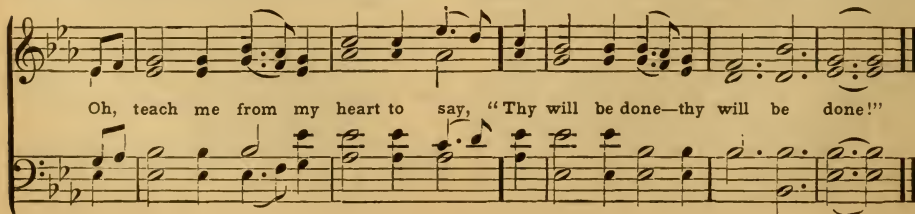
4 Ev'n now, above, there's radiant day,  
While clouds and darkness brood below;  
Then, Father, joyful on my way  
To drink the bitter cup, I go.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



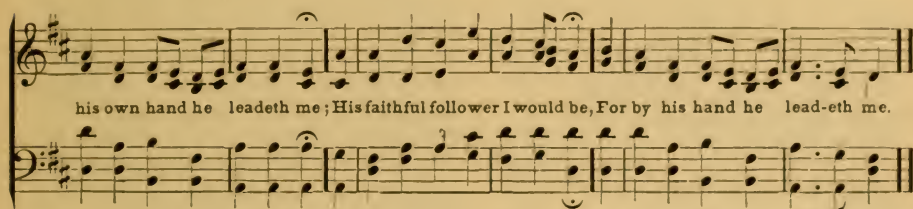
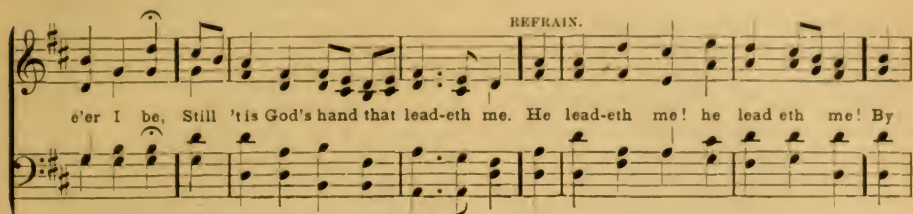
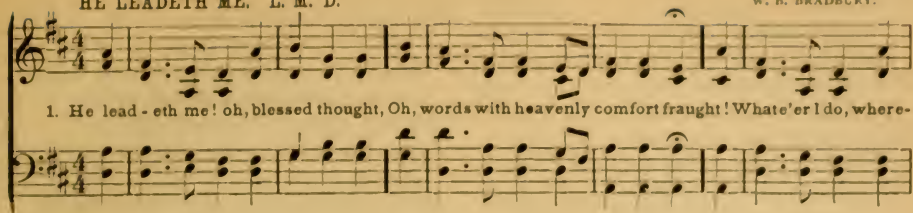
1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,



Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done—thy will be done!"

## HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.



737

*"He leadeth me."* J. H. GILMORE.

HE leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,  
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.—

REF.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!—REF.

3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
Content whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—REF.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When by thy grace the victory's won,  
Ev'n death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—

REF.

738

*"Thy will be done."* C. ELLIOTT.

My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh;  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield thee what was thine:  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to thee I leave the rest;  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"



739

68, D.

*"Thy Father."*

T. HASTINGS.

BE tranquil, O my soul,  
Be quiet, every fear!  
Thy Father hath control,  
And he is ever near.  
Ne'er of thy lot complain,  
Whatever may befall;  
Sickness, or care, or pain,  
'T is well-appointed all.

2 A Father's chastening hand  
Is leading thee along;  
Nor distant is the land,  
Where swells the immortal song.  
Oh, then, my soul, be still!  
Await heaven's high decree;  
Seek but thy Father's will,  
It shall be well with thee.

740

S. M.

*Trusting.*

W. F. LLOYD.

"My times are in thy hand:"  
My God! I wish them there;  
My life, my soul, my all, I leave  
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand;"  
Whatever they may be;  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"—  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand;"  
I'll always trust in thee;  
'Till I possess the promised land,  
And all thy glory see.

741

C. M.

*Psalms 73.*

I. WATTS.

God, my supporter and my hope,  
My help for ever near,  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my  
Through this dark wilderness; [feet  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven, without my God,  
'T would be no joy to me;

And while the earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint,  
Thou art my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of every saint.

5 Then to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

742

L. M.

*Psalms 90: 12.*

GUYON.

If life in sorrow must be spent,  
So be it; I am well content;  
And meekly wait my last remove,  
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill  
In life, in death, thy perfect will;  
No succor in my woes I want,  
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered: let us spare  
Our anxious hearts a needless care;  
'Tis thine to number out our days;  
'Tis ours to give them to thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here—  
Faith, simple, constant, and sincere;  
Oh, blessed days thy servants see!  
Thus spent O Lord! in pleasing thee.

743

C. M.

*"Be ye also ready."*

A. REED.

THERE is an hour when I must part  
With all I hold most dear;  
And life, with its best hopes, will then  
As nothingness appear.

2 There is an hour when I must sink  
Beneath the stroke of death;  
And yield to him, who gave it first,  
My struggling vital breath.

3 There is an hour when I must stand  
Before the judgment-seat;  
And all my sins, and all my foes,  
In awful vision meet.

4 There is an hour when I must look  
On one eternity;  
And nameless woe, or blissful life,  
My endless portion be.

5 O Saviour, then, in all my need  
Be near, be near to me:  
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,  
Find life and heaven in thee.

744

S. M.

*Tell Jesus.*

ANON.

747

88, 78.

*Life's Evening.* C. F. SMITH, *alt.*

IN every trying hour  
 My soul to Jesus flies ;  
 I trust in his almighty power,  
 When swelling billows rise.  
 2 His comforts bear me up ;  
 I trust a faithful God ;  
 The sure foundation of my hope  
 Is in my Saviour's blood.  
 3 Loud hallelujahs sing  
 To our Redeemer's name ;  
 In joy or sorrow—life or death—  
 His love is still the same.

745

L. M.

*"Afterwards."*

A. R. WOLFE.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent  
 To break the dream of human power,  
 For now my shallow cistern's spent,  
 I find thy fount and thirst no more.  
 2 I take thy hand and fears grow still ;  
 Behold thy face, and doubts remove ;  
 Who would not yield his wavering will  
 To perfect truth and boundless love !  
 3 That truth gives promise of a dawn,  
 Beneath whose light I am to see,  
 When all these blinding veils are drawn,  
 This was the wisest path for me.  
 4 That love this restless soul doth teach  
 The strength of thy eternal calm ;  
 And tunes its sad and broken speech,  
 To sing ev'n now the angels' psalm.

746

L. M.

*God is love.*

J. BOWRING.

I CANNOT always trace the way  
 Where thou, Almighty One, dost move ;  
 But I can always, always say,  
 That God is love, that God is love.  
 2 When fear her chilling mantle flings  
 O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,  
 As to her native home, upsprings,  
 For God is love, for God is love.  
 3 When mystery clouds my darkened  
 path,  
 I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;  
 In this my soul sweet comfort hath,  
 That God is love, that God is love.  
 4 Yes, God is love ;—a thought like this  
 Can every gloomy thought remove,  
 And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,  
 For God is love, for God is love.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour !

For the day is passing by ;  
 See ! the shades of evening gather,  
 And the night is drawing nigh.  
 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
 Paler now the glowing west,  
 Swift the night of death advances ;  
 Shall it be the night of rest ?  
 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow ;  
 Sinks my heart with troubled fear ;  
 Give me faith for clearer vision,  
 Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.  
 4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,  
 Calming all these wild alarms ;  
 Let me, underneath my weakness,  
 Feel the everlasting arms.  
 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
 Lord, I cast myself on thee ;  
 Tarry with me through the darkness ;  
 While I sleep, still watch by me.  
 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !  
 Lay my head upon thy breast  
 Till the morning ; then awake me—  
 Morning of eternal rest !

748 68, D. *More like God.* H. BONAR.

I DID thee wrong, my God,  
 I wronged thy truth and love ;  
 I fretted at the rod,—  
 Against thy power I strove.  
 Come nearer, nearer still ;  
 Let not thy light depart ;  
 Bend, break this stubborn will ;  
 Dissolve this iron heart !  
 2 Less wayward let me be,  
 More pliable and mild ;  
 In glad simplicity  
 More like a trustful child.  
 Less, less of self each day,  
 And more, my God, of thee ;  
 Oh, keep me in the way,  
 However rough it be.  
 3 Less of the flesh each day,  
 Less of the world and sin :  
 More of thy Son, I pray,  
 More of thyself within.  
 More moulded to thy will,  
 Lord, let thy servant be ;  
 Higher and higher still,  
 More, and still more, like thee !

APOLLOS. S. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill! Who bring sal-va-tion  
on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal. How charming is their voice! How  
sweet their ti-dings are! "Zi-on, be-hold thy Saviour King; He reigns and triumphs here."

749

*The Ministry.*

I. WATTS.

HOW BEAUTEIOUS are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill!  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.  
How charming is their voice!  
How sweet their tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here."

2 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound!  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found.  
How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.  
The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God!

750

*More Laborers.*

C. WESLEY.

LORD of the harvest! hear  
Thy needy servants cry;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.  
On thee we humbly wait;  
Our wants are in thy view;  
The harvest truly, Lord! is great,  
The laborers are few.

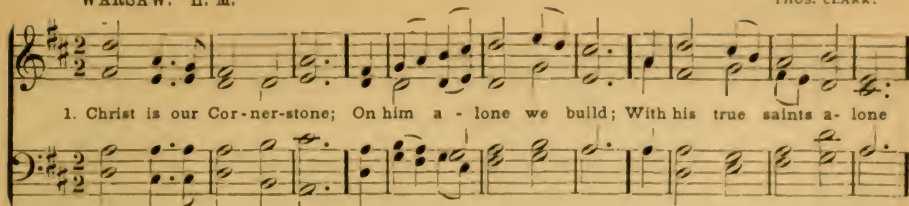
2 Convert and send forth more  
Into thy Church abroad;  
And let them speak thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.  
Give the pure Gospel-word,  
The word of general grace;  
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,  
The Saviour of our race.

3 Oh, let them spread thy name;  
Their mission fully prove;  
Thy universal grace proclaim  
Thy all-redeeming love.  
On all mankind forgiven,  
Empower them still to call,  
And tell each creature under heaven,  
That thou hast died for all.



WARSAW. H. M.

THOS. CLARK.



The courts of heaven are filled: On his great love Our hopes we place, Of present grace And joys above.

751

*Corner-stone.*J. CHANDLER, *tr.*

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;  
On him alone we build;  
With his true saints alone  
The courts of heaven are filled:  
On his great love | Of present grace  
Our hopes we place, | And joys above.  
2 Oh, then with hymns of praise  
These hallowed courts shall ring!  
Our voices we will raise,  
The Three in One to sing;  
And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,  
In joyful song, | That glorious Name.  
3 Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore,  
And may that grace once given,  
Be with us evermore,—  
Until that day | To endless rest  
When all the blest | Are called away.

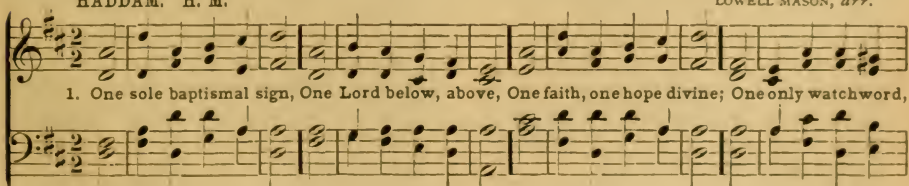
HADDAM. H. M.

752

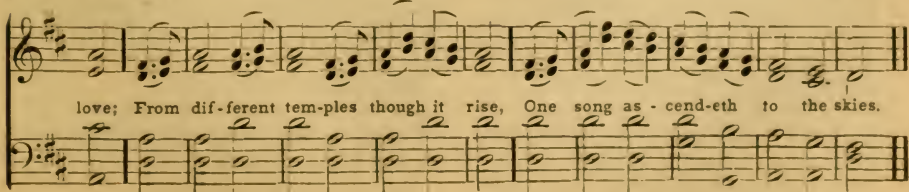
*The Church one.*

G. ROBINSON.

ONE sole baptismal sign,  
One Lord below, above,  
One faith, one hope divine,  
One only watchword, love;  
From different temples though it rise,  
One song ascendeth to the skies.  
2 Our sacrifice is one;  
One Priest before the throne,  
The slain, the risen Son,  
Redeemer, Lord alone;  
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring  
Our chief, our choicest offering.  
3 Head of thy church beneath,  
The catholic, the true,  
On all her members breathe,  
Her broken frame renew;  
Then shall thy perfect will be done  
When Christians love and live as one.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

love; From dif-fer-ent tem-ples though it rise, One song as-cend-eth to the skies.



STOUGHTON, 8s, 7s, D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!

He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Formed thee for his own a - bode:  
D. S.—With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

753

"Glorious things."

J. NEWTON.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for his own abode:  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near!  
Thus deriving from their banner,  
Light by night, and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.

754

The covenant.

W. COWPER.

HEAR what God, the Lord hath spoken;  
O my people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes I build for you;  
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways;  
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"  
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All his bounty shall bestow.  
Still in undisturbed possession  
Peace and righteousness shall reign;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons no more shall see,  
But, your griefs for ever ending,  
Find eternal noon in me.  
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night;  
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,  
God, your everlasting Light.

## MIDDLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

ENGLISH AIR.

FINE.

1. { Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death! }  
 { Rise on us, thy love re-veal-ing, Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath: } Thou, of heaven and  
 D.C.—Scattering all the night of na-ture, Pour-ing day up-on our eyes.

earth Cre-a-tor, In our deepest darkness rise,—

755

"The true Light."

C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death!  
 Rise on us, thy love revealing,  
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:  
 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise,—  
 Scattering all the night of nature,  
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every poor benighted heart:  
 Come, and manifest thy favor  
 To the ransomed, helpless race;  
 Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!  
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,  
 O thou mild, pacific Prince!  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Give the pardon of our sins;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burdened soul release;  
 Every weary, wandering spirit,  
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

## WILSON. 8s, 7s.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.

1. Come, thou long-expect-ed Je-sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free; From our fears and sins re-

lease us, Let us find our rest in thee.

756

"Come quickly."

C. WESLEY.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
 Born to set thy people free;  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
 Hope of all the saints thou art:  
 Dear Desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver;  
 Born a child, and yet a King!  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne



BOND. C. M.

ROOT AND SWEETSER'S COLL.

1. Oh, where are kings and em - pires now, Of old that went and came?  
But, Lord, thy church is pray - ing yet, A thou - sand years the same.

757

*A growing kingdom.*

A. C. COXE.

Oh, where are kings and empires now,  
Of old that went and came?  
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
We hear within the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy church, O God!  
Though earthquake shocks are threatening  
And tempests are abroad;—

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;  
Their feeble days are o'er,  
No more a handful in the earth,  
A little flock no more.

5 No more a lily among thorns,  
Weary and faint and few;  
But countless as the stars of heaven,  
Or as the early dew.

6 Then entering the eternal halls,  
In robes of victory,  
That mighty multitude shall keep  
The joyous jubilee.

758

*"Little Flock."*

H. BONAR.

CHURCH of the ever-living God,  
The Father's gracious choice,  
Amid the voices of this earth  
How feeble is thy voice!

2 A little flock!—so calls he thee  
Who bought thee with his blood;  
A little flock, disowned of men,  
But owned and loved of God.

3 Not many rich or noble called,  
Not many great or wise;  
They whom God makes his kings and priests  
Are poor in human eyes.

759

*"Can a mother forget?"*

A. STEELE.

A MOTHER may forgetful be,  
For human love is frail;  
But thy Creator's love to thee,  
O Zion, cannot fail.

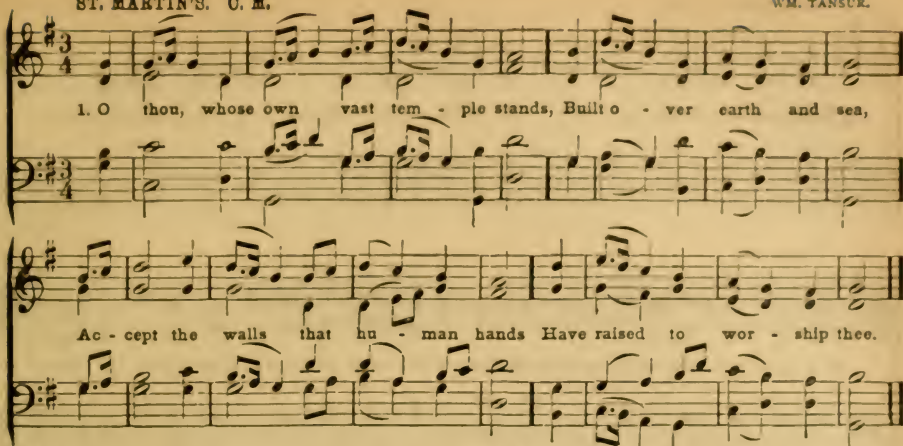
2 No: thy dear name engraven stands,  
In characters of love,  
On thy almighty Father's hands,  
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye  
Thy mournful state appears,  
And every groan, and every sigh,  
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,  
Be every fear suppressed;  
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,  
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

## ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.



1. O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,  
Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee.

760

*For Dedication.*

W. C. BRYANT.

- O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,  
Built over earth and sea,  
Accept the walls that human hands  
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,  
Within these courts to bide,  
The peace that dwelleth without end,  
Serenely by thy side!
- 3 May erring minds that worship here  
Be taught the better way;  
And they who mourn and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, 4  
And pure devotion rise,  
While round these hallowed walls the storm And  
Of earth-born passion dies.

761

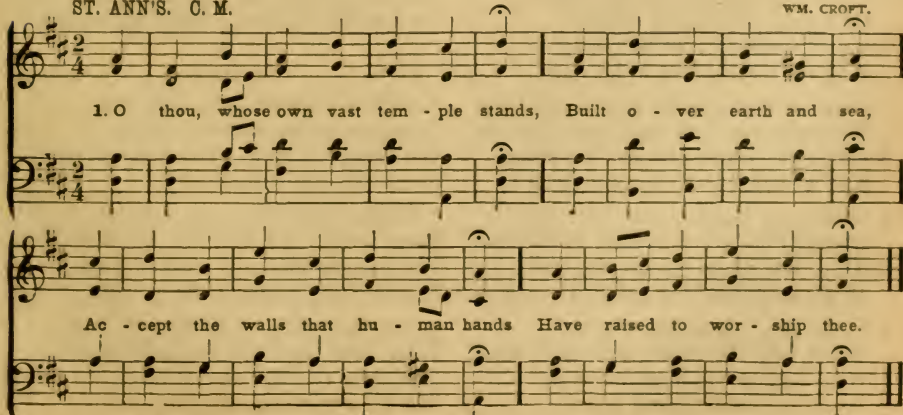
*The Ministry.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

- 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands,  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 2 They watch for souls for whom the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego—  
For souls that must for ever live  
In rapture or in woe.
- 3 All to the great tribunal haste,  
The account to render there;  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord! how should we appear?
- 4 May they that Jesus whom they preach  
Their own Redeemer, see,  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

## ST. ANN'S. C. M.

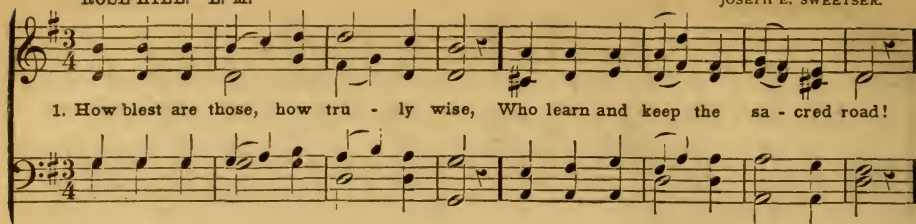
WM. CROFT.



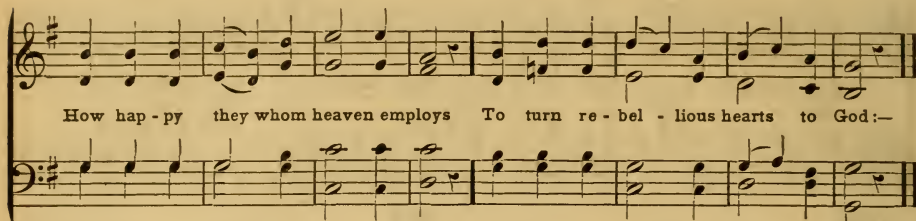
1. O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,  
Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee.

## ROSE HILL. L. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



1. How blest are those, how truly wise, Who learn and keep the sacred road!



How happy they whom heaven employs To turn rebellious hearts to God:—

## 762

*The Ministry.*

A. STEELE.

HOW BLEST are those, how truly wise,  
Who learn and keep the sacred road!  
How happy they whom heaven employs  
To turn rebellious hearts to God:—

2 To win them from the fatal way,  
Where erring folly thoughtless roves,  
And that blest righteousness display  
Which Jesus wrought and God approves.

3 The shining firmament shall fade,  
And sparkling stars resign their light;  
But these shall know nor change nor shade,  
For ever fair, for ever bright.

## 763

*Installation.*

J. MONTGOMERY.

WE bid thee welcome in the name  
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;  
Come as a servant: so he came,  
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep  
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;  
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,  
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,  
Charged his whole counsel to declare;  
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,  
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,  
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love!  
Live to behold our large increase,  
And die to meet us all above.

## 764

*For Dedication.*

N. P. WILLIS.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,  
Was the first temple,—built by God;  
His fiat laid the corner-stone,  
And heaved its pillars, one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—  
The broad, illimitable sky;  
He spread its pavement, green and bright,  
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,  
The sea—the sky—and “all was good;”  
And when its first pure praises rang,  
The “morning stars together sang.”

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,  
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;  
But in thy sight our offering stands—  
An humbler temple, “made with hands.”

## 765

*The Ministry.*

B. BEDDOME.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer;  
We plead for those who plead for thee;  
Successful may they ever be.

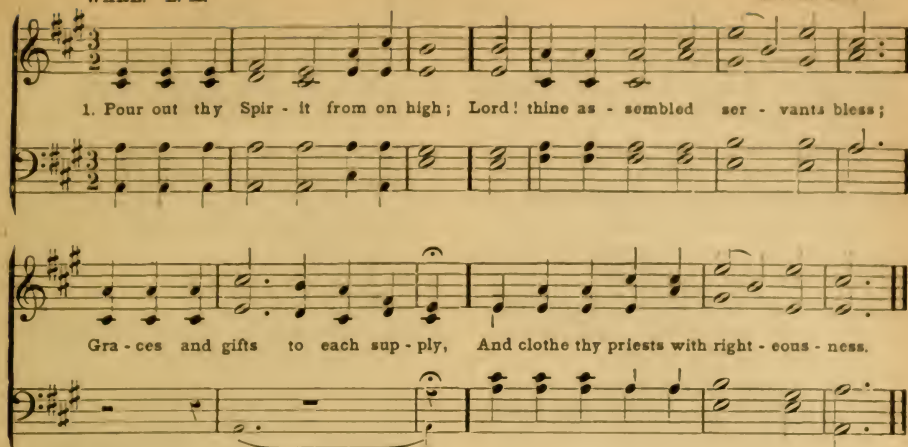
2 Clothe thou with energy divine  
Their words, and let those words be thine;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

3 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;  
And light through distant realms be spread  
Till Zion rears her drooping head.



WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



766

*Convocation.* J. MONTGOMERY.

- POUR out thy Spirit from on high;  
 Lord! thine assembled servants bless;  
 Graces and gifts to each supply,  
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,  
 Firmness with meekness from above,  
 To bear thy people on our heart,  
 And love the souls whom thou dost love:—
- 3 To watch and pray, and never faint;  
 By day and night strict guard to keep;  
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
 Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep;—
- 4 Then, when our work is finished here,  
 In humble hope our charge resign:  
 When the chief Shepherd shall appear,  
 O God! may they and we be thine!

767

*Seeking a Pastor.* P. DODDRIDGE.

- O LORD, thy pitying eye surveys  
 Our wandering paths, our trackless ways:  
 Send forth, in love, thy truth and light,  
 To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 In humble faith, behold we wait:  
 On thee we call at mercy's gate;  
 Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,—  
 Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?
- 3 O Lord! in ways of peace return,  
 Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;  
 May our blest eyes a shepherd see,  
 Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

768

*Prayer for Pastor.*

R. HILL

- With heavenly power, O Lord, defend  
 Him whom we now to thee commend;  
 Thy faithful messenger secure,  
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;  
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;  
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,  
 And arm him to obey thy will.

769

*Church Dedication.* J. PIERPONT.

- Oh, bow thine ear, Eternal One!  
 On thee our heart adoring calls;  
 To thee the followers of thy Son  
 Have raised, and now devote these walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept;  
 And be this place to worship given,  
 Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,  
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,  
 As incense, let thy children's prayer,  
 From contrite hearts and lips sincere,  
 Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;  
 Here let thy truth beam forth to save,  
 As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,  
 On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name  
 Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,  
 On others may devotion's flame  
 Be kindled here, and purely burn!

770

S. M.

*Psalm 48.*

I. WATTS.

FAR as thy name is known,  
 The world declares thy praise ;  
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,  
 Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand  
 On Zion's chosen hill,  
 Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
 And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around  
 The city where we dwell,  
 Compass and view thine holy ground,  
 And mark the building well—

4 The order of thy house,  
 The worship of thy court,  
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;  
 And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise !  
 How glorious to behold !  
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
 And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now  
 Will guide us till we die ;  
 Will be our God, while here below,  
 And ours above the sky.

771

7S, 6S. *The Church is Christ's.*

S. J. STONE.

THE Church's one foundation  
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;  
 She is his new creation  
 By water and the word :  
 From heaven he came and sought her,  
 To be his holy bride ;  
 With his own blood he bought her,  
 And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation  
 One Lord, one faith, one birth ;  
 One holy name she blesses,  
 Partakes one holy food,  
 And to one hope she presses,  
 With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,  
 Men see her sore oppressed,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distressed,  
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
 Their cry goes up, "How long ?"  
 And soon the night of weeping  
 Shall be the morn of song.

772

S. M.

*Psalm 48.*

I. WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord our God,  
 And let his praise be great ;  
 He makes his churches his abode,  
 His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,  
 How beautiful they stand !  
 The honors of our native place,  
 The bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,  
 A refuge in distress ;  
 How bright has his salvation shone  
 Through all her palaces !

4 Oft have our fathers told,  
 Our eyes have often seen,  
 How well our God secures the fold  
 Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress  
 We'll to his house repair,  
 We'll think upon his wondrous grace,  
 And seek deliverance there.

773

11S, 10S.

*"Daughter of Zion !"*

ANON.

DAUGHTER of Zion ! awake from thy sadness :  
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee  
 no more ;  
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star  
 of gladness ;  
 Arise ! for the night of thy sorrow is  
 o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm  
 that subdued them,  
 And scattered their legions, was might-  
 ier far ;  
 They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge  
 that pursued them ;  
 For vain were their steeds and their  
 chariots of war !

3 Daughter of Zion ! the Power that  
 hath saved thee,  
 Extolled with the harp and the tim-  
 brel should be :  
 Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that en-  
 slaved thee,  
 Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion  
 is free !

774

78.

*For Dedication.* J. MONTGOMERY.

LORD of hosts ! to thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise :  
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed  
With thy word, the heavenly bread:  
Here, in hope of glory blest,  
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,  
While the sea shall gird the land:  
Here reveal thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply :  
Hallelujah ! hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

775

S. M.

*The Ministry.*

MRS. VOKE.

YE messengers of Christ !

His sovereign voice obey ;  
Arise, and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,  
Will needful strength bestow ;  
Depending on his promised aid,  
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose ;  
The cause is God's—and will prevail,  
In spite of all his foes.

776

75, 68.

*Departing Missionaries.* J. EDMESTON.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean ;  
And, as thy billows flow,  
Bear messengers of mercy  
To every land below.  
Arise, ye gales, and waft them  
Safe to the destined shore ;  
That man may sit in darkness,  
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,  
Who holdest in thine arm  
The tempests of the ocean,  
Protect them from all harm !  
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,  
Wherever they may be :  
Though far from us, who love them,  
Still let them be with thee.

777

C. M.

*Church Opening.*

I. WATTS.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,  
And enter to thy rest ;  
Lo ! thy church waits, with longing eyes,  
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
All that the ark did once contain  
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows.  
Here let thy praise be spread ;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,  
Let God's Anointed shine ;  
Justice and truth his court maintain.  
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,  
And as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes.

778

P. M.

*1 Pet. i : 10, 11.*F. E. COX, *tr.*

WAKE ! the welcome day appeareth,  
Every heart with joy it cheereth !  
Wake ! the Lord's great year behold ;  
That which holy men of old,  
Those who throng the sacred pages,  
Waited for through countless ages :  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

2 Patriarchs erst and priests aspiring,  
Kings and prophets long desiring,  
Saw not this before they died :—  
Lo ! the light to them denied !

See its beams to earth directed !  
Welcome, O thou long-expected !  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

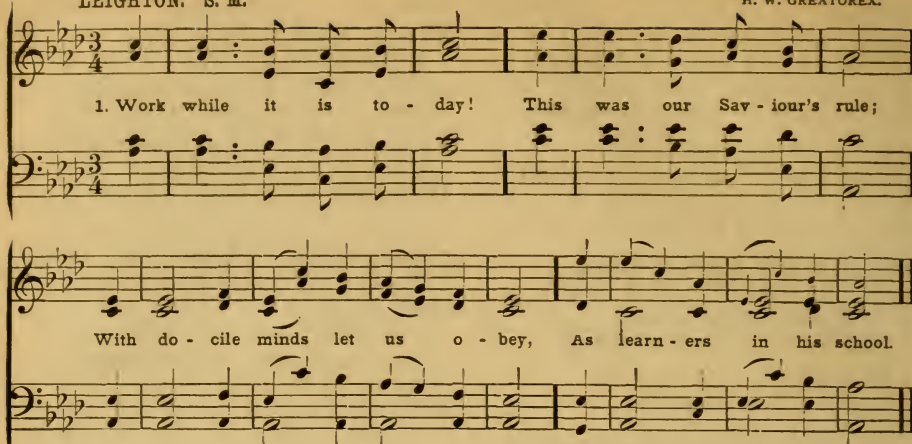
3 In our stead himself he offers,  
On the accurséd tree he suffers,  
That his death's sweet savor may  
Take our curse for aye away ;  
Cross and curse for us enduring,  
Hope and heaven to us securing :  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

4 Rent the temple curtain's centre ;  
Come, ye nations, freely enter  
Through the veil the holy place !  
Freely stand before his face,  
Here your grateful tributes bringing :  
Come thou Bride, for ever singing,  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !



LEIGHTON, S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



1. Work while it is to-day! This was our Sav-iour's rule;  
With do-cile minds let us o-bey, As learn-ers in his school.

779

*Expedition.*

J. MONTGOMERY.

WORK while it is to-day!

This was our Saviour's rule;  
With docile minds let us obey,  
As learners in his school.

2 Lord Christ, we humbly ask  
Of thee the power and will,  
With fear and meekness, every task  
Of duty to fulfill.

3 At home, by word and deed,  
Adorn redeeming grace;  
And sow abroad the precious seed  
Of truth in every place:—

4 That thus the wilderness  
May blossom like the rose,  
And trees spring up of righteousness,  
Where'er life's river flows.

5 For thee our all to spend,  
Still may we watch and pray,  
And, persevering to the end,  
Work while it is to-day.

780

*Contribution.*

W. W. HOW.

WE give thee but thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be:  
All that we have is thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as thou blesses us,  
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angel's work below.

4 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace—  
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be;  
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto thee.

781

*Reform.*

S. C. BRACE.

MOURN for the thousands slain,  
The youthful and the strong;  
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,  
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—  
Eternal life and light  
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,  
Call to the strong, the free;  
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,  
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,  
Pray to our God above,  
To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
And show his saving love.

## BEDAN. S. M.

FROM THE SHAWM.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed; To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land.

782

"Harvest home." J. MONTGOMERY.

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;  
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,  
The day of God shall come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

## WORK SONG. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1st. 2d. FINE. CRES. D. C.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; } [the glowing sun;  
1. Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit) ..... Work 'mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in  
D. C. Work, for the night is coming, (Omit) ..... When man's work is done.

783

"The night cometh." A. L. WALKER.

WORK, for the night is coming;  
Work, through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling;  
Work, 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work, in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

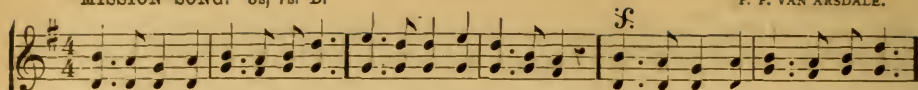
2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

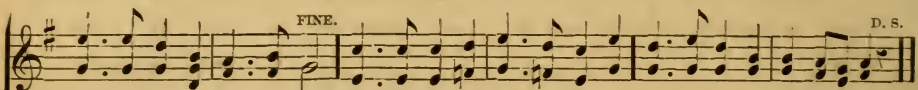
3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

## MISSION SONG. 8s, 7s. D.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.



1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,—Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,  
D. S. Who will an-swer, glad-ly saying,



Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward he of-fers free;  
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."



## 784

"The Laborers are few." D. MARCH.

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling,—  
Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,—  
Who will bear the sheaves away?  
Loud and long the Master calleth,  
Rich reward he offers free;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door;  
If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you,  
Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do!"  
Gladly take the task he gives you,  
Let his work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when he calleth,  
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boat away.

2 If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley,  
While the multitude go by;  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along;  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready to command;  
If you cannot toward the needy  
Reach an ever open hand,  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep;  
You can be a true disciple  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaf,  
Many a grain both ripe and golden  
Will the careless reapers leave;  
Go and glean among the briers,  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that the shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

## 785

"What thy hand findeth." E. H. GATES.

If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,



786

88, 78 *Christian Union.* T. W. AVELING.

HAIL! thou God of grace and glory!

Who thy name hast magnified,

By redemption's wondrous story,

By the Saviour crucified;

Thanks to thee for every blessing,

Flowing from the Fount of love;

Thanks for present good unceasing,

And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,

Near thy bright and burning throne;

We invoke thee, God most holy!

Through thy well-beloved Son;

Send the baptism of thy Spirit,

Shed the pentecostal fire;

Let us all thy grace inherit,

Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind thy people, Lord! in union,

With the sevenfold cord of love;

Breathe a spirit of communion

With the glorious hosts above;

Let thy work be seen progressing;

Bow each heart, and bend each knee;

Till the world, thy truth possessing,

Celebrates its jubilee.

## BEAUTEOUS DAY. P. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.

CHORUS.

1. { We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright prophetic day: }  
 { When the shadows, weary shadows, From the world shall roll (Omit) } a - way. We are waiting

for the morning, When the beauteous day is dawning; We are waiting for the morning,

For the golden spires of day. Lo! he comes! see the King draws near; Zion, shout! the Lord is here.

787

*We are watching.* W. O. CUSHING.

We are watching, we are waiting,

For the bright prophetic day;

When the shadows, weary shadows,

From the world shall roll away.—CHO.

2 We are watching, we are waiting,

For the star that brings the day:

When the night of sin shall vanish,  
And the shadows melt away.—CHO.3 We are watching, we are waiting,  
For the beauteous King of day;

For the Chiefest of ten-thousand,

For the Light, the Truth, the Way.—

CHO

## WESTMINSTER. 8s, 7s.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian, though the re - gion Where thou art be drear and lone;  
God has set a guar - dian le - gion Ver - y near thee; press thou on.

788

*"Leaving us an example."* S. JOHNSON.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region  
Where thou art be drear and lone;  
God has set a guardian legion  
Very near thee; press thou on.

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,  
Is the mount of vision won;  
Tread it without shrinking, brother;  
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

3 Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
For thy life of pain and peace;  
While it needs thee, oh, no longer  
Pray thou for thy quick release.

4 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,  
That thou be a faithful son;  
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,  
Not my will, but thine, be done."

789

*Courage and Faith.* ANON.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever by still waters  
Would we idly quiet stay;  
But would smite the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
In our wanderings, be our guide;  
Through endeavor, failure, danger,  
Father, be thou at our side!

790

*Progress.* H. BONAR.

LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,  
Let my soul in faith be borne:  
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,  
Let my eye unshrinking turn!

2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,  
Sets the fettered spirit free,  
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,  
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

3 Oh, may I no longer, dreaming,  
Idly waste my golden day,  
But, each precious hour redeeming,  
Upward, onward, press my way!

791

*Psalm 127.* H. AUBER.

VAINLY, through night's weary hours,  
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;  
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,  
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,  
Did not God that labor bless;  
Vain, without his grace and favor,  
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,  
That on human strength relies;  
But to him shall help be given,  
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;  
He will grant us peace and rest:  
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,  
Who thro' Christ his prayer addressed.

## SOLNEY. 8s, 7s.

I. A. F. SCHULZ.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Thinking not 'tis thrown a - way;  
God him - self saith, thou shalt gath - er It a - gain some fu - ture day.

792

EccL. 11 : 1.

J. H. HANAFORD.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,  
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;  
God himself saith, thou shalt gather  
It again some future day.  
2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Wildly though the billows roll,  
They but aid thee as thou toilest  
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed by billows floated,  
To some distant island lone,  
So to human souls benighted,  
That thou flingest may be borne.  
4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?  
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

## STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. F. JONES.

1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,  
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.

793

Psalm 126 : 6.

T. HASTINGS.

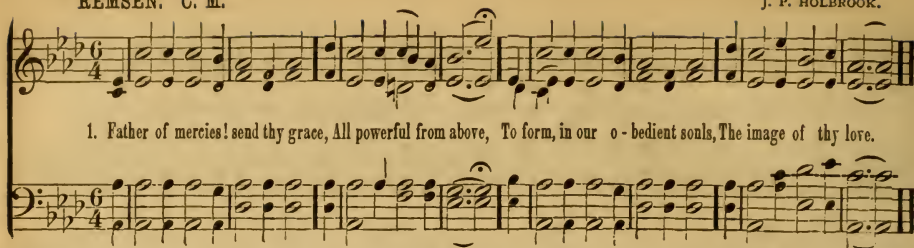
HE that goeth forth with weeping,  
Bearing precious seed in love,  
Never tiring, never sleeping,  
Findeth mercy from above.  
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
Bright the rays celestial shine;  
Precious fruits will thus be given,  
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
Let no fears thy soul annoy;  
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.  
4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!  
See the rising grain appear;  
Look again! the fields are whitening,  
For the harvest time is near.



REMSEN, C. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



1. Father of mercies! send thy grace, All powerful from above, To form, in our o-bedient souls, The image of thy love.

794

*"So Jesus looked."*

P. DODDRIDGE.

- FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,  
All powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts  
The generous pleasure know,  
Kindly to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' woe!
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel.  
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,  
When throned above the skies;  
And mid the embraces of his God,  
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,  
To raise us from the ground,  
And made the richest of his blood  
A balm for every wound.

795

*God's hidden ones.*

W. CROSWELL.

- LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let love's treasures still be spent,  
Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their crowded loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill;  
And that thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Mean are all offerings we can make;  
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,  
if given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

796

*Minute fidelity.*

ANON.

- SCORN not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power;  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,  
That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell  
How vast its power may be,  
Nor what results infolded dwell  
Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be;  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free.

797

*Psalms 41.*

A. L. BARBAULD.

- BLEST is the man whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain:—
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous  
A stranger's woes to feel; [warmth  
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms  
To every child of grief;  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow:  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.
- 5 Peace from the bosom of his God,  
The Saviour's grace shall give;  
And, when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.

## CLARENDON. C. M.

I. TUCKER.

1. Oh, still in accents sweet and strong Sounds forth the ancient word,—

“More reapers for white harvest fields, More laborers for the Lord!”

798

*More laborers.* S. LONGFELLOW.

- Oh, still in accents sweet and strong  
Sounds forth the ancient word,—  
“More reapers for white harvest fields,  
More laborers for the Lord!”
- 2 We hear the call; in dreams no more  
In selfish ease we lie,  
But, girded for our Father's work,  
Go forth beneath his sky.
- 3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,  
And prayers of saints were sown,  
We, to their labors entering in,  
Would reap where they have strown.

799

*The Martyr-spirit.*

R. HEBER.

- THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar:  
Who follows in his train?
- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
And triumph over pain,  
Who patient bear his cross below—  
He follows in his train.
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came:  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.
- 4 They climbed the dizzy steep to heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain:  
O God! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train!

800

*Charitableness.*

FLETCHER.

- THINK gently of the erring one!  
And let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet.
- 2 Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the self-same God;  
He hath but stumbled in the path,  
We have in weakness trod.
- 3 Forget not thou hast often sinned,  
And sinful yet must be:  
Deal gently with the erring one,  
As God has dealt with thee.

801

*Beneficence.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

- JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!  
Thy bounties how complete!  
How shall we count the matchless sum!  
How pay the mighty debt!
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine;  
What can our poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace;  
And wilt confess their humble names,  
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,  
And visited and cheered;  
And in their accents of distress,  
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

LUTON. L. M.

G. BURDER.

1. It may not be our lot to wield The sic - kle in the ri - pened field;

Nor ours to hear, on sum - mer eves, The reaper's song a - mong the sheaves.

802

*Encouragement.* J. G. WHITTIER.

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

2 Yet ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recompense;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

3 And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

4 But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again;  
And, 'early called, how blest are they  
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day!

WELTON. L. M.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said, "If thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be;

De - ny thy-self, the world for - sake, And hum-bly fol - low af - ter me."

803

*Our cross.*

C. W. EVEREST.

"TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,  
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

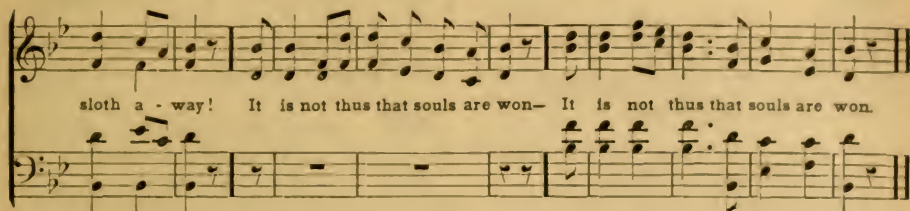
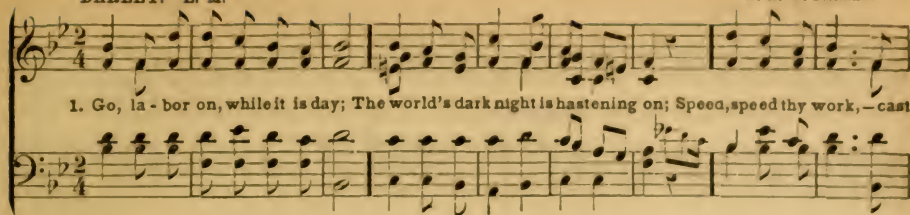
3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;  
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;  
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.



DARLEY, L. M.

W. H. W. DARLEY.



804

*Zeal.*

H. BONAR.

GO, LABOR ON, while it is day;  
The world's dark night is hastening on;  
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!  
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:  
Take up the torch and wave it wide—  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray!  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway;  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on: your hands are weak;  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

805

*Forbearance.*

J. RIPPON.

OH, what stupendous mercy shines  
Around the majesty of heaven?  
Rebels he deigns to call his sons—  
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine—  
The grace that blazes like the sun;  
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,  
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 When all is done, renounce your deeds,  
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:  
Thus will you glorify your God,  
And thus the Christian name adorn.

806

*Faith and Works.*

W. H. DRUMMOND.

ONE cup of healing oil and wine,  
One offering laid on mercy's shrine,  
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,  
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

2 In true and inward faith we trace  
The source of every outward grace;  
Within the pious heart it plays,  
A living fount of joy and praise.

3 Kind deeds of peace and love betray  
Where'er the stream has found its way;  
But, where these spring not rich and fair,  
The stream has never wandered there.

807

*Liberality.*

T. GIBBONS.

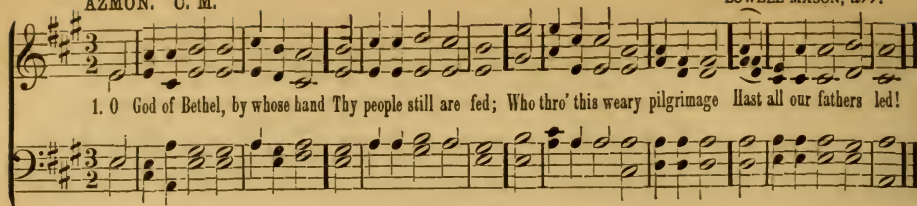
WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were his works from day to day,  
But miracles of power and grace,  
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;  
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,  
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives;  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank!

4 But he who marks, from day to day,  
In generous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

## AZMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

## 808

*Genesis 28: 19-22.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace;  
God of our fathers! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us, each day, our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode,  
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And thou shalt be our chosen God,  
Our portion evermore.

## 809

*Christ receiving children.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,  
With all engaging charms!

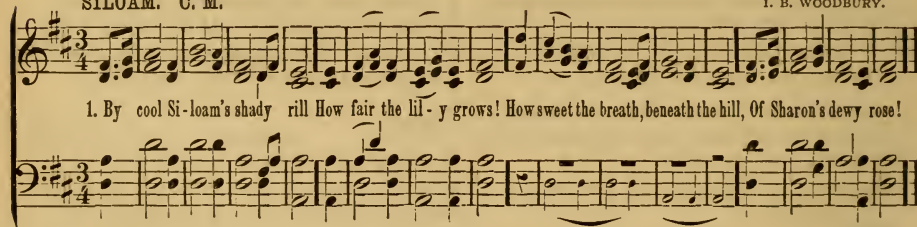
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 't was to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—  
Thine let our offspring be.

## SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



## 810

*A Christian Child.*

R. HEBER.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
May shake the soul with sorrow's power  
And stormy passion's rage.

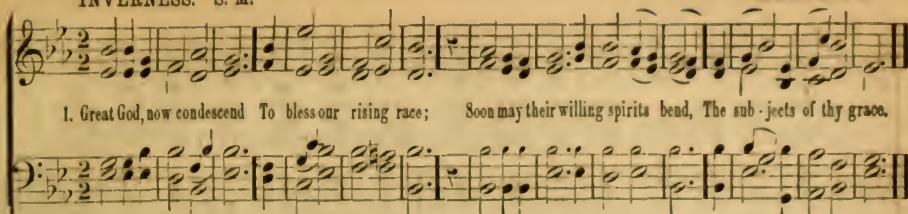
5 O thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone  
In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
To keep us still thine own.



## INVERNESS. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Great God, now condescend To bless our rising race; Soon may their willing spirits bend, The sub-jects of thy grace.

S11

*Our children.*

J. FELLOWS.

GREAT God, now condescend  
To bless our rising race;  
Soon may their willing spirits bend,  
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight  
Their happiness to see;  
Our warmest wishes all unite,  
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,  
This ordinance divine;  
Send thy good Spirit from above,  
And make these children thine.

S12

*"Suffer them to come."*

H. U. ONDERDONK.

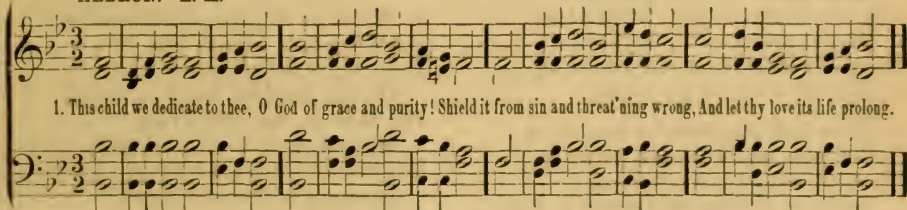
THE Saviour kindly calls  
Our children to his breast;  
He folds them in his gracious arms,  
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble claim;  
The heirs of heaven are such as these,  
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,  
Devoting them to thee,  
Imploring, that, as we are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be.

## HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. This child we dedicate to thee, O God of grace and purity! Shield it from sin and threaten'ing wrong, And let thy love its life prolong.

S13

*"This child we dedicate."* S. GILMAN, *tr.*

THIS child we dedicate to thee,  
O God of grace and purity!  
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,  
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 Oh, may thy Spirit gently draw  
Its willing soul to keep thy law;  
May virtue, piety, and truth,  
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We too, before thy gracious sight,  
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,  
And would renew its solemn vow  
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart, 4  
We still may act the Christian's part,  
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,  
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

S14

*"They are thine."*

A. B. HYDE.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray  
From thy secure enclosure's bound,  
And, lured by worldly joys away,  
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;—

2 Remember still that they are thine,  
That thy dear sacred name they bear;  
Think that the seal of love divine,  
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,  
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;  
Remember all the prayers and tears  
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more,  
Turn thou their feet from folly's way;  
The wanderers to thy fold restore.



## BAVARIA. 8s, 7s. D.

GERMAN.

FINE.

1. { Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us: Much we need thy ten-der care; }  
 { In thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use thy fold pre-pare: }  
 D. C.—Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray.

We are thine: do thou be-friend us, Be the guardian of our way;

## 815

*Lambs of the Fold.*

D. A. THURPP.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:  
 Much we need thy tender care;  
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
 For our use thy fold prepare:  
 We are thine: do thou befriend us,  
 Be the guardian of our way;  
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,  
 Seek us when we go astray.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
 Early let us seek thy favor,  
 Early help us do thy will;  
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour!  
 With thy grace our bosom fill.

## 816

*Sabbath School Meeting.*

ANON.

SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,  
 At thy sacred feet we bow;  
 Heart with heart, in blest communion,  
 Join to crave thy favor now!  
 Though celestial choirs adore thee,  
 Let our prayer as incense rise;  
 And our praise be set before thee,  
 Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,  
 Oft have cheered us on our way;  
 By thy power and grace unceasing,  
 We continue to this day:

Raise we then with glad emotion  
 Thankful lays: and while we sing,  
 Vow a pure, a full devotion  
 To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story  
 Of thy rich, exhaustless love,  
 Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,  
 On the youthful heart to move!  
 Oh, that he, the ever-living,  
 May descend, as fruitful rain;  
 Till the wilderness, reviving,  
 Blossoms as the rose again!

## 817

*"These little ones."* W. A. MUHLENBERG.

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding  
 With the shepherd's kindest care,  
 All the feeble gently leading,  
 While the lambs thy bosom share;  
 Now, these little ones receiving,  
 Fold them in thy gracious arm;  
 There, we know, thy word believing,  
 Only there, secure from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,  
 Let them be the lion's prey;  
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
 Keep them all life's dangerous way:  
 Then, within thy fold eternal,  
 Let them find a resting-place,  
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

## NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

ANON.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }  
 { Streams of mercy, nev-er ceasing. Call for songs of loudest praise; } Teach me some melodious  
 D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—Mount of thy redeeming love.

son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above:

818

"Eben-ezer."

R. ROBINSON.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise;  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—  
 Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Eben-ezer;  
 Hither by thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to thee;  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it;  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

## NAUFORD. P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the mem-o - ry a-dored, And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til he come.

819

"Till he come."

G. RAWSON.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,  
 We keep the memory adored,  
 And show the death of our dear Lord,  
 Until he come.

2 His body broken in our stead  
 Is here, in this memorial bread;  
 And so our feeble love is fed,  
 Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,  
 His life-blood shed for us we see:  
 The wine shall tell the mystery,  
 Until he come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,  
 With the last advent we unite—  
 The shame, the glory, by this rite,  
 Until he come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,  
 Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
 And with the great commanding word,  
 The Lord shall come.

6 Oh, blessed hope! with this elate,  
 Let not our hearts be desolate,  
 But, strong in faith, in patience wait,  
 Until he come!

## HEAVENLY FOLD. C. M. D.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Let saints be - low in con - cert sing With those to glo - ry gone; For all the servants  
of our King In earth and heaven are one. One fam - i - ly - we dwell in him - One  
church a - bove, be - neath, Though now di - vid - ed by the stream, The narrow stream of death; -

820

"One Family,"

C. WESLEY.

LET saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King  
In earth and heaven are one.  
One family—we dwell in him—  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death;—

2 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.  
Ev'n now to their eternal home  
Some happy spirits fly;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die.

3 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands  
Upon the eternal shore.  
Lord Jesus! be our constant guide:  
And, when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

821

*Hebrews, 12: 18-24.*

I. WATTS.

Nor to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke;—  
But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God;  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And speak his love abroad.

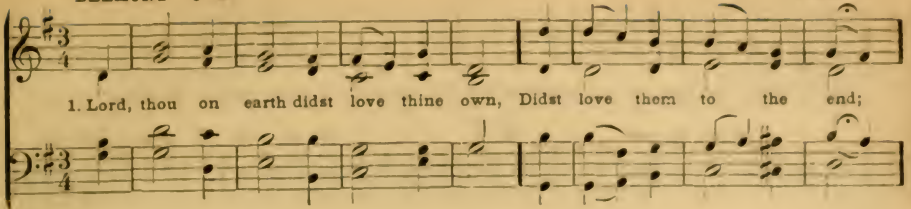
2 Behold the innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light;  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turned to sight!  
Behold the blest assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heaven!  
And God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their vilest sins forgiven.

3 The saints on earth, and all the dead,  
But one communion make;  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of his grace partake.  
In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest;  
The man that dwells where Jesus is,  
Must be for ever blest.



## BELMONT. C. M.

S. WEBER.



1. Lord, thou on earth didst love thine own, Didst love them to the end;  
Oh, still from thy celestial throne, Let gifts of love descend.

## 822

"One as we are one." RAY PALMER.

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,  
Didst love them to the end;  
Oh, still from thy celestial throne,  
Let gifts of love descend.

- 2 The love the Father bears to thee,  
His own eternal Son,  
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be  
In pure affection one.
- 3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,  
Warmed by love's holy flame,  
So let our deeds of kindness flow  
To all that bear thy name.
- 4 One blessed fellowship of love,  
Thy living church should stand,  
Till, faultless, she at last above  
Shall shine at thy right hand.
- 5 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,  
With her dear Lord appears!  
Then, robed in beauty at his side,  
She shall forget her tears!

## 823

1 John 4: 21.

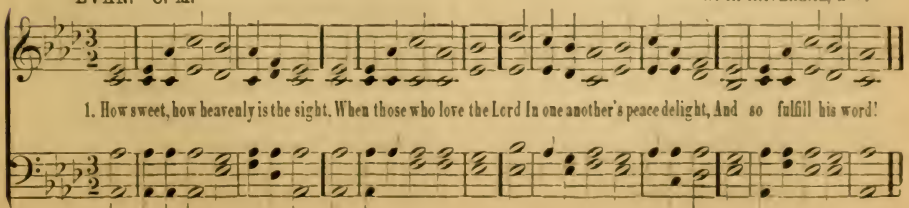
J. SWAIN.

HOW SWEET, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfill his word!

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part!  
When sorrow flows from every eye,  
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem  
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven who finds  
His bosom glow with love.

## EVAN. C. M.

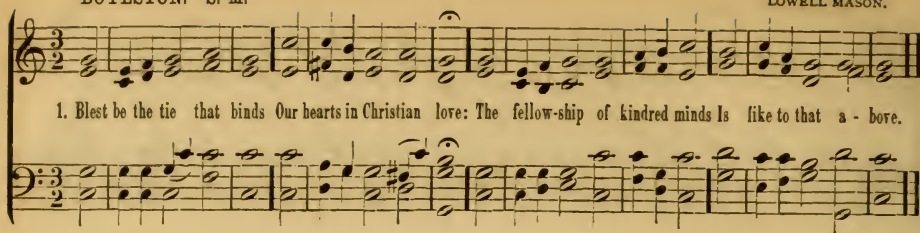
W. H. HAVERGAL, arr.



1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill his word!

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



824

*"Christian Love."*

J. FAWCETT.

BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love:  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

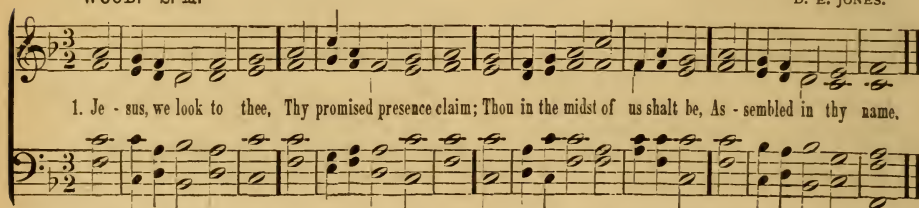
4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free,  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

WOOD. S. M.

D. E. JONES.



825

*Christ's Presence.*

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, we look to thee,  
Thy promised presence claim;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride  
Or selfishness we meet;  
From nature's paths we turn aside,  
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,  
Which thou hast freely given;  
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know thou art,  
But, oh, thyself reveal!  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may thy quickening voice  
The death of sin remove;  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,  
In hope of perfect love.

826

*Christian Union.*

B. BEDDOME.

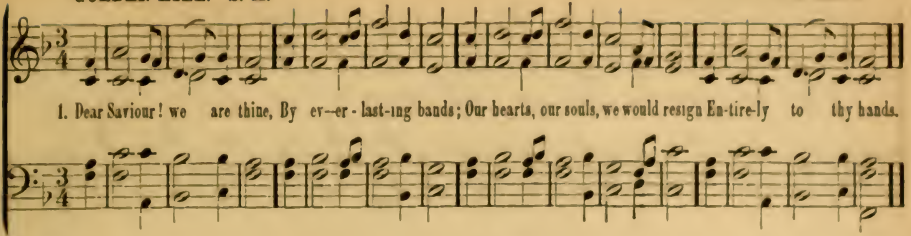
LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,  
Let mutual love be found;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above;  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And every heart is love.

## GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.



827

*"We are thine."*

P. DODDRIDGE.

- DEAR SAVIOUR! we are thine,  
By everlasting bands;  
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign  
Entirely to thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave  
With ever-growing zeal;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to thee, our Head;  
Shall form in us thine image bright,  
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay;  
But love shall keep us near thy side,  
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.

828

*At closing.*

A. R. WOLFE.

- A PARTING hymn we sing,  
Around thy table, Lord;  
Again our grateful tribute bring,  
Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here have we seen thy face,  
And felt thy presence here;  
So may the savor of thy grace  
In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of thy blood—  
By sin no longer led—  
The path our dear Redeemer trod  
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love  
Be our communion shown,  
Until we join the church above,  
And know as we are known.

829

*The invitation.*

I. WATTS.

- JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board;  
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And interest in his death.
- 3 Our heavenly Father calls  
Christ and his members one;  
We, the young children of his love,  
And he, the first-born Son.
- 4 Let all our powers be joined,  
His glorious name to raise;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind  
And every voice be praise.
- 5 To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be,  
As was, and is, and shall remain  
Through all eternity!

830

*Great wishes.*

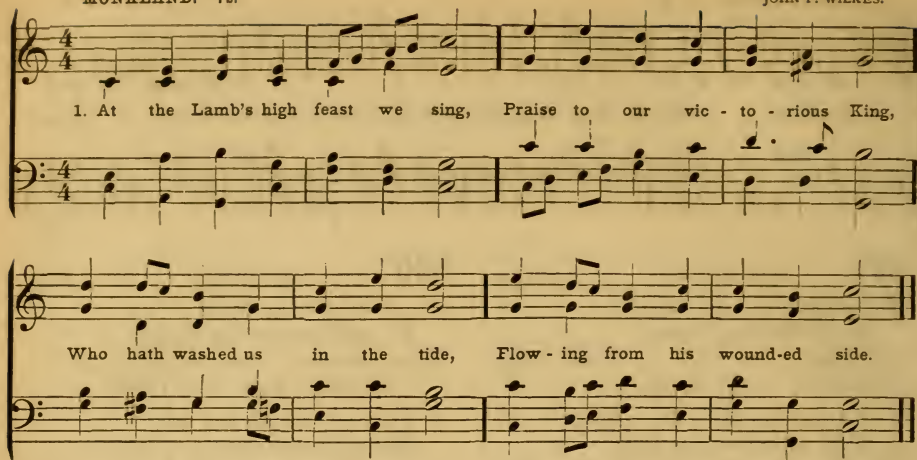
C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and casts behind  
The lures of pleasing ill;—
- 3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;—
- 4 A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.



MONKLAND. 7s.

JOHN P. WILKES.



1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our vic-tor-ious King,  
Who hath washed us in the tide, Flow-ing from his wound-ed side.

831

*"Christ, our Passover."* R. CAMPBELL, tr.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing  
Praise to our victorious King,  
Who hath washed us in the tide,  
Flowing from his wounded side.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,  
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,  
Holy victim, without stain;  
Death and hell defeated lie,  
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Father, unto thee we raise;  
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,  
With the Spirit ever be.

832

*"This is my Body."*

J. CONDER.

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed;  
Ever let our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice:  
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,  
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day, with strength supplied,  
Through the life of him who died:  
Lord of life! oh, let us be,  
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

833

*Wounded for us.*

ANON.

JESUS, Master! hear me now,  
While I would renew my vow,  
And record thy dying love;  
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,  
Broken in thy body's stead;  
Cheer my spirit with this wine,  
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,  
Let me truly, sweetly think,  
Thou didst hang upon the tree,  
Broken, bleeding, there—for me!

834

*"Thine for ever."*

M. F. MAUDE.

THINE for ever! God of love,  
Hear us from thy throne above!  
Thine for ever may we be,  
Here and in eternity!

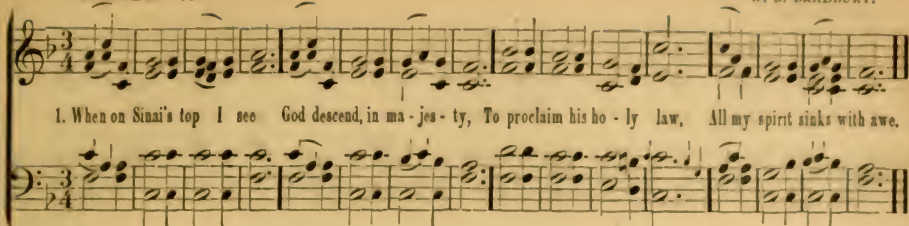
2 Thine for ever! oh, how blest  
They who find in thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine for ever! Saviour keep  
These thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath thy care,  
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine for ever! thou our Guide,—  
All our wants by thee supplied,—  
All our sins by thee forgiven,—  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

## ALETTA. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. When on Sinai's top I see God descend, in ma-jes-ty, To proclaim his ho-ly law, All my spirit sinks with awe.

## 835

Three Mountains. J. MONTGOMERY.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see  
God descend, in majesty,  
To proclaim his holy law,  
All my Spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,  
At the too transporting light,  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,  
God, in flesh made manifest,  
Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep and gaze my soul away;  
Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above;  
Deeper than the depths beneath—  
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be!  
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee, and adore;—  
Oh, for grace to love thee more.

## 836

"Lovest thou me?" W. COWPER.

HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour—hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
And when bleeding, healed thy wound:  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

## 837

"Thy people shall be my people." J. MONTGOMERY.

PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

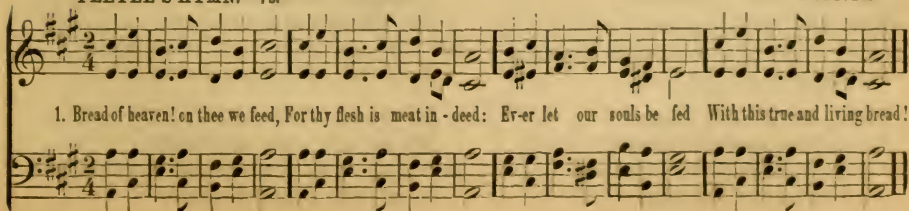
2 Now to you my spirit turns—  
Turns, a fugitive unblest;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
Oh, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave;—

4 Mine the God whom you adore,  
Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.

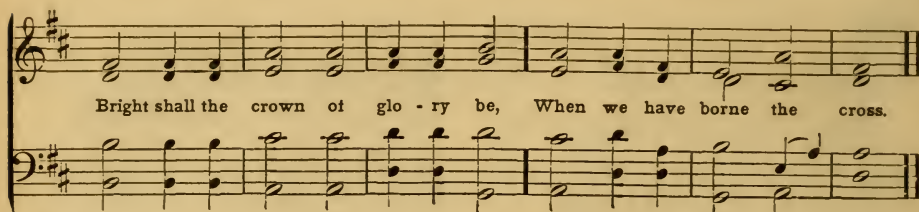
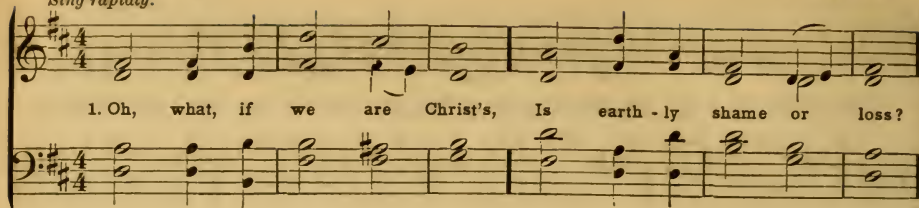


1. Bread of heaven! on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in-deed: Ev-er let our souls be fed With this true and living bread!

OWEN. S. M.

*Sing rapidly.*

J. E. SWEETSER.



838

*"Via crucis, via lucis."* H. W. BAKER.

Oh, what, if we are Christ's,  
Is earthly shame or loss?  
Bright shall the crown of glory be,  
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours!  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,  
May be our portion here!

5 Enough, if thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath thy feet,  
Where saints and angels live!

839

*"I can do all things."*

E. OSLER.

O SAVIOUR, who didst come  
By water and by blood;  
Confessed on earth, adored in heaven,  
Eternal Son of God!

2 Jesus, our life and hope,  
To endless years the same;  
We plead thy gracious promises;  
And rest upon thy name.

3 By faith in thee we live,  
By faith in thee we stand,  
By thee we vanquish sin and death,  
And gain the heavenly land.

4 O Lord, increase our faith;  
Our fearful spirits calm;  
Sustain us through this mortal strife,  
Then give the victor's palm!

840

*"I have peace."*

H. BONAR.

I HEAR the words of love,  
I gaze upon the blood,  
I see the mighty sacrifice,  
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace,  
Sure as Jehovah's name;  
'Tis stable as his steadfast throne,  
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,  
And storms may sweep my sky;  
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,  
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change—he changes not;  
The Christ can never die;  
His love, not mine, the resting-place;  
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 My love is oft-times low,  
My joy still ebbs and flows;  
But peace with him remains the same,  
No change Jehovah knows.



ADRIAN. S. M.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,  
But not a rest - ing - place a - bove The cheer-less wa - ters found;—

841

*The Ark of God.* W. A. MUHLENBERG.

- LIKE Noah's weary dove,  
That soared the earth around,  
But not a resting-place above  
The cheerless waters found;—
- 2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All this wide world, to either pole,  
Hath not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the ark of God!  
Behold the open door!  
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,  
There sweet shall be thy rest;  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

842

*"This is my blood."* E. DENNY.

- BLEST feast of love divine!  
'Tis grace that makes us free  
To feed upon this bread and wine,  
In memory, Lord, of thee.
- 2 That blood which flowed for sin,  
In symbol here we see,  
And feel the blessed pledge within,  
That we are loved of thee.
- 3 Oh, if this glimpse of love  
Be so divinely sweet,  
What will it be, O Lord, above,  
Thy gladdening smile to meet!

843

*Christ, our Righteousness.* C. WESLEY, alt.

- FOR ever here my rest!  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea—  
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My Saviour, and my God!  
Fountain for guilt and sin!  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood!  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

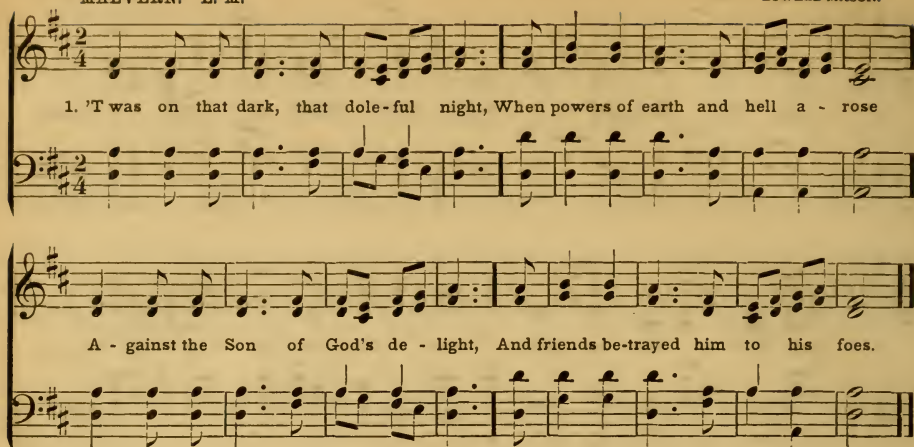
844

*"The banqueting house."* C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, we thus obey  
Thy last and kindest word,  
And in thine own appointed way  
We come to meet thee, Lord!
- 2 Thus we remember thee,  
And take this bread and wine  
As thine own dying legacy,  
And our redemption's sign.
- 3 Thy presence makes the feast;  
Now let our spirits feel  
The glory not to be expressed,—  
The joy unspeakable!
- 4 With high and heavenly bliss  
Thou dost our spirits cheer;  
Thy house of banqueting is this,  
And thou hast brought us here.
- 5 Now let our souls be fed  
With manna from above,  
And over us thy banner spread  
Of everlasting love.

MALVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night, When powers of earth and hell a - rose  
A - gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends be-trayed him to his foes.

845

*The Last Supper.*

I. WATTS.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;  
Receive and eat the living food:"  
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;  
"Tis the new covenant, in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,  
In memory of your dying Friend;  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,

Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

846

*The Institution.*

I. WATTS

At thy command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast;  
Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board,  
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

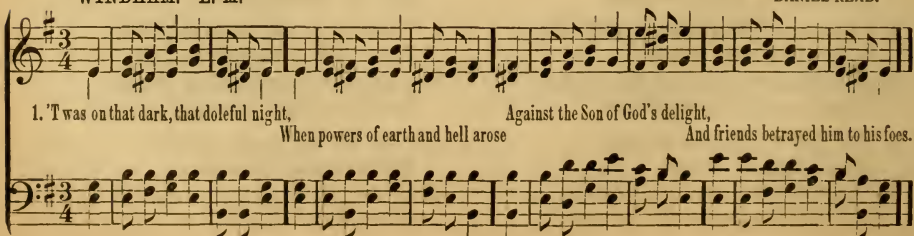
2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in One that died;  
We hope for heavenly crowns above  
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And fling their scandals on the cause;  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He that was dead has left his tomb;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.



1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betrayed him to his foes.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Je - sus is gone a - bove the skies, Where our weak sens-es reach him not;  
And car-nal ob - jects court our eyes, To thrust our Sav - lour from our thought.

847

*The Memorial of our Lord.* 1. WATTS.

- JESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face;  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem;  
Christ and his love fill every thought;  
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
That we may dwell in heavenly light,  
And live for ever near his face.

848

*"We would see Jesus."* 1. WATTS.

- HERE let us see thy face, O Lord,  
And view salvation with our eyes,  
And taste and feel the living Word,  
The Bread descending from the skies.
- 2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,  
Hast set his blood before our face,  
To teach the terrors of thy name,  
And show the wonders of thy grace.
- 3 Jesus, our Light! our Morning-star!  
Shine thou on nations yet unknown;  
The glory of thy people here,  
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

849

*Feeding on Christ.* J. MONTGOMERY.

- I FEED by faith on Christ; my bread,  
His body broken on the tree;  
I live in him, my living Head,  
Who died, and rose again for me.
- 2 This be my joy and comfort here,  
This pledge of future glory mine:  
Jesus, in spirit now appear,  
And break the bread, and pour the wine.
- 3 From thy dear hand, may I receive  
The tokens of thy dying love,  
And, while I feast on earth, believe  
That I shall feast with thee above.

850

*"Eat, O friends."* A. R. WOLFE.

- DRAW near, O Holy Dove, draw near,  
With peace and gladness on thy wing;  
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,  
And light, and life, and comfort bring.
- 2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"  
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:  
Our hearts with new desire are moved,  
And kindled with a heavenly flame.
- 3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,  
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;  
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,  
But hail him living in the skies!
- 4 While this we do, remembering thee,  
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove  
We have thy blessed company,  
Thy banner over us is love.



EASTON, L. M.

FROM MOZART.

1. My God, and is thy ta - ble spread, And doth thy cup with love o'er - flow?  
Thith-er be all thy chil - dren led, And let them all its sweetness know.

851

*"Thou preparest a table."* P. DODDRIDGE.

My God, and is thy table spread,  
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Oh, let thy table honored be,  
And furnished well with joyous guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men, and from the angel-host,  
Be praise and glory evermore!

852

*"Our exalted Lord."* A. STEELE.

To JESUS, our exalted Lord,  
That name in heaven and earth adored,  
Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,  
Are weak, and languishing, and low;  
Far, far above our humble songs,  
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,  
And worship at his sacred feet,  
Oh, let our warm affections move,  
In glad returns of grateful love.

853

*At the Cross.* E. DENNY.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that pressed  
Around thee on the cursed tree,  
Some loyal, loving hearts there were,  
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own  
Our dying Lord, tho' crowned with thorn;  
Like thee, thy blessed self, endure  
The cross with all its cruel scorn.

3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,  
Show what thy brethren all should be;  
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those  
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

854

*The day of Espousals.* I. WATTS.

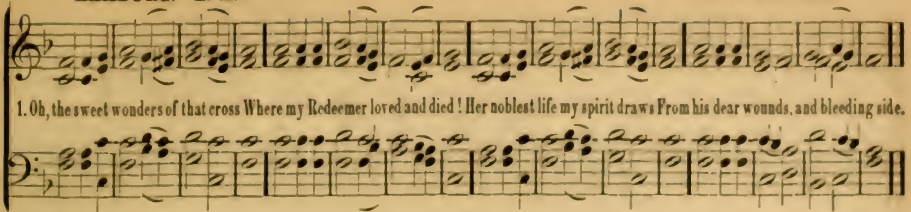
JESUS, thou everlasting King!  
Accept the tribute that we bring;  
Accept the well-deserved renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord! to thee;  
Like the dear hour, when, from above,  
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day—  
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute, as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are raised to sing thy name,  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

## HAMBURG. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross Where my Redeemer loved and died ! Her noblest life my spirit draws From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

855

*Parting Song.*

I. WATTS.

Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross  
Where my Redeemer loved and died !  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2 I would for ever speak his name  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace ;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,  
Be thine through all eternity ;  
The vow is past beyond repeal ;  
And now I set the solemn seal.

856

*"Bought with a price."*

S. DAVIES.

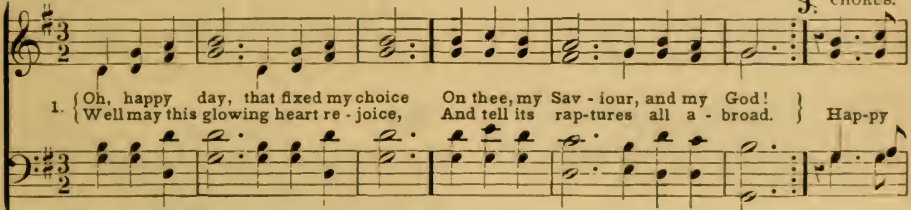
LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine,

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God,  
Thee, my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.

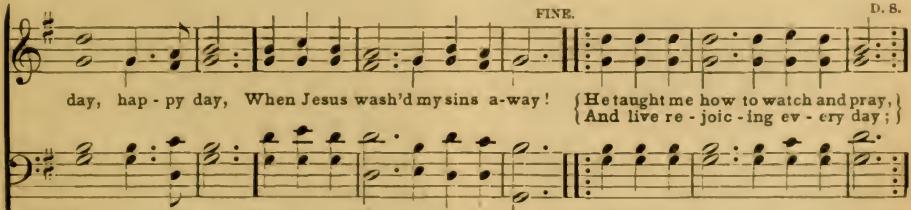
## HAPPY DAY. L. M.

FROM E. F. RIMBAULT.

F. CHORUS.



1. { Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice      On thee, my Sav - iour, and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart re - joice,      And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. } Hap - py



day, hap - py day, When Jesus wash'd mysins a-way ! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }  
And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day ; }

857

*"Happy Day."*

F. DODDRIDGE.

Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour, and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away !  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day :

Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away !

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love !  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.—CHO

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done :  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.—CHO.

OXFORD, C. M.

WILLIAM COOMBS.

1. To - geth - er with these sym - bols, Lord, Thy bless - ed self im - part;

And let thy ho - ly flesh and blood Feed the be - liev - ing heart.

558

*Feeding on Christ.*

J. CENNICK.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,  
Thy blessed self impart;  
And let thy holy flesh and blood  
Feed the believing heart.

- 2 Let us from all our sins be washed  
In thy atoning blood;  
And let thy Spirit be the seal  
That we are born of God.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,  
Prepare us for this feast;  
Oh, let us banquet with our Lord,  
And lean upon his breast.

559

*"Friend of Sinners."*

R. BURNHAM.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;  
As such I look to thee;  
Now, in the fullness of thy love,  
O Lord! remember me.

- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—  
Remember Calvary;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!  
I yield myself to thee;  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
Dear Lord! remember me.
- 4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,  
But thy salvation's free;  
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord! remember me.

860

*"Prepare us, Lord."*

T. COTTERILL.

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,  
Who all our griefs hast borne;  
To look on thee, whom we have pierced—  
To look on thee and mourn.

- 2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice;  
And as thy cross we see,  
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,  
"The Saviour died for me!"

861

*Persistent Love.*

I. WATTS.

HOW SWEET and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores.

- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,—  
"Lord, why was I a guest?"
- 3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room,  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly drew us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God!  
Constrain the earth to come;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.



DEDHAM. C. M.

WM. GARDINER.

1. Ac - cord-ing to thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber thee.

862

*"I will remember thee."* J. MONTGOMERY.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!  
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains  
And all thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Then, Lord, remember me!

863

*"The cup of blessing."* C. WESLEY.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,  
We now approach to God,  
Before us in thy vesture stand,  
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,  
And make thy nature known;  
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,  
And stamp us for thine own.

3 Obedient to thy gracious word,  
We break the hallowed bread,  
Commemorate our dying Lord,  
And trust on thee to feed.

4 The cup of blessing, blessed by thee,  
Let it thy blood impart;  
The broken bread thy body be,  
To cheer each languid heart.

864

*"Greater love hath no man."* G. T. NOEL.

If human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie:  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh;—

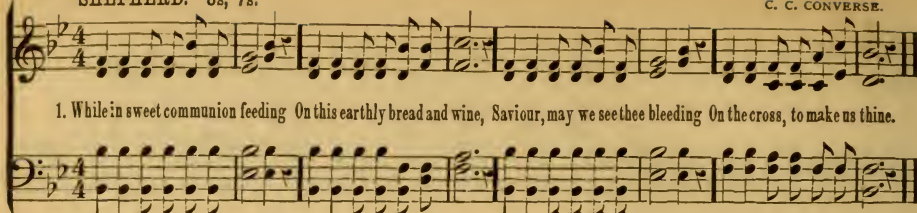
2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To him, who died our fears to quell—  
Who bore our guilt and woe!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed  
Those pangs he would not flee,  
What love his latest words displayed,—  
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,  
Our sinful hearts to share!—  
O memory! leave no other name  
But his recorded there.

## SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s.

C. C. CONVERSE.



1. While in sweet communion feeding On this earthly bread and wine, Saviour, may we see thee bleeding On the cross, to make us thine.

865

*"In remembrance."*

E. DENNY.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding  
On this earthly bread and wine,  
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding  
On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us,  
With the still small voice of love;  
Whispering words of peace to cheer us—  
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story,  
Of thy life, and death of woe;  
And, with hopes of endless glory,  
Wean our hearts from all below.

866

*"His banner."*

R. PARK.

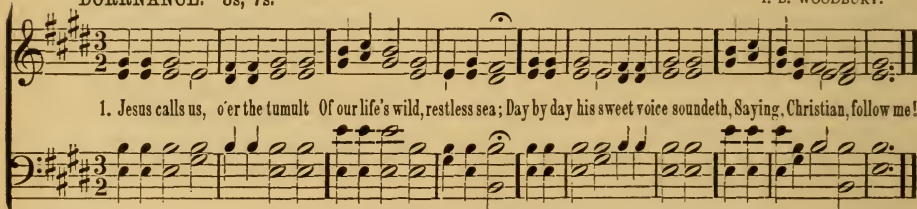
JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,  
Cheers our famished souls with food;  
He the banquet spreads before us,  
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet; bread of heaven;  
Wine of gladness, flowing free;  
May we taste it, kindly given  
In remembrance, Lord, of thee!

3 In thy trial and rejection;  
In thy sufferings on the tree;  
In thy glorious resurrection;  
May we, Lord, remember thee!

## DORNANCE. 8s, 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, follow me!

867

*"Follow me."*

C. F. ALEXANDER.

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild, restless sea;  
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store;  
From each idol that would keep us,—  
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—  
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear thy call;  
Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
Serve and love thee best of all!

868

*"Take my heart."*

ANON.

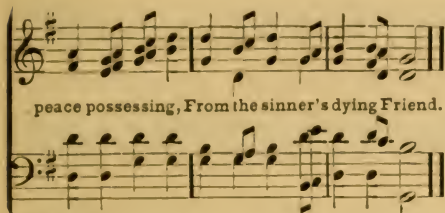
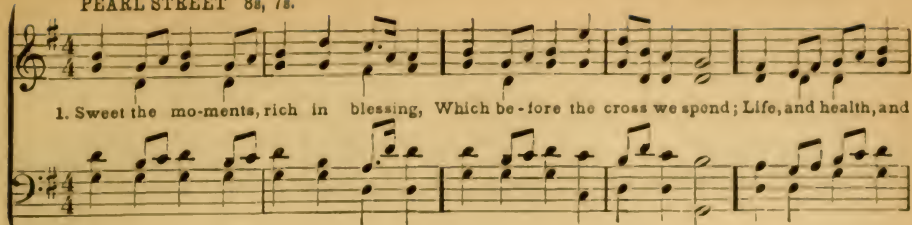
TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;  
Make and keep it all thine own;  
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—  
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,  
Fond of peace and far from strife;  
Turning from the paths unholy  
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround me,  
Strengthen me with power divine,  
Till thy cords of love have bound me:  
Make me to be wholly thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,  
And my sins be all forgiven;  
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,  
Guide me in the path to heaven.

## PEARL STREET 8s, 7s.



869

*Before the cross.*

J. ALLEN.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross we spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blesséd is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie,  
While we see divine compassion,  
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,  
With our tears his feet we bathe;  
Constant still, in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.

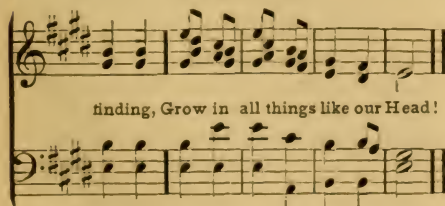
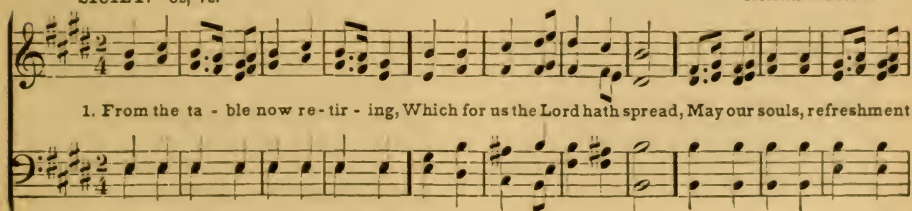
4 For thy sorrows we adore thee,  
For the pains that wrought our peace,  
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee  
In our souls thy love increase.

5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,  
While upon the Lamb we gaze;  
And our thoughts are all of heaven,  
And our lips o'erflow with praise

6 Still in ceaseless contemplation,  
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,  
Till we taste thy full salvation,  
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

## SICILY. 8s, 7s.

SICILIAN MELODY.



S70

*Parting Hymn.*

J. ROWE.

FROM the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head!

2 His example while beholding,  
May our lives his image bear;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,  
Walking steadfast in his way,  
Joy attend us in believing,  
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,  
Praise and honor to the Son,  
Praise and honor to the Spirit,  
Ever Three and ever One.



## ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6l.

THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;  
D. C.—Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

871

*The Rock of Ages.* A. M. TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side that flowed,  
Be of sin the perfect cure;  
Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save and thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eye-lids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me!  
Let me hide myself in thee.

872

*"Manifest thyself."*

R. MANT.

Son of God! to thee I cry:  
By the holy mystery  
Of thy dwelling here on earth,  
By thy pure and holy birth,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God! to thee I cry:  
By thy bitter agony,  
By thy pangs to us unknown,  
By thy spirit's parting groan,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life! to thee I cry:  
By thy glorious majesty,  
By thy triumph o'er the grave,  
Meek to suffer, strong to save,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,  
Man exalted to the sky!  
With thy love my bosom fill,  
Prompt me to perform thy will;  
Then thy glory I shall see,  
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

873

*"Till he come."*

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

"TILL He come:" oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life joy overcast?  
Hush, be every murmur dumb;  
It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine, and break the bread;  
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord  
Call us round his heavenly board;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only—"Till he come."

DYKES. 7s. 6l.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;  
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side that flowed,  
 Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

874

"Wash me, Saviour." A. M. TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!  
 Let me hide myself in thee;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy wounded side that flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure;  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands  
 Can fulfill the law's demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to thy cross I cling;  
 Naked, come to thee for dress,  
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyelids close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See thee on thy judgment throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me!  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

875

"Take my Heart." C. WESLEY.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One in Three, and Three in One,  
 As by the celestial host,  
 Let thy will on earth be done;  
 Praise by all to thee be given,  
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

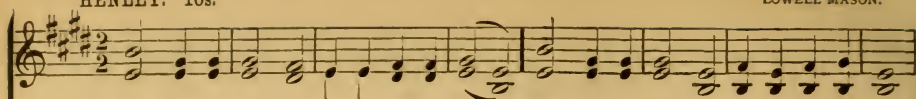
2 Vilest of the fallen race,  
 Lo, I answer to thy call;  
 Meanest vessel of thy grace,  
 Grace divinely free for all;  
 Lo, I come to do thy will,  
 All thy counsel to fulfill.

3 If so poor a worm as I  
 May to thy great glory live,  
 All my actions sanctify,  
 All my words and thoughts receive;  
 Claim me for thy service, claim  
 All I have, and all I am.

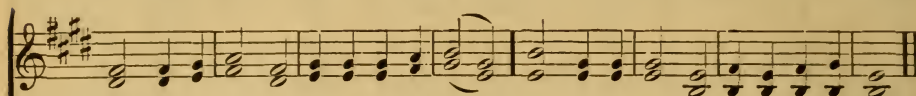
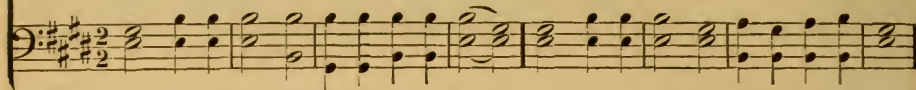
4 Take my soul and body's powers,  
 Take my memory, mind and will,  
 All my goods, and all my hours,  
 All I know and all I feel,  
 All I think, or speak, or do;  
 Take my heart, but make it new.

HENLEY. 10s.

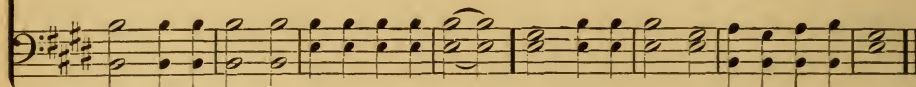
LOWELL MASON.



1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things unseen;



Here grasp with firmer hand th'e-ter-nal grace, And all my wea-ri-ness up-on thee lean.



876

*Sweet Foretastes.*

H. BONAR.

A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;

To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

Here would I touch and handle things  
unseen;

2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child;  
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;  
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,  
I only ask one reconciling word.

Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,  
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;  
Here drink with thee the royal wine of  
heaven;

3 One word from thee, my Lord! one  
smile, one look, [again,  
And I could face the cold, rough world  
And with that treasure in my heart could  
brook

Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

3 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;  
The feast, though not the love, is passed  
and gone;

4 And is not mercy thy prerogative—  
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?  
Me, Lord! the chief of sinners, me forgive,  
And thine the greater glory, only thine.

The bread and wine remove, but thou art  
here—

Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;  
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss  
and love.

5 I hear thy voice; thou bid'st me come and  
rest;  
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy piercéd feet;  
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome  
guest,  
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

877

*Penitent Prayer.* E. H. BICKERSTETH.

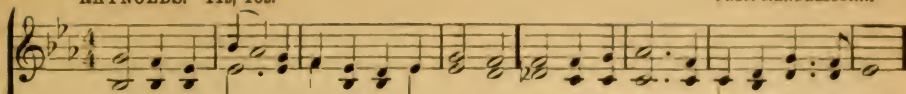
NOR worthy, Lord! to gather up the crumbs  
With trembling hand, that from thy table  
fall,

6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,  
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;  
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,  
Lord! let me sup with thee; sup thou  
with me.

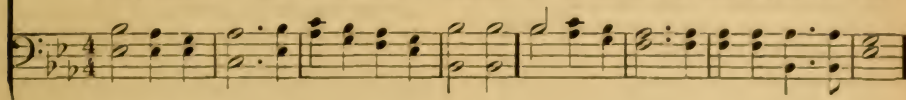


RAYNOLDS. 11s, 10s.

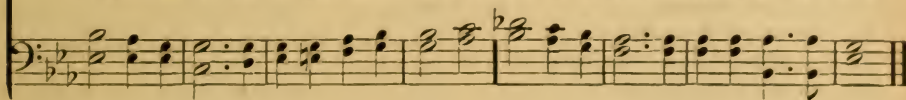
FROM MENDELSSOHN.



1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen A-cross this lit - tle landscape of our life;



We would see Je - sus our weak faith to strengthen, For the last wea-ri-ness—the fi - nal strife.



878

'We would see Jesus.'

ANON.

WE would see Jesus—for the shadows  
lengthen

Across this little landscape of our life;

We would see Jesus, our weak faith to  
strengthen

For the last weariness—the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock  
Foundation,  
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign  
grace;  
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,  
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are pal-  
ing,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced  
to see;  
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,  
We would not mourn them, for we go  
to thee.

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're  
needing,  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with  
the sight;  
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,  
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal  
night!

879

*Trust, strength, calmness.*S. JOHNSON, *alt.*

SAVIOUR, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling  
love;

For we are weak, and need some deep re-  
vealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from  
above.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through  
doubt and sorrow,  
And thou hast made each step an on-  
ward one;  
And we will ever trust each unknown mor-  
row,—

Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and  
holy  
Abides, and when pain seems to have its  
will,  
Or we despair,—oh, may that peace rise  
slowly,  
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

4 Now, Saviour, now, in thy dear presence  
kneeling,  
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;  
Now make us strong, we need thy deep re-  
vealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from  
above

880

7s, 6s, 8s.

"Calvary."

C. WESLEY.

LAMB of God, whose dying love  
 We now recall to mind,  
 Send the answer from above,  
 And let us mercy find:  
 Think on us who think on thee,  
 And every struggling soul release;  
 Oh, remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,  
 And bloody sweat, we pray,  
 By thy dying love to man,  
 Take all our sins away:  
 Burst our bonds, and set us free;  
 From all iniquity release;  
 Oh, remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
 The sinner's pardon seal;  
 Speak us freely justified,  
 And all our sickness heal:  
 By thy passion on the tree,  
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease;  
 Oh, remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace!

881

P. M.

Cant. 5: 1.

T. HASTINGS.

FORGER thyself! Christ bade thee come  
 To think upon his love,  
 Which could reverse the sinner's doom,  
 And write his name above;  
 Bid the returning rebel live,  
 And freely all his sins forgive.

2 Forget thyself! and think what pain,  
 What agony he bore,  
 To wash away each guilty stain,  
 To bless thee evermore:  
 To fit thee for his high abode,  
 The temple of the living God.

3 Forget thyself! but let thy soul  
 With memories o'erflow,  
 Rejoice in his supreme control,  
 And seek his will to know:  
 With thankful heart approach the feast,  
 And thou wilt be a welcome guest.

882

C. M.

Long-suffering.

A. STEELE.

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall  
 The wonders of thy grace,  
 Low at thy feet ashamed, I fall,  
 And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?  
 Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!

By earth's low cares so oft betrayed,  
 From Jesus to depart.

3 But he for his own mercy's sake,  
 My wandering soul restores;  
 He bids the mourning heart partake  
 The pardon it implores.

4 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
 The deep repentant sigh,  
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,  
 With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet  
 Rejoice to seek thy face;  
 And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,  
 Thy condescending grace.

883

7s, 6l.

"In remembrance."

T. HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR of our ruined race,  
 Fountain of redeeming grace,  
 Let us now thy fullness see,  
 While we here converse with thee;  
 Harken to our ardent prayer,—  
 Let us all thy blessing share.

2 While we thus, with glad accord,  
 Meet around thy table, Lord,  
 Bid us feast with joy divine,  
 On the appointed bread and wine:  
 Emblems may they truly prove,  
 Of our Saviour's bleeding love.

3 Weak, unworthy, inful, vile,  
 Yet we seek thy heavenly smile:  
 Canst thou all our sins forgive?  
 Dost thou bid us look and live?  
 Lord, we wonder and adore!  
 Oh, for grace to love thee more!

884

C. M.

"Planted in Christ."

S. F. SMITH.

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,  
 This day, with one accord,  
 Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,  
 We yield to thee, O Lord!

2 Joined in one body may we be:  
 One inward life partake;  
 One be our heart, one heavenly hope  
 In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,  
 One wisdom be our guide;  
 Taught by one Spirit from above,  
 In thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in light  
 Our joyful spirits shine,  
 Shall anthems of immortal praise,  
 O Lamb of God, be thine!

885 75, 66, D. *Ancient Hymn.* RAY PALMER, 17.

O BREAD, to pilgrims given,  
O Food, that angels eat,  
O manna, sent from heaven,  
For heaven-born natures meet!  
Give us, for thee long pining,  
To eat till richly filled;  
Till, earth's delights resigning,  
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Water, life-bestowing,  
From out the Saviour's heart!  
A fountain purely flowing,  
A fount of love thou art;  
Oh, let us, freely tasting,  
Our burning thirst assuage!  
Thy sweetness, never wasting,  
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus! this feast receiving,  
We thee unseen adore;  
Thy faithful word believing,  
We take, and doubt no more;  
Give us, thou true and loving!  
On earth to live in thee;  
Then, death the veil removing,  
Thy glorious face to see.

886 75, 66, D. *Hope at the Cross.*

ANON.

WHEN human hopes all wither,  
And friends no aid supply,  
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither  
Can turn my straining eye?  
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,  
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,  
That cross where thou didst suffer,  
On Calvary was displayed.

2 On that my gaze I fasten,  
My refuge that I make;  
Though sorely thou mayst chasten,  
Thou never canst forsake:  
Thou, on that cross didst languish,  
Ere glory crowned thy head!  
And I, through death and anguish,  
Must be to glory led.

887 L. M. *Crucifying Afresh.* C. F. ALEXANDER.

O JESUS! bruised and wounded more  
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,  
The Life of life within our souls,  
The Cup of our salvation sweet;—

2 We come to show thy dying hour,  
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;  
And still the blood is warm to save,  
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart! that, with a double tide  
Of blood and water, maketh pure;  
O Flesh! once offered on the cross,  
The gift that makes our pardon sure;—

4 Let never more our sinful souls  
The anguish of thy cross renew;  
Nor forge again the cruel nails,  
That pierced thy victim body through.

888 L. M. *Consecration.* J. MONTGOMERY.

JESUS! our best beloved Friend,  
On thy redeeming name we call;  
Jesus! in love to us descend,  
Pardon and sanctify us all.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,  
To fear and follow thy commands;  
Oh, take our hearts, our hearts are thine,  
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,  
Our Master's voice will we obey,  
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear  
The heat and burden of the day.

4 Yet, Lord, or us a resting-place,  
In heaven, at thy right hand prepare;  
And till we see thee face to face,  
Be all our conversation there.

889 L. M. *"Our Lord is Crucified."* F. W. FABER.

OH, come, and mourn with me awhile;  
Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;  
Oh, come, together let us mourn;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah, look how patiently he hangs;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Come, let us stand beneath the cross;  
So may the blood from out his side  
Fall gently on us drop by drop;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears  
Ask, and they will not be denied;  
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,  
Since thou for us art crucified.



## MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, } [many an  
 { Where Afric's sunny fountains (Omit) ..... } Roll down their golden sand; From

ancient riv - er, From many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

890

*"Come over, and help us."*

R. HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand,—  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile;  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown;  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,—  
 Shall we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation, oh, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign!

891

*The day of Jubilee.*

B. GOUGH.

HOW BEAUTEFOL on the mountains,  
 The feet of him that brings,  
 Like streams from living fountains,  
 Good tidings of good things;  
 That publisheth salvation,  
 And jubilee release,  
 To every tribe and nation,  
 God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman!  
 And shout, from Zion's towers,  
 Thy hallelujah chorus,—  
 "The victory is ours!"  
 The Lord shall build up Zion  
 In glory and renown,  
 And Jesus, Judah's lion,  
 Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;  
 O waste Jerusalem!  
 Let songs, instead of sadness,  
 Thy jubilee proclaim;  
 The Lord, in strength victorious,  
 Upon thy foes hath trod;  
 Behold, O earth! the glorious  
 Salvation of our God!

## MUNICH. 7a, 6a. D.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.

1. { Our country's voice is pleading. Ye men of God, a - rise! }  
 { His provi-dence is lead-ing, The land be-fore you lies; } Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,

And promise clothes the soil; Wide fields, for har - vest whitening, In - vite the reaper's toil.

## 892

*Home Missions.* M. F. ANDERSON.

OUR country's voice is pleading.

Ye men of God, arise!

His providence is leading,

The land before you lies;

Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,

And promise clothes the soil;

Wide fields, for harvest whitening,

Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking

On California's shore,

Christ's precious gospel taking,

More rich than golden ore;

On Alleghany's mountains,

Through all the western vale,

Beside Missouri's fountains,

Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,

Speed on from east to west,

Till all, his cross beholding,

In him are fully blest.

Great Author of salvation,

Haste, haste the glorious day,

When we, a ransomed nation,

Thy sceptre shall obey.

When all shall dwell together,

One shepherd and one fold?

Shall every idol perish,

To moles and bats be thrown,

And every prayer be offered

To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting

From many a distant shore,

Around one altar kneeling,

One common Lord adore?

Shall all that now divides us

Remove and pass away,

Like shadows of the morning

Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us

More sweet and lasting prove,

A closer bond of union,

In a blest land of love?

Shall war be learned no longer,

Shall strife and tumult cease,

All earth his blessed kingdom,

The Lord and Prince of Peace?

4 O long-expected dawning,

Come with thy cheering ray!

When shall the morning brighten,

The shadows flee away?

O sweet anticipation!

It cheers the watchers on,

To pray, and hope, and labor,

Till the dark night be gone.

## 893

*Christian Union.* J. BORTHWICK.

AND is the time approaching,

By prophets long foretold,

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Hail to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap - pointed,  
D. S.—To take a - way transgression,

His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppres - sion, To set the captive free,  
And rule in eq - ui - ty.

894

Psalm 72.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Hail to the Lord's anointed,  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth:  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace the herald go,  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger  
To him shall bow the knee;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see:

With offerings of devotion,  
Ships from the isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at his feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before him,  
And gold and incense bring:  
All nations shall adore him;  
His praise all people sing;  
For he shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

6 For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The heavenly dew shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish  
And shake like Lebanon.

7 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blessed.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever;  
His great, best name of Love!



895

7s, 6s. *The morning light.*

S. F. SMITH.

THE morning light is breaking;  
 The darkness disappears!  
 The sons of earth are waking  
 To penitential tears;  
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
 Brings tidings from afar,  
 Of nations in commotion,  
 Prepared for Zion's war.

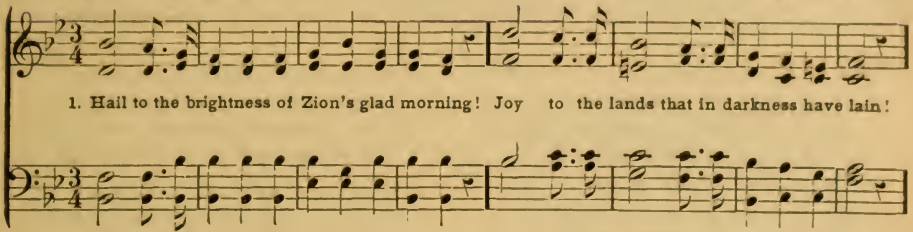
2 See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,  
 The gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
 A nation in a day.

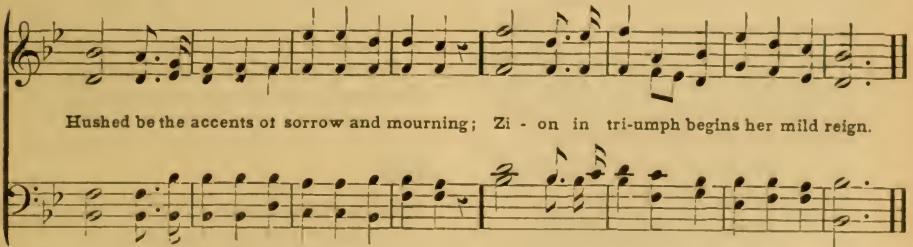
3 Blest river of salvation!  
 Pursue thine onward way;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy richness stay:  
 Stay not till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home:  
 Stay not till all the holy  
 Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

WESLEY. 11s, 10s.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!



Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zi - on in tri-umph begins her mild reign.

896

*The Promise.*

T. HASTINGS.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!  
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!  
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;  
 Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.


2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,  
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;  
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning;  
 Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
 Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,  
 Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,  
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,  
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

I. CONKEY.



1. Sav-iour, vis-it thy plant-a-tion! Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain:

All will come to des-o-la-tion, Un-less thou re-turn a-gain.

897

*Revival Implored.*

J. NEWTON.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!

Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:

All will come to desolation,

Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;  
Every part looked gay and green;  
Then thy word our spirits nourished:  
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see:  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:  
Help can only come from thee.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent:  
Make us prevalent in prayer;  
Let each one esteemed thy servant  
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh,  
And begin from this good hour  
To revive thy work afresh.

2 See celestial radiance beaming,  
Lighting up the midnight sky;  
'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,  
'Tis the day-spring from on high.

3 Westward, all along the ages,  
Trace its pathway clear and bright;  
Star of hope to Eastern sages,  
Radiant now with gospel light.

4 Angels from the realms of glory,  
Peace on earth delight to sing;  
Christian, tell the wondrous story,  
Go proclaim the Saviour King!

899

*Home Missions.*

ANON.

WHERE the woodman's axe is ringing,  
Where the hunter roams alone,  
Where the prairie-flowers are springing,  
Make the great Redeemer known.

2 While, from California's mountains,  
Pure and sweet the anthem swells;  
Oregon's dark wilds and fountains  
Hail the sound of Sabbath-bells.

3 Like an armed host with banners,  
Terrible in war array,  
Zion comes with glad hosannas,  
To prepare her Monarch's way.

4 Unto him all power is given,  
All the world his sway shall own,  
And on earth, as now in heaven,  
Shall his will be done alone.

898

*"Westward."*

ANON.

HARK! the sound of angel-voices,  
Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain;  
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,  
Jesus comes on earth to reign.

ZION. 8s, 7s, 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. { On the mountain's top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands, } Mourning  
Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing— Zi - on long in hos - tile lands: } Mourning  
cap - tive! God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

900

*The gospel herald.*

T. KELLY.

901

*Sun of Righteousness.*

W. WILLIAMS.

Ox the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing—  
Zion long in hostile lands:  
Mourning captive!  
God himself shall loose thy bands.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Cheered by no celestial ray,  
Sun of righteousness! arising,  
Bring the bright, the glorious day;  
Send the gospel  
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning;  
Zion still is well beloved.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—  
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:  
And, from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night;  
And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
He himself appears thy Friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King will surely send.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply and still increase;  
Sway thy sceptre,  
Saviour! all the world around.

HAMDEN. 8s, 7s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheered by no celestial ray, } Send the gospel To the earth's re - mot - est bound.  
{ Sun of righteousness! a - ris-ing, Bring the bright, the glorious day; }



PERRY, 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, arr.

1. Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thunders roar, Or the full - ness  
of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore! Hal-le-lu - jah! for the Lord  
God om-nip-o-tent shall reign! Hal-le - lu - jah! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main.

902

*"The Lord God reigneth."* J. MONTGOMERY.

HARK! the song of jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fullness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore!  
Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign!  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,  
From the depths unto the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies!

See Jehovah's banners furled!  
Sheathed his sword! he speaks—'t is done!  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign, when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have passed away  
Then the end: beneath his rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall:  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all!

ELTHAM, 7s. D.

FINE.

LOWELL MASON.

D.C.

1. Hasten, Lord! the glorious time When, beneath Messiah's sway, Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel's call o-bey. Mightiest kings his power shall own, Heathen tribes his name adore;  
D. C. - Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

903

*The World's Conversion.* H. AUER.

HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall the gospel's call obey.  
Mightiest kings his power shall own,  
Heathen tribes his name adore;  
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,  
Then be banished grief and pain;  
Righteousness and joy and peace  
Undisturbed shall ever reign.  
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;  
Ever praise his glorious name;  
All his mighty acts record;  
All his wondrous love proclaim.

## LONG. L. M.

J. F. HOLBROOK.

1. Arm of the Lord! a - wake, a - wake: Put on thy strength, the nations shake; And let the world, a -  
dor - ing, see Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee, Triumphs of mer - cy, wrought by thee.

## 904

*Awake, arm of the Lord.* W. SHRUBSOLE.

ARM of the Lord! awake, awake:  
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;  
And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,  
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,  
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;  
But to each conscience be applied  
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,  
In every clime, of every name,  
Till adverse powers before thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

## MENDON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. Tho' now the nations sit beneath The darkness of o'erspreading death, God will arise, with light divine On Zion's holy towers to shine.

## 905

*"O Light of Zion."*

L. BACON.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath  
The darkness of o'erspreading death,  
God will arise, with light divine  
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,  
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,  
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,  
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!  
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!  
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,  
And hail the splendor of the day.

## 906

*Zion's Glory.*

W. SHRUBSOLE.

ZION! awake, thy strength renew;  
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;  
And let the admiring world behold  
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,  
Bright with the beams of truth divine;  
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,  
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,  
And shall admire and love thee too;—  
They come, like clouds across the sky,  
As doves that to their windows fly.



## GROSTETTE. L. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise Through all the mill - ions of the skies—  
That song of tri - umph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's!

907

*The last song.*

MRS. VOKE.

Soon may the last glad song arise  
Through all the millions of the skies—  
That song of triumph which records  
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be  
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!  
And, over land and stream and main,  
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,  
Let host to host the triumph tell,  
That not one rebel heart remains,  
But over all the Saviour reigns!

908

*Missionary Convocation.*

W. B. COLLYER.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,  
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;  
The voice that marshaled every star,  
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled;  
Along the line, to either pole,  
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,  
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;  
Our counsels aid, to each impart  
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,  
Recall the wandering spirits home;  
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,  
To spread the spacious earth around.

909

*Christ's coming.*

W. H. BATHURST.

JESUS! thy church, with longing eyes,  
For thine expected coming waits;  
When will the promised light arise,  
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,  
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,  
Thy words with pleasure we recall,  
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Oh, come and reign o'er every land;  
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;  
All nations bow to thy command,  
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,  
To wait for the appointed hour;  
And fit us, by thy grace, to share  
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

910

*"Ascend thy throne."*

B. BEDDOME.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,  
And spread thy glories all abroad;  
Let thine own arm salvation bring,  
And be thou known the gracious God.

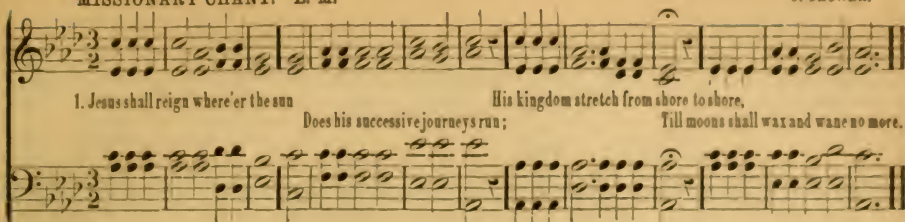
2 Let millions bow before thy seat,  
Let humble mourners seek thy face,  
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,  
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world  
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!  
Let saints and angels praise thy name.  
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.



## MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. ZEUNER.



1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

Does his successive journeys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,

Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

911

Psalm 72.

I. WATTS.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning-sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

912

Conversion of the World. MRS. VOKE.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;  
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;  
Bid the bright morning Star arise,  
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,—  
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,  
On wilds and continents unknown,—  
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;  
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;  
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,  
And bid all nations hail the light.

913

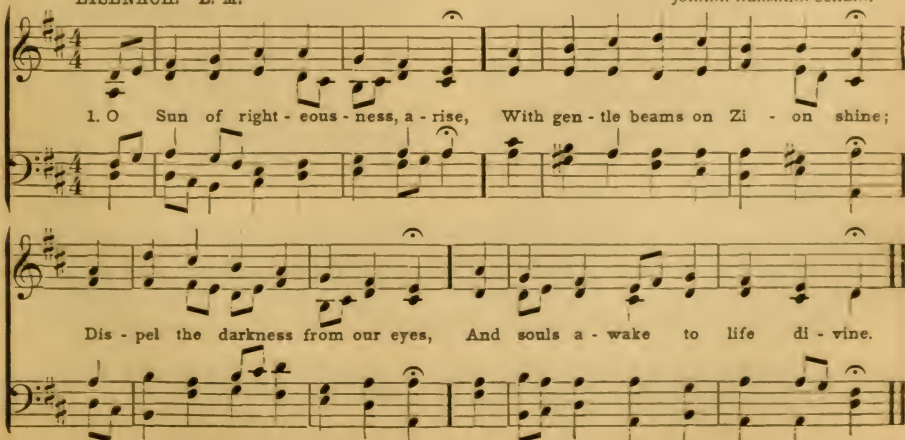
"Sun of Righteousness." P. DODDRIDGE, *alt.*

O SUN of righteousness, arise,  
With gentle beams on Zion shine;  
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,  
And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,  
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers:  
That we may call our God our friend;  
That we may hail salvation ours.

## EISENACH. L. M.

JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN.



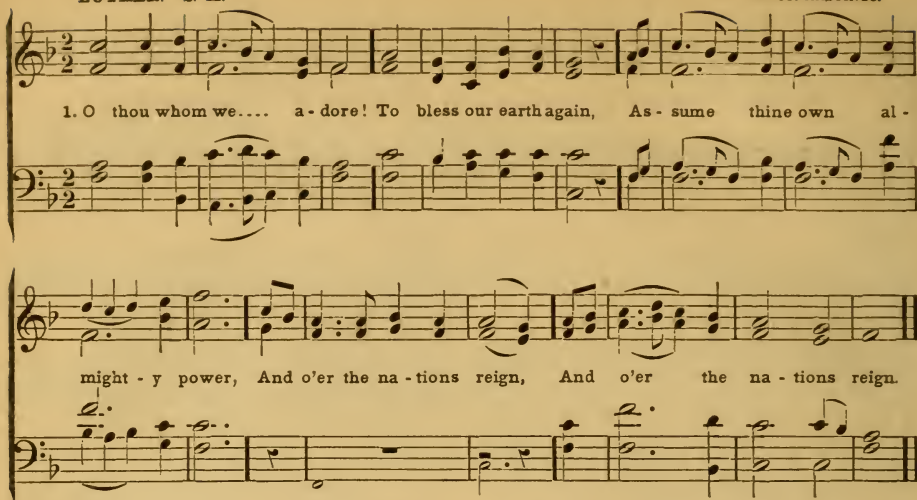
1. O Sun of right - eous - ness, a - rise,

With gen - tle beams on Zi - on shine;

Dis - pel the darkness from our eyes, And souls a - wake to life di - vine.

LUTHER. S. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. O thou whom we... a-dore! To bless our earth again, As-sume thine own al-might-y power, And o'er the na-tions reign, And o'er the na-tions reign.

914

*Phillipians 2: 10, 11.*

C. WESLEY.

O THOU whom we adore!  
To bless our earth again,  
Assume thine own almighty power,  
And o'er the nations reign.

2 The world's Desire and Hope,  
All power to thee is given;  
Now set the last great empire up,  
Eternal Lord of heaven!

3 A gracious Saviour, thou  
Wilt all thy creatures bless;  
And every knee to thee shall bow,  
And every tongue confess.

4 According to thy word,  
Now be thy grace revealed;  
And with the knowledge of the Lord,  
Let all the earth be filled.

915

*"Thy kingdom come!"*

J. JOHNS.

COME, kingdom of our God,  
Sweet reign of light and love!  
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,  
And wisdom from above.

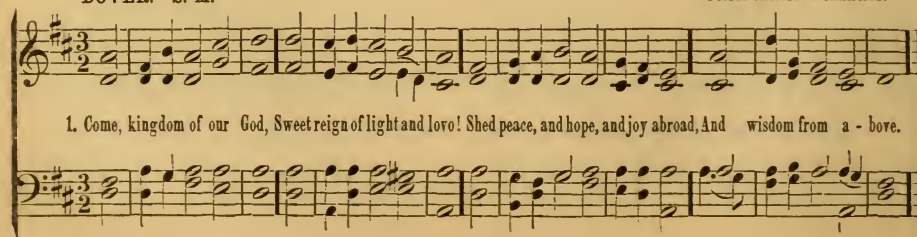
2 Over our spirits first  
Extend thy healing reign;  
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,  
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!  
And make the broad earth thine;  
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest  
With fruit from life's glad tree;  
And in its shade like brothers rest,  
Sons of one family.

DOVER. S. M.

FROM AARON WILLIAMS.



1. Come, kingdom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love! Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad, And wisdom from a-bove.

## ST. BRIDE. S. M.

S. HOWARD.

1. Come, Lord, and tar - ry not! Bring the long - looked - for day!

Oh, why these years of wait - ing here, These a - ges of de - lay?

## 916

*"Come, Lord Jesus."*

H. BONAR.

COME, Lord, and tarry not!  
 Bring the long-looked-for day;  
 Oh, why these years of waiting here,  
 These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;  
 Daily ascends their sigh;  
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!  
 Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,  
 Impatient of thy stay,  
 Worn out with these long years of ill,  
 These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new,  
 Build up this ruined earth,  
 Restore our faded paradise,—  
 Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin thy reign  
 Of everlasting peace;  
 Come, take the kingdom to thyself,  
 Great King of Righteousness!

3 While many crowd thy house,  
 How few, around thy board,  
 Meet to recount their solemn vows,  
 And bless thee as their Lord!

4 Thou, thou alone canst give  
 Thy gospel sure success;  
 Canst bid the dying sinner live  
 Anew in holiness.

5 Come, then, with power divine,  
 Spirit of life and love!  
 Then shall this people all be thine,  
 This church like that above.

## 917

*Declension.—*

G. W. BETHUNE.

Oh, for the happy hour  
 When God will hear our cry,  
 And send, with a reviving power,  
 His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray,  
 We listen to the word,  
 In vain;—we see no cheering ray,  
 No cheering voice is heard.

## 918

*"Revive thy work."* P. H. BROWN, *alt.*

O LORD, thy work revive,  
 In Zion's gloomy hour,  
 And make her dying graces live  
 By thy restoring power.

2 Awake thy chosen few  
 To fervent earnest prayer;  
 Again may they their vows renew,  
 Thy blessed presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak  
 Through lips of feeble clay,  
 And hearts of adamant will break,  
 And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear;  
 Oh, listen to our cry;  
 Oh, come and bring salvation here:  
 Our hopes on thee rely.



APPLETON. L. M.

WILLIAM BOYCE.

1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade ;

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.

919

*Psalm 46.*

I. WATTS.

God is the refuge of his saints,  
 When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
 Ere we can offer our complaints,  
 Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
 Down to the deep, and buried there,  
 Convulsions shake the solid world—  
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—  
 In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
 While every nation, every shore,  
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
 Supplies the city of our God ;  
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
 And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
 Our grief allays, our fear controls ;  
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
 Secure against a threatening hour ;  
 Nor can her firm foundation move,  
 Built on his truth, and armed with power.

920

*Psalm 72.*

I. WATTS.

GREAT God ! whose universal sway  
 The known and unknown worlds obey ;  
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son ;  
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
 So shall he send his influence down ;  
 His grace, on fainting souls, distills  
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
 The shades of overspreading death,  
 Revive at his first dawning light,  
 And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
 Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;  
 Peace, like a river, from his throne,  
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

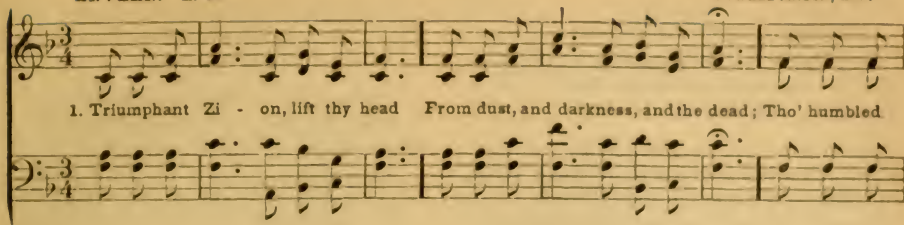
WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

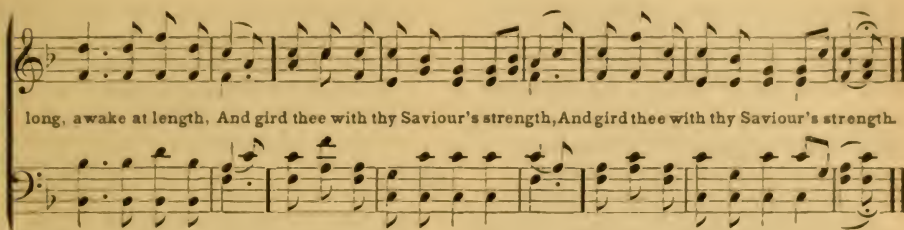
1. God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade ; Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.

## ANVEEN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



1. Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead; Tho' humbled



long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

## 921

*"Triumphant Zion."* P. DODDRIDGE.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy various charms be known:  
The world thy glories shall confess,  
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;  
His hand thy ruins shall repair;  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

## 922

*Ancient Israel.*

J. JOYCE.

WHY on the bending willows hung,  
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?—  
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,  
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;  
Let harp and voice unite their strains:  
Thy promised King his sceptre sways:  
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require;  
No strangers mock thy captive chain;  
But friends provoke the silent lyre,  
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,  
If other lands thy triumphs share:  
A heavenly city claims thy song;  
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;  
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:  
In every clime behold a home,  
In every temple see thy God.

## 923

*Home Missions.*

W. C. BRYANT.

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,  
O God of mercy and of might!  
In pity look on those who stray,  
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,  
A scattered, homeless flock, till all  
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,  
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,  
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,  
That makes us sadden as we gaze,  
Shall grow with living waters green,  
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

## 924

L. M.

*Psalms 87.*

I. WATTS.

God, in his earthly temple, lays  
Foundations for his heavenly praise ;  
He likes the tents of Jacob well ;  
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house  
That pay their night and morning vows,  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old !  
What wonders are of Zion told !  
Thou city of our God below !  
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,  
Shall there begin their lives anew ;  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'T will be an honor to appear,  
As one new-born, or nourished there.

## 925

L. M.

*Psalms 80.*

I. WATTS.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel !  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,  
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep ; —

2 Thy Church is in the desert now ;  
Shine from on high and guide us through ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore ;  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Hast thou not planted, with thy hand,  
A lovely vine in this our land ?  
Did not thy power defend it round,  
And heavenly dews enrich the ground ?

4 Return, almighty God ! return,  
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore ;  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

## 926

8s, 7s, 6 l.

*"Alleluia."*

ANON.

HALLELUJAH ! song of gladness,  
Song of everlasting joy ;  
Hallelujah ! song the sweetest  
That can angel-hosts employ ;  
Hymning in God's holy presence  
Their high praise eternally.

2 Hallelujah ! church victorious,  
Thou mayst lift this joyful strain :  
Hallelujah ! songs of triumph

Well befit the ransomed train :  
We our song must raise with sadness,  
While in exile we remain.

3 Hallelujah ! strains of gladness  
Suit not souls with anguish torn ;  
Hallelujah ! notes of sadness  
Best befit our state forlorn :  
For, in this dark world of sorrow,  
We, with tears, our sin must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,  
Holy God, we raise to thee ;  
Bring us to thy blissful presence,  
Make us all thy joys to see ;  
Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—  
Sing to all eternity.

## 927

7s, 6s, D.

*Psalms 14.*

H. F. LYTE.

Oh, that the Lord's salvation  
Were out of Zion come,  
To heal his ancient nation,  
To lead his outcasts home !  
How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane ?

Return, O Lord, in pity,  
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,  
Thy saving grace impart ;  
Roll back the veil of error,  
Release the fettered heart ;  
Let Israel, home returning,  
Their lost Messiah see ;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind thy Church to thee.

## 928

7s, 6s, D.

*The Gospel Banner.*

T. HASTINGS.

Now be the gospel banner,  
In every land unfurled ;  
And be the shout,—“Hosanna !”  
Re-echoed through the world ;  
Till every isle and nation,  
Till every tribe and tongue,  
Receive the great salvation,  
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes,—thou shalt reign for ever,  
O Jesus, King of kings !  
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,  
Each ransomed captive sings :  
The isles for thee are waiting,  
The deserts learn thy praise,  
The hills and valleys greeting,  
The song responsive raise.



929

75, D.

*Gospel Increase.*

C. WESLEY.

SEE! how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace!  
Jesus' love the nations fires,—  
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;  
Fire to bring on earth he came;  
Kindled in some hearts it is;  
Oh, that all might catch the flame,  
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was his day:  
Now the word doth swiftly run;  
Now it wins its widening way:  
More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail;  
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,—  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God! your Saviour praise;  
He the door hath opened wide;  
He hath given the word of grace;  
Jesus' word is glorified;  
Jesus, mighty to redeem—  
He alone the work hath wrought;  
Worthy is the work of him,—  
Him who spake a world from naught.

930

C. M.

*Psalms 102.*

I. WATTS.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice—  
Behold the promised hour!  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
And comes to exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain  
Are precious in our eyes;  
Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,  
And stand in glory there;  
Nations shall bow before his name,  
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,  
With pity in his eyes;  
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,  
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death;  
Nor, when his saints complain,  
Shall it be said that praying breath  
Was ever spent in vain.

931

C. M.

*Isaiah 52: 1, 2.*

J. MONTGOMERY.

DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—  
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,—  
Thy beautiful array;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,—  
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth;  
Say to the south,—“Give up thy charge,  
And keep not back, O north!”

4 They come! they come! thine exiled  
bands,  
Where'er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,  
And God his works destroy,  
With songs, the ransomed shall return,  
And everlasting joy.

932

75, D. “Tell us of the Night.”

J. BOWRING.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are;—  
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory-beaming star!—  
Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
Aught of joy or hope foretell?—  
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel:—

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends;—  
Traveler! blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends;—  
Watchman! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—  
Traveler! ages are its own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!—

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn;—  
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn;—  
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home!—  
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God, is come!

FREDERICK. 11s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. { I would not live alway; I ask not to stay } dark o'er the way: The few lu-rid  
Where storm af-ter storm rises (Omit).....

mornings that dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.

933

"I would not live alway." W. A. MUHLENBERG.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er  
the way;

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for  
its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—  
Temptation without and corruption within:  
Ev'n the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the  
tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom;

There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his  
God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony  
meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to  
greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly  
roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of  
the soul.

934

(See also SCOTLAND, p. 152.)

R. HEBER.

THOU art gone to the grave! but we will  
not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
the tomb;

The Saviour hath passed through its portals  
before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide  
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no  
longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the world by  
thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
enfold thee,

And sinners may hope, for the Sinless hath  
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its  
mansion forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered  
long;

But the sunshine of glory beamed bright  
on thy waking,

And the sound thou didst hear was the  
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we  
will not deplore thee,

Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian,  
and guide:

He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re-  
store thee,

And death has no sting, since the Saviour  
hath died.

## LONG HOME. 7s, 8s, 7s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy little lamb's brief weeping: Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild

In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping! And no sigh of anguish sore Heavesthat little bosom more.

935

*Death of a little child.* C. WINKWORTH, tr.

TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled

Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:

Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild

In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!

And no sigh of anguish sore

Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,

Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;  
To the sunny heavenly plainThou dost now with joy receive it;  
Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we

Where it lives may soon be living,  
And the lovely pastures see

That its heavenly food are giving;

Then the gain of death we prove,  
Though thou take what most we love.

936

*"Ye shall live also."*

F. W. COX, tr.

Jesus lives! no longer now

Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;

Jesus lives! and well I know,

From the dead he will recall me;

Better life will then commence—

This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to him the throne

Over all the world is given;

I shall go where he is gone,

Live and reign with him in heaven:

God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence!

This shall be my confidence!

3 Jesus lives! henceforth is death

Entrance into life immortal;

Calmly I can yield my breath,

Fearless tread the frowning portal;

Lord, when faileth flesh and sense,

Thou wilt be my confidence!

## MEINHOLD. 7s, 8s, 7s.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

1. Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy little lamb's brief weeping: Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild

In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping! And no sigh of anguish sore Heavesthat little bosom more.



ST. ASAPH. C. M. D.

J. M. GIORNOVICH.

1. Behold the western evening light! It melts in deepening gloom: So calm-ly Christians  
sink a - way, De - scending to the tomb. The winds breathe low, the withering leaf Scarce  
whispers from the tree: So gent-ly flows the parting breath, When good men cease to be.....

937

*Life's Sunset.*

W. B. O. PEABODY.

BEHOLD the western evening light!

It melts in deepening gloom:

So calmly Christians sink away,

Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low, the withering leaf

Scarce whispers from the tree:

So gently flows the parting breath,

When good men cease to be.

2 How beautiful on all the hills

The crimson light is shed!

'Tis like the peace the Christian gives

To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud

The sunset beam is cast!

'Tis like the memory left behind

When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And now above the dews of night

The rising star appears:

So faith springs in the heart of those

Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light

Its glory shall restore,

And eyelids that are sealed in death

Shall wake to close no more.

938

*"Number our days."*

R. HEBER.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head

Is equal warning given;

Beneath us lie the countless dead,

Above us is the heaven!

Death rides on every passing breeze,

And lurks in every flower;

Each season hath its own disease,

Its peril every hour!

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light

Of youth's soft cheek decay;

And fate descend in sudden night

On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age

Halt feebly to the tomb;

And yet shall earth our hearts engage,

And dreams of days to come?

3 Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know;

Where'er thy foot can tread,

The earth rings hollow from below,

And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply

To truths divinely given:

The dead, who underneath thee lie,

Shall live for hell or heaven!

## AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s. D.

JAMES NARES.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better por - tion trace; } Sun and moon and stars decay;  
 { Rise from transi - tory things Tow'rd heaven, thy na - tive place; }

Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a - bove.

## 939

*The better portion.*

R. SEAGRAVE.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise from transitory things  
 Toward heaven, thy native place:  
 Sun and moon and stars decay;  
 Time shall soon this earth remove;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;  
 Both speed them to their source:  
 So a soul that's born of God,  
 Pants to view his glorious face;  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon our Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the skies:

Yet a season,—and you know  
 Happy entrance will be given,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

## 940

*"Our earthly house."*

J. BURTON.

Time is winging us away  
 To our eternal home;  
 Life is but a winter's day—  
 A journey to the tomb;  
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,  
 Blooming beauty lose its charms;  
 All that's mortal soon shall be  
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away  
 To our eternal home;  
 Life is but a winter's day—  
 A journey to the tomb;  
 But the Christian shall enjoy  
 Health and beauty, soon, above,  
 Far beyond the world's annoy,  
 Secure in Jesus' love.

## GENEVA. 7s, 6s. D.

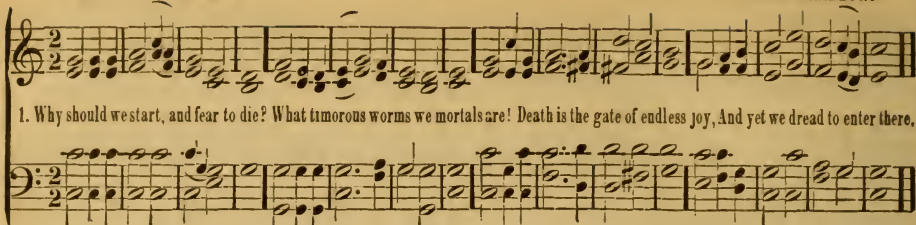
LOWELL MASON.

1. { Time is winging us a - way To our e - ter - nal home; } Youth and vig - or soon will flee,  
 { Life is but a winter's day— A journey to the tomb; }

Blooming beauty lose its charms; All that's mortal soon shall be Enclosed in death's cold arms.

ZEPHYR, L. M.

W B BRADBURY



1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

941

*"His beloved sleep."*

I. WATTS.

Why should we start, and fear to die?

What timorous worms we mortals are!

Death is the gate of endless joy,

And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife

Fright our approaching souls away;

We still shrink back again to life,

Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,

My soul should stretch her wings in haste,

Fly fearless through death's iron gate,

Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed

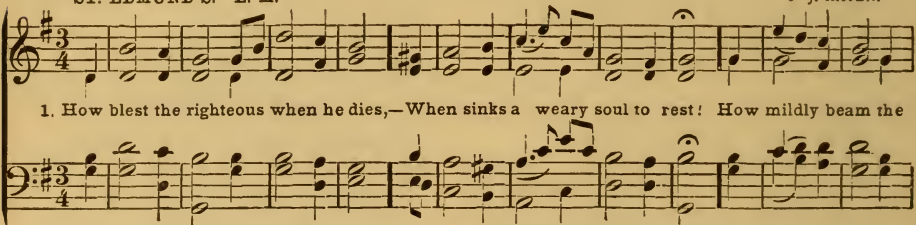
Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast I lean my head,

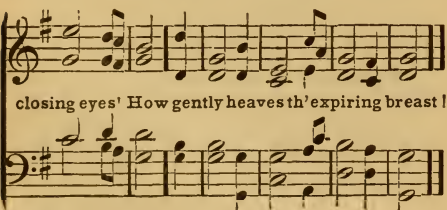
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

ST. EDMUND'S. L. M.

F J. HAYDN.



1. How blest the righteous when he dies,—When sinks a weary soul to rest! How mildly beam the



closing eyes! How gently heaves th'expiring breast!

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,

Light from its load the spirit flies;

While heaven and earth combine to say,—

"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

943

Psalm 90.

I. WATTS.

THROUGH every age, eternal God!

Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode;

High was thy throne, ere heaven was made,

Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,

Or dust was fashioned into man;

And long thy kingdom shall endure,

When earth and time shall be no more.

3 Death, like an overflowing stream,

Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;

An empty tale; a morning flower,

Cut down, and withered in an hour.

4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;

And kindly lengthen out our span,

Till thine own grace, so rich, so free,

Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

942

Death of the Righteous. A. L. BARBAULD.

How BLEST the righteous when he dies,—

When sinks a weary soul to rest!

How mildly beam the closing eyes!

How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer-cloud away;

So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day;

So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—

A calm which life nor death destroys;

And naught disturbs that peace profound,

Which his unfettered soul enjoys.



REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;  
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.

944

*"Asleep in Jesus."*

M. MACKAY.

- ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wake to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be:  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
And wait the summons from on high.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. So fades the love - ly, bloom - ing flower, — Frail, smiling sol - ace of an hour!  
So soon our tran - sient com - forts fly, And pleasure on - ly blooms to die.

945

*Death of an Infant.*

A. STEELE.

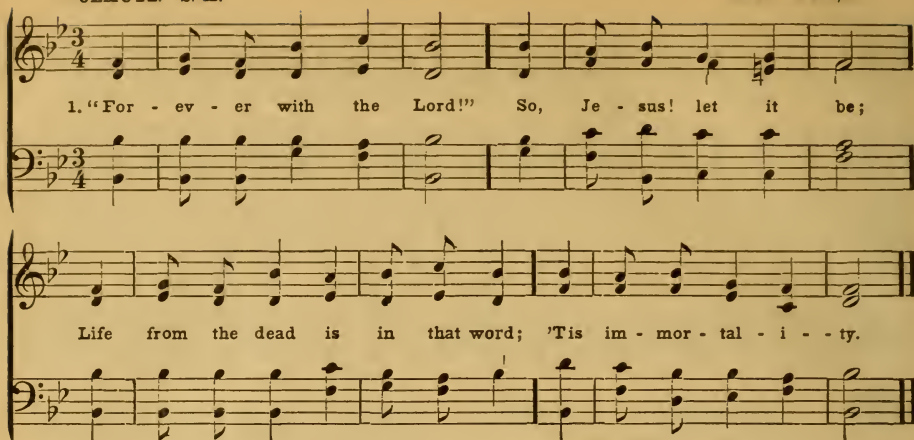
- SO FADES the lovely, blooming flower,—  
Frail smiling solace of an hour!  
So soon our transient comforts fly,  
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,  
To heal the anguish of the heart?  
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,  
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Thy powerful aid supports the soul,  
And nature owns thy kind control;  
While we peruse the sacred page,  
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

4 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,  
And dying hope revives again;  
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,  
And faith points upward to the sky.

OLMUTZ, S. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" So, Je - sus! let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - - ty.

946

*"For ever."* J. MONTGOMERY.

"For ever with the Lord!"

So, Jesus! let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word;

'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,  
Absent from thee I roam:  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!

4 "For ever with the Lord!"  
Father, if 'tis thy will,  
The promise of thy gracious word  
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

5 So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the vail in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
"For ever with the Lord!"

947

*Resurrection.*

S. F. SMITH.

Oh, for the death of those

Who slumber in the Lord!

Oh, be like theirs my last repose,

Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,  
In silent hope may lie,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar  
On wings of faith and love,  
To meet the Saviour they adore,  
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live  
Through long succeeding years,  
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,  
Our praises and our tears.

948

*"I will wait."*

H. BONAR.

A FEW more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come;  
And we shall be with those that rest,  
Asleep within the tomb;—

2 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore;  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:—

3 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.

4 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away!

## DAWN. S. M.

E. F. PARKER.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—

Near - er my home, to - day am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.

## 949

"Nearer."

F. CARY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—  
Nearer my home, to-day, am I  
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer to-day the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;  
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,  
Winding down through the night,  
There rolls the deep and unknown stream  
That leads at last to light.

5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet  
Are slipping on the brink,  
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—  
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!  
Strengthen my power of faith!  
Nor let me stand, at last, alone  
Upon the shore of death.

## DUNBAR S. M.

E. W. DUNBAR.

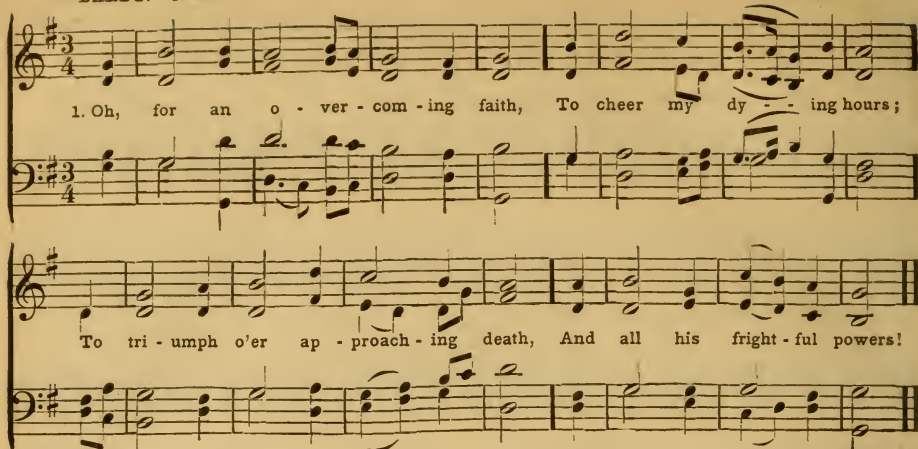
1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—  
CHO.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;

Near - er my home, to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.  
In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.



BARBY. C. M.

W. TANSUR.



1. Oh, for an o-ver-com-ing faith, To cheer my dy-ing hours;  
To tri-umph o'er ap-proach-ing death, And all his fright-ful powers!

950

*"Where is thy sting?"*

I. WATTS.

OH, for an overcoming faith,  
To cheer my dying hours;  
To triumph o'er approaching death,  
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lip should sing,—  
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave;  
And where, O death, thy sting?"

3 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid;—  
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,  
Through Christ, our living Head!

951

*"I shall go to him."*

H. K. WHITE.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
We, followers of our suffering Lord,  
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains, in solitude,  
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid  
In this our last retreat,  
Unheeded o'er our silent dust  
The storms of earth shall beat.

4 Yet not thus buried or extinct,  
The vital spark shall lie:  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
Till the last angel rise and break  
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
Shall shed its mildest rays,  
And the long silent voice awake  
With shouts of endless praise.

952

*Resurrection sure.*

RAY PALMER.

WHEN downward to the darksome tomb  
I thoughtful turn my eyes,  
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,  
And anxious fears arise.

2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace  
Once Jesus captive slept:  
And angels, hovering o'er the place,  
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,  
And, as the Saviour rose,  
The grave again shall yield her trust,  
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,  
Shall bid me come away;  
And calm and bright shall break the dawn  
Of heaven's eternal day,

5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,  
And gild with light the grave;  
To him my loftiest praises swell,  
Who died, from death to save.

## OHINA. C. M.

T. SWAN.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

## 953

*"We are confident."*

I. WATTS.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly  
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake! ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

## ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. When downward to the dark - some tomb I thoughtful turn my eyes,

Frail na - ture trem - bles at the gloom, And anxious fears a - rise.

## NUNDA. L. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. {How vain is all beneath the skies! How slender all the fondest ties That bind us to a world like this!} 2. {The evening The withering cloud, the morning dew, grass, the fading flower,} Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—The glory of a passing hour.

954

*Heaven alone unfading.* D. E. FORD.

- HOW VAIN is all beneath the skies!  
 How transient every earthly bliss!  
 How slender all the fondest ties  
 That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening-cloud, the morning dew,  
 The withering grass, the fading flower,  
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—  
 The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
 And all beneath the skies is vain,  
 There is a land whose confines lie  
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come  
 Dispel our cares and chase our fears:  
 If God be ours, we're traveling home,  
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

955

*Psalm 17.*

I. WATTS.

- WHAT sinners value I resign;  
 Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine;  
 I shall behold thy blissful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show;  
 But the bright world, to which I go,  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
 When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!  
 I shall be near, and like my God;  
 And flesh and sin no more control  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
 Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,  
 And in my Saviour's image rise!

## MERIBAH. C. P. M.

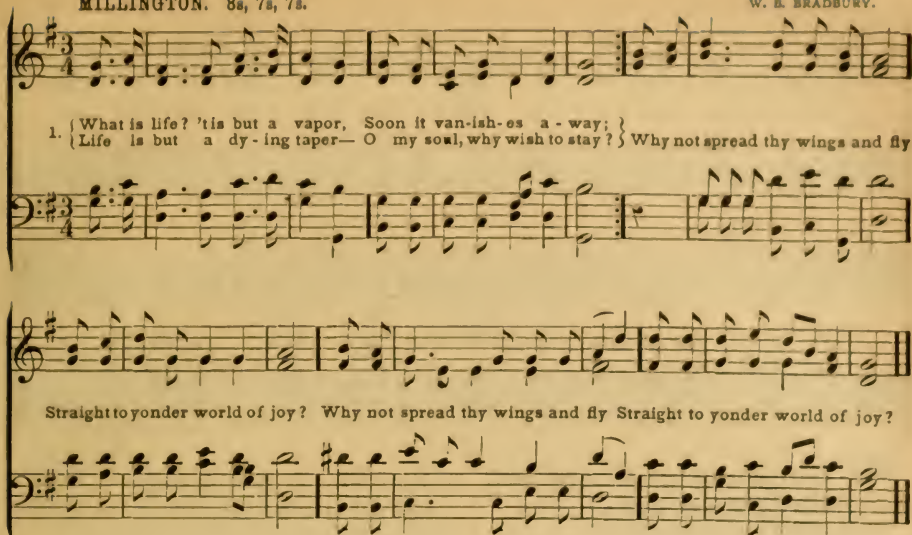
LOWELL MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? {Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die,} Be found at thy right hand?



## MILLINGTON. 8s, 7s, 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



## 956

*"What is your life?"*

T. KELLY.

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor,  
 Soon it vanishes away;  
 Life is but a dying taper—  
 O my soul, why wish to stay?  
 Why not spread thy wings and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!  
 Brighter far than fancy paints;  
 There, in majesty transcendent,  
 Jesus reigns—the King of saints.  
 Why not spread, etc.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,  
 Sing with rapture of his love;  
 Through the heavens his praise resounding,  
 Filling all the courts above.  
 Why not spread, etc.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,  
 'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;  
 Thine a joyful wondrous story,  
 One that angels love to hear.  
 Why not spread, etc.

## 957

C. F. M. *The Tribunal.* LADY HUNTINGTON.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come  
 To take thy ransomed people home,  
 Shall I among them stand?  
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,  
 Before thy feet with them to bow,  
 Though vilest of them all;  
 But, can I bear the piercing thought,  
 What if my name should be left out,  
 When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,  
 Be thou my only hiding-place,  
 In this the accepted day;  
 Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,  
 To still my unbelieving fear,  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,  
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see thy smiling face;  
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

JAMES LEACH.

1. How swift the tor - rent rolls That bears us to the sea,  
The tide.... that hur - ries thoughtless souls To.... vast e - ter - ni - ty!

958

*Our fathers; where are they.* F. DODDRIDGE.

How SWIFT the torrent rolls,  
That bears us to the sea,  
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls  
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,  
With all they called their own?  
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,  
And wealth and honor gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,  
Thou everlasting Friend!  
While we, as on life's utmost verge,  
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead  
May we the footsteps trace,  
Till with them, in the land of light,  
We dwell before thy face.

959

*"How long, O Lord!"*

H. BONAR.

THE Church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.

2 How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy and true and good,  
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church,  
Her sighs and tears and blood?

3 Saint after saint on earth,  
Has lived and loved and died;  
And as they left us, one by one,  
We laid them side by side.

4 We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn;  
We laid them but to ripen there,  
Till the last glorious morn.

5 We long to hear thy voice,  
To see thee face to face,  
To share thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share thy grace.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.

960

*The Pious Dead.*

R. MANT.

FOR all thy saints, O God,  
Who strove in Christ to live,  
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O God,  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted Christ their great reward,  
And yearned for him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,  
With him, their Lord, in view,  
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
And live and die in thee.

## GREENWOOD, S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

1. It is not death to die— To leave this wea - ry road,  
And 'mid the broth - er - hood on high, To be at home with God.

## 961

*"Where is thy victory?"* G. W. BETHUNE.

It is not death to die—

To leave this weary road,

And 'mid the brotherhood on high,

To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close

The eye long dimmed by tears,

And wake, in glorious repose

To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear

The wrench that sets us free

From dungeon chain,—to breathe the air

Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling

Aside this sinful dust,

And rise, on strong exulting wing,

To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life !

Thy chosen cannot die ;

Like thee, they conquer in the strife,

To reign with thee on high.

## 962

*Death of a Minister.* J. MONTGOMERY.

SERVANT of God, well done !

Rest from thy loved employ :

The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter thy Master's joy !

2 The voice at midnight came ;

He started up to hear ;

A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;

He fell, but felt no fear.

3 His spirit with a bound

Left its encumbering clay :

His tent, at sunrise, on the ground

A darkened ruin lay.

4 The pains of death are past,

Labor and sorrow cease,

And, life's long warfare closed at last,

His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done !

Praise be thy new employ ;

And, while eternal ages run,

Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

## 963

*"With thy might."*

H. BONAR.

MAKE haste, O man, to live,

For thou so soon must die ;

Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;

How swift its moments fly !

2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,

To smile, to sigh, to grieve,

To move in idleness through earth—

This, this is not to live.

3 Make haste, O man, to do

Whatever must be done ;

Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,

Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up, then, with speed, and work ;

Fling ease and self away—

This is no time for thee to sleep—

Up, watch, and work, and pray !



## 964

C. M. D.

*Psalm 90.*

I. WATTS.

OUR God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come;  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home:—  
 Under the shadow of thy throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.

2 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
 Are like an evening gone;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night,  
 Before the rising sun.

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

## 965

P. M.

*Death is Transition.*

R. P. DUNN, tr.

No, no, it is not dying  
 To go unto our God;  
 This gloomy earth forsaking,  
 Our journey homeward taking,  
 Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying  
 Heaven's citizen to be;  
 A crown immortal wearing,  
 And rest unbroken sharing,  
 From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying  
 To wear a heavenly crown;  
 Among God's people dwelling,  
 The glorious triumph swelling,  
 Of him whose sway we own.

4 Oh, no! this is not dying,  
 Thou Saviour of mankind!  
 There, streams of love are flowing,  
 No hindrance ever knowing;  
 Here, only drops we find.

## 966

L. M.

*Burial of Believers.*

I. WATTS.

UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!  
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,

And give these sacred relics room  
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
 Invade thy bounds;—no mortal woes  
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
 While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
 Passed thro' the grave and blessed the  
 bed!

Rest here, blest saint! till, from his throne,  
 The morning break, and pierce the  
 shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!  
 Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;  
 Restore thy trust;—a glorious form  
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

## 967

IRR. M.

*The Soul Departing.*

A. POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame;  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—  
 Oh, the pain!—the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
 "Sister spirit, come away;"  
 What is this absorbs me quite?—  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears!  
 Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring!  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 "O Grave! where is thy victory?"  
 O Death! where is thy sting?"

## 968

L. M.

*John 17: 24.*

C. ELLIOTT.

LET me be with thee where thou art,  
 My Saviour, my eternal Rest;  
 Then only will this longing heart  
 Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with thee where thou art,  
 Thine unvailed glory to behold;  
 Then only will this wandering heart  
 Cease to be false to thee and cold.

3 Let me be with thee where thou art,  
 Where none can die, where none remove;  
 There neither death nor life will part  
 Me from thy presence and thy love.

969

C. M.

*Job 3: 17-20.*

R. BLAIR.

How still and peaceful is the grave!

Where, life's vain tumults past,  
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,  
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease;  
Their passions rage no more;

And there the weary pilgrim rests  
From all the toils he bore.

3 There servants, masters, small and  
Partake the same repose; [great,  
And there, in peace, the ashes mix  
Of those who once were foes.

4 All, leveled by the hand of death,  
Lie sleeping in the tomb,  
Till God in judgment calls them forth  
To meet their final doom.

970

C. M.

*To die is gain.*

W. H. BATHURST.

Why should our tears in sorrow flow,  
When God recalls his own;  
And bids them leave a world of woe  
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not ev'n death a gain to those  
Whose life to God was given?  
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,  
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,  
And they are fully blest:  
They fought the fight, the victory won,  
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—  
God has recalled his own;  
And let our hearts in every woe,  
Still say,—“Thy will be done!”

971

P. M.

*The Cemetery.*

J. MONTGOMERY.

This place is holy ground!

World, with its cares, away!  
A holy, solemn stillness, round  
This lifeless, mouldering clay;  
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2 Behold the bed of death,  
The pale and mortal clay!  
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?  
Marked ye the eye's last ray?

No! life so sweetly ceased to be,  
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Bury the dead, and weep

In stillness o'er the loss!

Bury the dead! in Christ they sleep

Who bore on earth his cross;  
And from the grave their dust shall rise,  
In his own image to the skies.

972

I OS.

*Death at Prime.*

J. MONTGOMERY.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime!  
In full activity of zeal and power;  
A Christian cannot die before his time;  
The Lord's appointment is the servant's  
hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor  
cease; [done;  
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is  
Come from the heat of battle, and in  
peace, [won.

Soldier! go home; with thee the fight is

3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour  
lay

In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;  
And all the ransomed, by that narrow  
way,

Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave? no, take thy seat  
above!

Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,  
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect  
love,

And open vision for the written Word.

973

L. M.

*Be Pitiful, O God.*

C. F. ALEXANDER.

O Son of God, in glory crowned,  
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!  
O Son of man, so pitying found  
For all the tears thy people shed!

2 Be with us in this darkened place,—  
This weary, restless, dangerous night;  
And teach, oh, teach us by thy grace,  
To struggle onward into light!

3 And since, in God's recording book,  
Our sins are written, every one,—  
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,  
The good we knew, and left undone;—

4 Lord, ere the last dread trump be  
heard,

And ere before thy face we stand,  
Look thou on each accusing word,  
And blot it with thy bleeding hand.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s, 4s.

C. LOCKHART.

1. { See th' e - ter - nal Judge de - scend - ing! View him seat - ed on his throne! }  
Now, poor sin - ner, now la - ment - ing, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom; }  
Trum - pets call thee, Trum - pets call thee, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom.

974

*"They shall look on him."*

ANON.

- SEE the eternal Judge descending!  
View him seated on his throne!  
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,  
Stand and hear thine awful doom;  
Trumpets call thee,  
Stand and hear thine awful doom!
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,  
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;  
While in anguish thus lamenting  
That he ne'er was born again—  
Greatly mourning  
That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
With the marks of dying love;  
Oh, that I had sought his favor  
When I felt his Spirit move—  
Golden moments,  
When I felt his Spirit move!"

975

*"Day of wonders."*

J. NEWTON.

- DAY of judgment! day of wonders!  
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,  
Loud-er than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round:  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine!  
You, who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
Gracious Saviour!  
Own me in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call, the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the powers of nature, shaken  
By his looks, prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner!  
What will then become of thee?

BREST. 8s, 7s, 4s.

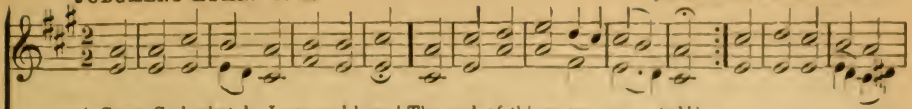
LOWELL MASON.

1. Day of judgment! day of wonders! Hark!—the trumpet's aw-ful sound, Loud-er than a  
thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round: How the summons Will the sinner's heart con-found!

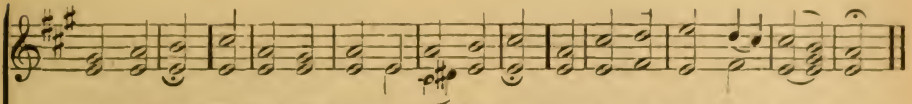


## JUDGMENT HYMN. P. M.

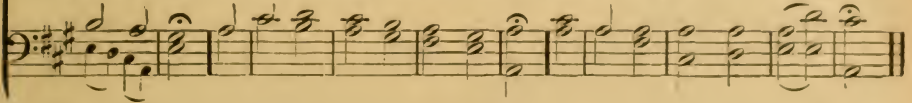
JOSEPH KLUG'S GESANGBUCH.



1. { Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted! }  
 { The Judge of man I see appear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed: } The trumpet sounds; the



graves restore The dead which they contained before; Prepare, my soul, to meet him.



976

*Prepare to meet God.* W. B. COLLYER, *tr.*

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!  
 The end of things created!  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated:  
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore  
 The dead which they contained before;  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
 At the last trumpet's sounding—  
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding;  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold his wrath prevailing;  
 For they shall rise, and find their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing:  
 The day of grace is past and gone;  
 Trembling they stand before the throne,  
 All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!  
 The end of things created!  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated:  
 Beneath his cross I view the day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 And thus prepare to meet him.

977

*"Into thine hand."* E. A. BOWRING, *tr.*

WHEN my last hour is close at hand,  
 My last sad journey taken,  
 Do thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand;  
 Let me not be forsaken:  
 O Lord! my spirit I resign  
 Into thy loving hands divine;  
 'Tis safe within thy keeping.

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,  
 My sins may then appall me;  
 Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,  
 Despair shall not enthrall me;  
 For as I draw my latest breath,  
 I'll think, Lord Christ! upon thy death,  
 And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,  
 Since thou death's bonds hast severed:  
 By hope with thee to rise again,  
 From fear of death delivered,  
 I'll come to thee, where'er thou art,—  
 Live with thee, from thee never part;  
 Therefore I die in rapture.

4 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,  
 My longing arms extending;  
 So fall asleep, in slumber deep,  
 Slumber that knows no ending;  
 Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
 Opens the gates of bliss, leads on  
 To heaven, to life eternal.

978

7s.

*All over and gone.*

H. ALFORD.

EARTH is past away and gone,  
All her glories, every one,  
All her pomp is broken down ;  
God is reigning, God alone !

2 All her high ones lowly lie,  
All her mirth hath passed by,  
All her merry-hearted sigh ;  
God is reigning, God on high !

3 No more sorrow, no more night ;  
Perfect joy and purest light !  
With his spotless saints and bright,  
God is reigning in the height !

4 Blessing, praise and glory bring ;  
Offer every holy thing ;  
Everlasting praises sing ;  
God is reigning, God our King !

979

S. M.

*The Last Day.*

B. BEDDOME.

BEHOLD, the day is come ;  
The righteous Judge is near ;  
And sinners, trembling at their doom,  
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 How awful is the sight !  
How loud the thunders roar !  
The sun forbears to give his light,  
And stars are seen no more.

3 The whole creation groans ;  
But saints arise and sing :  
They are the ransomed of the Lord,  
And he their God and King.

980

S. M.

*Now is the time.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

AND will the Judge descend,  
And must the dead arise,  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?

2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven before his face  
Astonished shrink away ?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread !

4 Ye sinners ! seek his grace  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

981

L. M.

*"The Day of the Lord."*

W. SCOTT.

THE day of wrath ! that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away !  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?—

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,  
And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

982

8s., 7s., 4s.

*"The Mighty God."*

W. GOODE.

Lo ! the mighty God appearing—  
From on high Jehovah speaks !  
Eastern lands the summons hearing,  
O'er the west his thunder breaks :  
Earth beholds him :  
Universal nature shakes.

2 Zion, all its light unfolding,  
God in glory shall display :  
Lo ! he comes,—nor silence holding,  
Fire and clouds prepare his way :  
Tempests round him  
Hasten on the dreadful day.

3 To the heavens his voice ascending,  
To the earth beneath he cries—  
"Souls immortal now descending,  
Let the sleeping dust arise !  
Rise to judgment ;  
Let my throne adorn the skies.

4 "Gather first my saints around me,  
Those who to my covenant stood ;  
Those who humbly sought and found me,  
Through the dying Saviour's blood :  
Blest Redeemer !  
Choicest sacrifice to God !"

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,  
And his righteousness declare :  
Sinners perish from before him,  
But his saints his mercies share :  
Just his judgment !  
God, himself the Judge, is there.

983

75. 31.

"Dies Irae."

H. ALFORD.

DAY of anger! that dread day  
Shall the sign in heaven display,  
And the earth in ashes lay!

2 Oh, what trembling shall appear,  
When his coming shall be near,  
Who shall all things strictly clear!

3 When the trumpet shall command,  
Through the tombs of every land,  
All before the throne to stand!

4 What shall I before him say?  
How shall I be safe that day—  
When the righteous scarcely may?

5 King of awful majesty,  
Saving sinners graciously,—  
Fount of mercy! save thou me!

6 Leave me not, my Saviour! one,  
For whose soul thy course was run!  
Lest I be that day undone!

7 Though unworthy is my prayer,  
Make my soul thy mercy's care,  
And from death eternal spare!

8 When thy voice in wrath shall say,  
Curs'd one, depart away!  
Call me with thy blest, I pray!

984

L. M.

The Lord Coming.

R. HEBER.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall  
quake!

The mountains to their centre shake;  
And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,—  
A silent Lamb before his foes,  
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human kind!

4 While sinners in despair shall call,  
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"  
The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come!"

985

L. M. 71.

Isa. 57: 15.

C. WINKWORTH, fr.

ETERNITY! eternity!  
How long art thou, eternity!  
And yet to thee time hastes away,  
Like as the war horse to the fray,  
Or swift as couriers homeward go,  
Or ships to port, or shafts from bow;  
Ponder, O man, eternity!

2 Eternity! eternity!  
How long art thou, eternity!  
As long as God is God, so long  
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,  
So long the joys of heaven remain;  
Oh, lasting joy! oh, lasting pain!  
Ponder, O man, eternity!

3 Eternity! eternity!  
How long art thou, eternity!  
O man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell  
Upon the pains of sin and hell,  
And on the glories of the pure,  
That do beyond all time endure,  
Ponder, O man, eternity!

986

85, 75, 49. "Lo! he comes!"

C. WESLEY.

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain!  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train!  
Hallelujah!  
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty!  
Those who set at naught and sold him,  
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see!

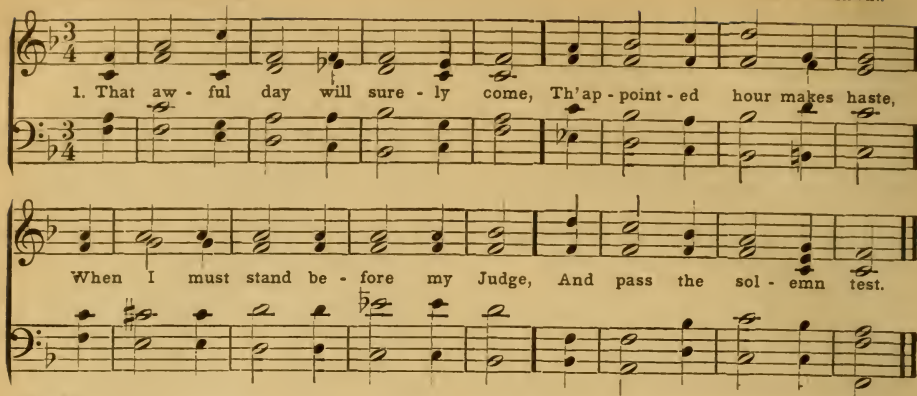
3 Lo! the last long separation,  
As the cleaving crowds divide,  
And one dread adjudication  
Sends each soul to either side!  
Lord of mercy!  
How shall I that day abide?

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne!  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Make thy righteous sentence known!  
Men and angels  
Kneel and bow to thee alone!



AUGUSTUS. C. M.

V.M. F. SHERWIN.



1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'ap - point - ed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

987

*"That awful day."*

I. WATTS.

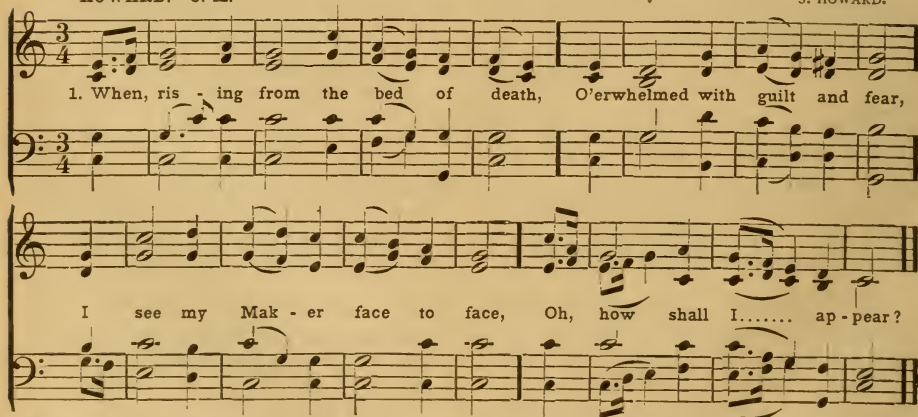
THAT awful day will surely come,  
The appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.  
2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
Thou Sovereign of my heart!  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"  
3 Jesus, I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast:

Without one gracious smile from thee,  
My spirit cannot rest.

4 Oh, tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands!  
Show me some promise in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands.  
5 Give me one kind, assuring word,  
To sink my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Her threescore years and ten.

HOWARD, C. M.

S. HOWARD.



1. When, ris - ing from the bed of death, O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Mak - er face to face, Oh, how shall I..... ap - pear?

988

*The Test.*

J. ADDISON.

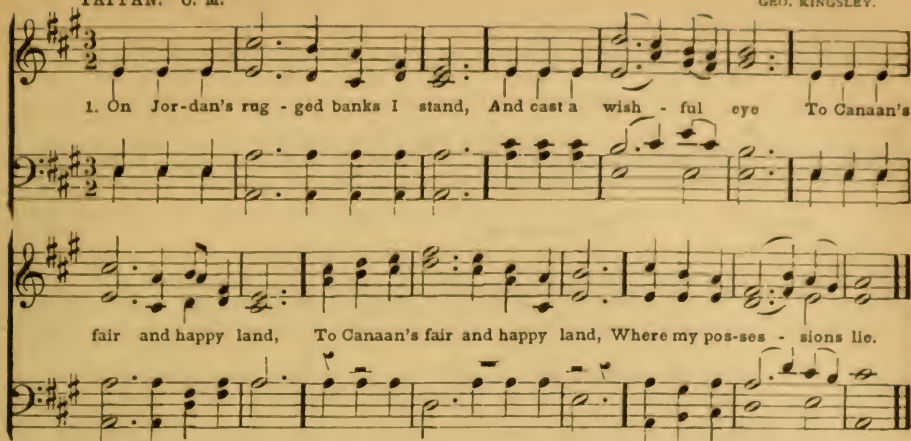
WHEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
Oh, how shall I appear?  
2 If yet while pardon may be found  
And mercy may be sought,

My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought;—

2 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
Oh, how shall I appear?

TAPPAN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



989

*"Let me go over!"*

S. STENNETT.

On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Can here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

990

*Jesus exalted.*

I. WATTS.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,  
Amid his Father's throne;  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid!  
Salvation, glory, joy remain  
For ever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

991

*"A building of God."*

I. WATTS.

THERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal, and on high:  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolved and fall;  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come;  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

## BEYOND. Chant.

W. A. TARBUTTON.

..... I shall be soon; ..... I shall be soon.

## REFRAIN.

home!

Love, rest, and home! Sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

home!.....

992

"Lord, tarry not."

H. BONAR.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping, |  
 I shall be soon; ||  
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |  
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |  
 I shall be soon.

REF.—Love, rest and home! Sweet home!  
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, |  
 I shall be soon; ||

Beyond the shining and the shading, |  
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |  
 I shall be soon. ||—REF.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting, |  
 I shall be soon; ||

Beyond the calming and the fretting, |  
 Beyond remembering and forgetting |  
 I shall be soon. ||—REF.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, |  
 I shall be soon; ||

Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |  
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |  
 I shall be soon. ||—REF.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, |  
 I shall be soon; ||

Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |  
 Beyond the ever and the never, |  
 I shall be soon. ||—REF.

## OAK. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

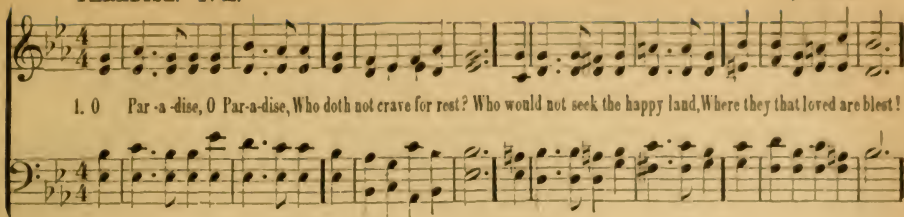
1. {I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; } {Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home; } Dan-ger and sor-row stand

Round me on ev-ery hand, Heaven is my Fa-therland, Heaven is my home.



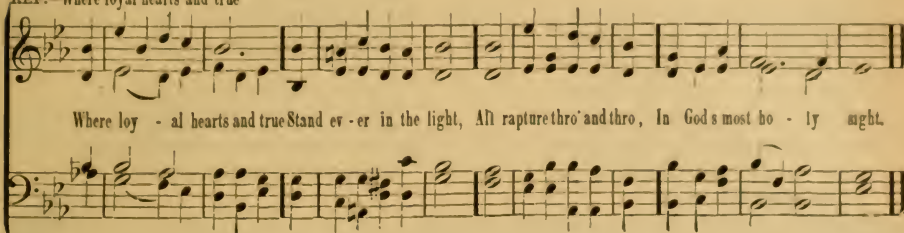
## PARADISE. P. M.

J. BARNBY.



1. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land, Where they that loved are blest!

REF. - Where loyal hearts and true



Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

## 993

"O Paradise."

F. W. FADER.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest?  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
In love prepares for me;  
Where loyal hearts and true, etc

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh, keep me in thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above;  
Where loyal hearts and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

## 994

6s. 4s. "Heaven is home."

T. R. TAYLOR.

I'm but a stranger here,—  
Heaven is my home;  
Earth is a desert drear,—  
Heaven is my home;  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand,  
Heaven is my Fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage?  
Heaven is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home;

And time's wild, wintry blast,  
Soon will be overpast,  
I shall reach home at last,—  
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,—  
Heaven is my home;  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heaven is my home;  
And I shall surely stand  
There, at my Lord's right hand;  
Heaven is my Fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

## VIGIL. S. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.

1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sorrow free; A mansion which e-ter-nal love Designed and formed for me.

995

*"A place for you."*

H. BENNETT.

I HAVE a home above,  
From sin and sorrow free;  
A mansion which eternal love  
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand  
Has built this sweet abode;  
From everlasting it was planned—  
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure;  
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood  
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter has come,  
The earnest has been given;  
He leads me onward to the home  
Reserved for me in heaven.

HAVERHILL. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. And is there, Lord, a rest For weary souls designed, Where not a care shall stir the breast, Or sorrow entrance find?

996

*"A rest."*

RAY PALMER.

AND is there, Lord, a rest  
For weary souls designed,  
Where not a care shall stir the breast,  
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,  
Where kindred minds shall meet,  
And live, and love, nor ever roam  
From that serene retreat?

3 For ever blessed they,  
Whose joyful feet shall stand,  
While endless ages waste away,  
Amid that glorious land!

4 My soul would thither tend,  
While toilsome years are given;  
Then let me, gracious God, ascend  
To sweet repose in heaven!

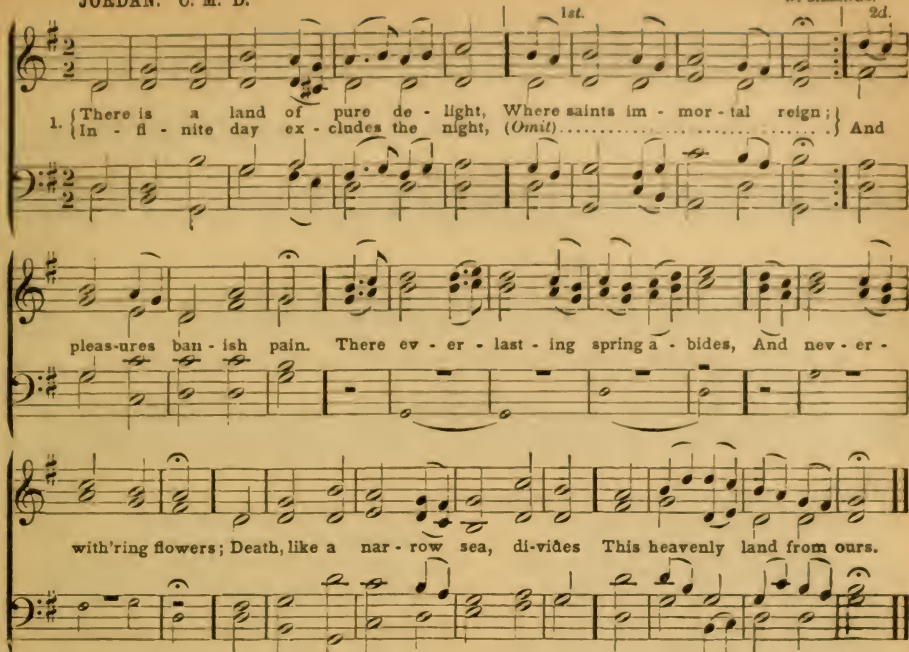
VARINA. C. M. D.

G. F. ROOT, arr.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; }  
In - finite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain, } There ever-lasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

## JORDAN. C. M. D.

W. BILLINGS.



1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; } And { In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, (Omni)..... } And

pleas-ures ban-ish pain. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-

with'ring flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.

997

*"Go over this Jordan."*

I. WATTS.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.  
But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes:—  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

998

*"Hold fast."*

C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away!  
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!  
Oh, for the golden floor!  
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,  
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How soon they tire and faint!  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint!  
Oh, for a heart that never sins!  
Oh, for a soul washed white!  
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher;  
But there are perfectness and peace,  
Beyond our best desire.  
Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,  
And by thy life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,  
Nor fail to reach our crown!



## BEULAH. 7s. D.

E. IVES.

1. Who are these in bright array This in-numer-a - ble throng Round the altar, night and day  
D. S.—Wis-dom, riches, to ob-tain,

FINE.

D. S.

Hymning one triumph-ant song?—"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glo-ry, power,  
New do-min-ion ev - ery hour."

999

"Who are these?" J. MONTGOMERY.

Who are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng  
Round the altar, night and day  
Hymning one triumphant song?—  
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great afflictions came:  
Now, before the throne of God,  
Sealed with his almighty name,

Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs—  
Perfect love dispel all fears—  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tears.

## I'M A PILGRIM. P. M.

FINE.

ANON.

D. C.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night! { Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing }  
D. C.—I'm a pilgrim, &c. { To where the fountains are ever flow - ing : }

1000

Pilgrimage.

M. S. B. DANA.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
To where the fountains are ever flowing:  
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

2 There the glory is ever shining!  
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is  
there!

Here in this country so dark and dreary,  
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:  
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 There's the city to which I journey;  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is its light!  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!  
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

## ST. JAMES. 7s, 6s. D.

FROM LINDEMAN'S MORAL BOOK.

1 { He comes in blood-stained garments; Up-on his brow a crown; }  
 { The gates of brass fly o - pen, The iron bands drop down; } From off the fettered cap-tive

The chains of Sa-tan fall, While an-gels shout tri-umphant, That Christ is Lord of all.

1001

*"Mighty to save."*

C. L. BANCROFT.

HE comes in blood-stained garments;

Upon his brow a crown;

The gates of brass fly open,

The iron bands drop down;

From off the fettered captive

The chains of Satan fall,

While angels shout triumphant,

That Christ is Lord of all.

2 Oh, Christ, his love is mighty!

Long-suffering is his grace;

And glorious is the splendor

That beameth from his face.

Our hearts up-leap in gladness

When we behold that love,

As we go singing onward

To dwell with him above.

1002

*Never separated.*

R. MASSIE, tr.

I know no life divided,

O Lord of life, from thee;

In thee is life provided

For all mankind and me:

I know no death, O Jesus,

Because I live in thee;

Thy death it is that frees us

From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,

Since, whatsoe'er it be,

It makes no separation

Between my Lord and me.

If thou, my God and Teacher,  
 Vouchsafe to be my own,  
 Though poor, I shall be richer  
 Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,  
 My heart is right and blest,  
 Ah, what shall I be yonder,  
 In perfect peace and rest?

Oh, blessed thought! in dying  
 We go to meet the Lord,  
 Where there shall be no sighing,  
 A kingdom our reward.

1003

*Heaven begun below.*

R. MASSIE, tr.

I BUILD on this foundation,—

That Jesus and his blood

Alone are my salvation,

The true eternal good.

To mine his Spirit speaketh

Sweet words of soothing power,

How God to him that seeketh

For rest, hath rest in store.

2 My merry heart is springing,

And knows not how to pine:

'Tis full of joy and singing,

And radiancy divine.

The sun whose smiles so cheer me

Is Jesus Christ alone:

To have him always near me

Is heaven itself begun.

BERNARD. 7s, 6s. D.

J. F. HOLBROOK.

1. { For thee. O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vigils keep; } Thy hap-py name, they weep. The { For ver-y love, be-hold-ing (Omit) }

mention of thy glo-ry Is unction to the breast, And medicine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest.

## 1004

*Paradise of joy.* J. M. NEALE *tr.*

For thee, O dear, dear Country,  
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
 For very love, beholding  
 Thy happy name, they weep  
 The mention of thy glory  
 Is unction to the breast,  
 And medicine in sickness,  
 And love, and life, and rest

2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
 The sardius and the topaz  
 Unite in thee their rays;  
 Thine ageless walls are bonded  
 With amethyst unpriced;  
 The saints build up its fabric,  
 The corner-stone is Christ

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;  
 Thou hast no time, bright day:  
 Dear fountain of refreshment  
 To pilgrims far away:  
 Upon the Rock of ages  
 They raise thy holy tower;  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower.

4 Oh, sweet and blesséd Country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 Oh, sweet and blesséd Country,  
 That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest;  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

## 1005

*"Follow in his steps."* J. M. NEALE, *tr*

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
 If onward ye will tread,  
 With Jesus as your Fellow,  
 To Jesus as your Head.  
 The cross that Jesus carried,  
 He carried as your due:  
 The crown that Jesus weareth,  
 He weareth it for you

2 The faith by which ye see him,  
 The hope in which ye yearn,  
 The love that through all trouble  
 To him alone will turn:  
 What are they but forerunners  
 To lead you to his sight?  
 What are they save the effluence  
 Of uncreated light?

3 The trials that beset you,  
 The sorrows ye endure,  
 The manifold temptations  
 That death alone can cure:  
 What are they, but his jewels  
 Of right celestial worth?  
 What are they but the ladder,  
 Set up to heaven on earth?



ALFORD. 7s, 6s. D.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling rai-ment bright, The ar-mies of the

ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their

fight with death and sin: Fling o - pen wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.

1006

*The armies of God.*

H. ALFORD.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light:  
'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin:  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

Oh, day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made!  
Oh, joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimmed with tears of late,  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

TULLY. 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { O happy band of pilgrims, If onward ye will tread, }  
 { With Jesus as your Fellow, To (Omit) ..... } Jesus as your Head! The cross that Jesus carried, He carried as your due:  
 D. C. - The crown that Jesus weareth, He (Omit) ..... weareth it for you.

## RHINE. C. M.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows  
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?

1007

*The New Jerusalem.*

D. DICKSON.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow can be found,  
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,  
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—  
O God! if I were there!

1008

*Faith and the Future.* W. H. BATHURST.

OH, for a faith that will not shrink  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That, when in danger, knows no fear,  
In darkness, feels no doubt;—

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

## SHINING SHORE. P. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly,  
D. S.—just before, the Shining Shore

FINE.

Those hours of toil and danger. For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And  
We may al-most dis-cov-er.

## JOYFUL SOUND. C. M. D.

E. L. WHITE.

1st. 2d.

1. { Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! } In  
 D.C.—Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, (Omit) And

joy, and peace, in thee? Oh, when, thou cit-y of my God, Shall I thy courts as-cend,  
 Sab-baths have no end.

FINE. D. C.

## 1009

*The New Jerusalem.*

ANON.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!

Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,

In joy, and peace, in thee!

Oh, when, thou city of my God,

Shall I thy courts ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,

And Sabbaths have no end?

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,  
 I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe!

Or feel, at death, dismay?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
 And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
 Around my Saviour stand;  
 And soon my friends in Christ below,  
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem! my happy home!  
 My soul still pants for thee;  
 Then shall my labors have an end,  
 When I thy joys shall see.

## 1010

P. M. "Jordan's Strand."

D. NELSON.

My days are gliding swiftly by,

And I, a pilgrim stranger,

Would not detain them as they fly,

Those hours of toil and danger.

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,

Our friends are passing over;

And just before, the Shining Shore

We may almost discover!

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
 Our heavenly home discerning;  
 Our absent Lord has left us word,  
 Let every lamp be burning.—REF.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing;  
 That perfect rest naught can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.—REF.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each cord on earth to sever;  
 Our King says, Come, and there's our home  
 For ever, oh, for ever!

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
 Our friends are passing over;  
 And just before, the Shining Shore  
 We may almost discover!



NAUMANN, C. M.

NAUMANN.

1. There is an hour of hallowed peace, For those with cares oppressed, When sighs and sorrow-  
ing shall cease, When sighs and sor-row-ing shall cease, And all be hushed to rest:—

1011

"Sow in tears."

W. B. TAPPAN.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,  
For those with cares oppressed,  
When sighs and sorrowing shall cease,  
And all be hushed to rest:—  
2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears  
And doubts, which here annoy;  
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,  
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,  
Where storms assail no more;  
The stream of endless pleasure flows,  
On that celestial shore.  
4 There, purity with love appears,  
And bliss without alloy;  
There, they, who oft have sown in tears,  
Shall reap again in joy.

COVENTRY, C. M.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. Oh, could our thoughts and wish-es fly, A-bove these gloom-y shades,  
To those bright worlds, be-yond the sky, Which sor-row ne'er in-vades!—

1012

"Things not seen."

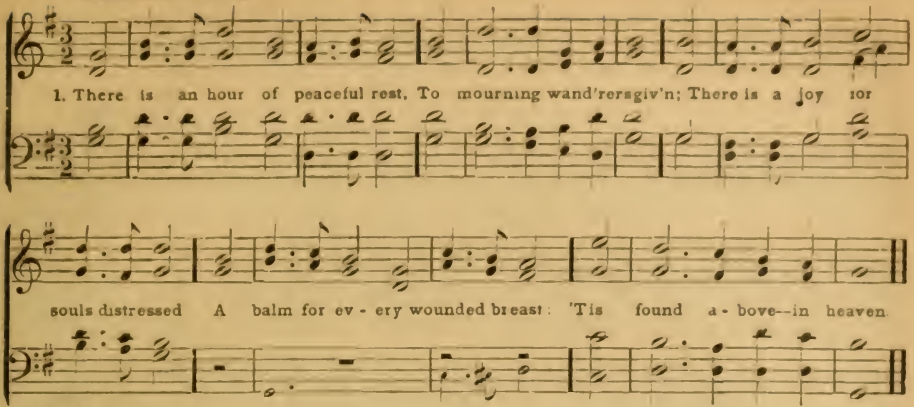
A. STEELE.

Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly,  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds, beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!—  
2 There, joys, unseen by mortal eyes  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord! send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim;  
With one reviving touch of thine,  
Our languid hearts inflame.  
4 Oh, then, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent hope shall rise  
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring  
Immortal in the skies.

## WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for  
souls distressed A balm for ev-ery wounded breast: 'Tis found a-bove—in heaven.

1013

"No more death."

W. R. TAPPAN.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast:  
'Tis found above—in heaven.

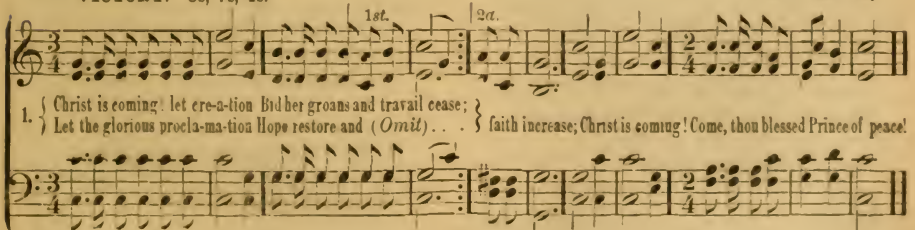
2 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven,—  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear—but heaven

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene—in heaven

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven!

## VICTORY. 8s, 7s, 4s.

H. H. BEADLE.



1. Christ is coming! let crea-tion Bid her groans and travail cease;  
Let the glorious procla-ma-tion Hope restore and (Omit)... } faith increase; Christ is coming! Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

1014

"Christ is coming."

J. R. MACDUFF.

CHRIST is coming! let creation  
Bid her groans and travail cease;  
Let the glorious proclamation  
Hope restore and faith increase;  
Christ is coming!  
Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story  
Of thy bitter cross and pain;  
She shall yet behold thy glory  
When thou comest back to reign;  
Christ is coming!  
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,  
Far from rest, and home, and thee;  
But, in heavenly vesture shining,  
Soon they shall thy glory see;  
Christ is coming!  
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blesséd hope" before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung;  
Let the mighty advent chorus  
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;  
Christ is coming!  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

## VESPER. 8s, 7s.

E. P. PARKER, *arr.*

1. This is not my place of rest - ing,— Mine's a cit - y yet to come;  
On - ward to it I am hast - ing— On to my e - ter - nal home.

## 1015

*Not our Rest.*

H. BONAR.

THIS is not my place of resting,—  
Mine's a city yet to come;  
Onward to it I am hasting—  
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;  
O'er it shines a nightless day:  
Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
By the streams of life along,—  
On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain;  
Never more are sad or weary,  
Never, never sin again!

## 1016

*"The sea of glass." C. WORDSWORTH.*

HARK! the sound of holy voices,  
Chanting at the crystal sea,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Lord, to thee!

2 Multitudes, which none can number,  
Like the stars in glory stand,  
Clothed in white apparel, holding  
Palms of victory in their hands.

3 They have come from tribulation,  
And have washed their robes in blood,  
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;  
Tried they were and firm they stood.

4 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,  
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
They have conquered death and Satan  
By the might of Christ the Lord.

5 Love and peace they taste for ever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the Beatific Vision  
Of the blessed Trinity.

## 1017

*The City.*

S. BARING-GOULD.

DAILY, daily sing the praises  
Of the City God hath made;  
In the beauteous fields of Eden  
Its foundation-stones are laid.

2 In the midst of that dear City  
Christ is reigning on his seat,  
And the angels swing their censers  
In a ring about his feet.

3 From the throne a river issues,  
Clear as crystal, passing bright,  
And it traverses the City  
Like a sudden beam of light.

4 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,  
And is laden with the song  
Of the seraphs, and the elders,  
And the great redeemed throng.

5 Oh, I would my ears were open  
Here to catch that happy strain!  
Oh, I would my eyes some vision  
Of that Eden could attain!



## GUIDANCE. 8s, 7s. D

FROM FLOTOW.

1. { Time, thou speedest on but slow-ly, Hours, how tardy is your pace! } I hold converse face to face.  
Ere with Him, the high and ho - ly, (Omit) ..... {

Here is naught but care and mourning; Comes a joy, it will not stay; Fair - ly shines the  
sun at dawning, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day.

1018 *"The King in his beauty."* C. WINKWORTH, tr.

TIME, thou speedest on but slowly,  
Hours, how tardy is your pace!  
Ere with Him, the high and holy,  
I hold converse face to face.  
Here is naught but care and mourning;  
Comes a joy, it will not stay;  
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,  
Night will soon o'ercloud the day.

2 Onward then! not long I wander  
Ere my Saviour comes for me,  
And with him abiding yonder,  
All his glory I shall see.  
Oh, the music and the singing  
Of the host redeemed by love!  
Oh, the hallelujahs ringing  
Through the halls of light above!

## 1019

*The Consummation.*

J. CONDER.

JESUS, blessed Mediator!  
Thou the airy path hast trod;

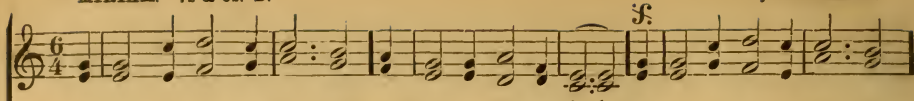
Thou the Judge, the Consummator!  
Shepherd of the fold of God!  
Can I trust a fellow-being?  
Can I trust an angel's care?  
O thou merciful All-seeing!  
Beam around my spirit there.

2 Blessed fold! no foe can enter,  
And no friend departeth thence;  
Jesus is their sun, their centre,  
And their shield—Omnipotence!  
Blesséd, for the Lamb shall feed them,  
All their tears shall wipe away,  
To the living fountains lead them,  
Till fruition's perfect day.

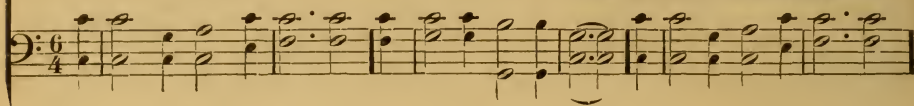
3 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!  
Louder chorals shake the skies:  
Hades' gates are burst asunder;  
See! the new-clothed myriads rise!  
Thought! repress thy weak endeavor;  
Here must reason prostrate fall;  
Oh, the ineffable Forever!  
And the eternal All in All!

## MIRIAM. 7s &amp; 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th'e - lect,— O dear and future vis - ion  
D. S.—To thee my thoughts are kindled,



That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls discern;  
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

## 1020

"A City."

J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

JERUSALEM, the glorious!  
The glory of the elect,—  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect!  
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,  
Ev'n here thy walls discern;  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified, thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise;—  
Jerusalem! exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessed Country!  
Shall I e'er see thy face?  
O sweet and blessed Country!  
Shall I e'er win thy grace?  
Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, his for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

The shades of eve are thickening,  
And darker night is near;  
The Bridegroom is advancing;  
Each hour he draws more nigh;  
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;  
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,  
Your vessels filled with oil;  
Wait calmly your deliverance  
From earthly pain and toil.  
The watchers on the mountains  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
Go, meet him, as he cometh,  
With hallelujahs clear.

3 The saints, who here in patience  
Their cross and sufferings bore,  
With him shall reign for ever,  
When sorrow is no more:  
Around the throne of glory  
The Lamb shall they behold,  
Adoring cast before him  
Their diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear!  
Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,  
O'er this benighted sphere!  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of our redemption,  
And ever be with thee.

## 1021

"Lamps trimmed." J. BORTHWICK, *tr.*

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!  
And let your lights appear!

EWING. 7s, 6s. D.

ALEX. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be - neath thy contem -

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, oh, I know not

What social joys are there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.

1022

*The New Jerusalem.* J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

JERUSALEM, the golden,  
 With milk and honey blest!  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice oppressed:  
 I know not, oh, I know not,  
 What social joys are there,  
 What radiance of glory,  
 What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng;  
 The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene;  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;  
 And there, from care released,  
 The song of them that triumph,  
 The shout of them that feast:  
 And they who, with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

1023

*"Short toil!"*J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

BRIEF life is here our portion;  
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
 The life, that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life, is there:  
 Oh, happy retribution!  
 Short toil, eternal rest;  
 For mortals, and for sinners,  
 A mansion with the blest!

2 And there is David's fountain,  
 And life in fullest glow;  
 And there the light is golden,  
 And milk and honey flow;  
 The light, that hath no evening,  
 The health, that hath no sore,  
 The life, that hath no ending,  
 But lasteth evermore.

3 There Jesus shall embrace us,  
 There Jesus be embraced,—  
 That spirit's food and sunshine;  
 Whence earthly love is chased:  
 Yes! God my King and Portion,  
 In fullness of his grace,  
 We then shall see for ever,  
 And worship face to face.



## CANAAN. C. M. D.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. { Bride of the Lamb, a - wake, awake! Why sleep for sorrow now? }  
 The hope of glo - ry, Christ, is thine, (Omit) ..... A child of glo - ry thou.  
 D. C.—Hath sighed for one that's far a-way,—(Omit) ..... The Bridegroom of thy heart.

Thy spir - it through the lone - ly night, From earth-ly joy a - part

## 1024

"The Lamb's Wife." E. DENNY.

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake!

Why sleep for sorrow now?

The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,

A child of glory thou.

Thy spirit, through the lonely night,

From earthly joy apart,

Hath sighed for one that's far away,—

The Bridegroom of thy heart.

2 But see! the night is waning fast,

The breaking morn is near;

And Jesus comes, with voice of love,

Thy drooping heart to cheer.

Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own,

His crown, his joy divine;

And, sweeter far than all beside,

He, he himself is thine!

## 1025

"Behold, I come quickly." B. H. KENNEDY.

Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom come;

Ye wedding-guests, draw near,

And slumber not in sin, when he,

The Son of God, is here!

Come, let us haste to meet our Lord,

And hail him with delight;

Who saved us by his precious blood,

And sorrows infinite!

2 Beside him all the patriarchs old,

And holy prophets stand;

The glorious apostolic choir,

And noble martyr band.

As brethren dear they welcome us,

And lead us to the throne,

Where angels bow their vailéd heads,

Before the Three in One;—

3 Where we, with all the saints of God,

A white-robed multitude,

Shall praise the ascended Lord, who deigns

To bear our flesh and blood!

Our lot shall be for aye to share

His reign of peace above:

And drink, with unexhausted joy,

The river of his love.

## 1026

"Come, Lord Jesus." E. DENNY.

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,

Thou glorious Star of day!

Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,

With all our tears, away.

No resting-place we seek on earth,

No loveliness we see;

Our eye is on the royal crown,

Prepared for us—and thee!

2 But, dearest Lord, however bright,

That crown of joy above,

What is it to the brighter hope

Of dwelling in thy love?

What to the joy, the deeper joy,

Unmingled, pure, and free,

Of union with our living Head,

Of fellowship with thee?

## NORTHFIELD. C. M.

J. INGALLS.

The

1. Lo! what a glorious sight appears, To our be-lieving eyes!

The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies.

The earth and seas are passed a - - way, And the old roll - ing skies.

passed away, The earth and seas are passed a - - way,

## 1027

*"Your descending King."*

I. WATTS.

Lo! WHAT a glorious sight appears,  
To our believing eyes!

The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides—  
That holy, happy place,—

The New Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,—

"Mortals! behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King:—

4 "The God of glory, down to men,  
Removes his blest abode;

Men, the dear objects of his grace,  
And he their loving God:—

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye;

And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself shall die!"

6 How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?

Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!  
And bring the welcome day.

On mountain tops, above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 The beam that shines from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land:

The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.

3 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,  
Or mar the peaceful years;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.

## 1029

*"Come, blessed Lord?"*

E. DENNY.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!  
Star of the coming day!

Arise, and with thy morning beams  
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of thy royal name,  
And own thee as their King.

3 Jesus! thy fair creation groans,—  
'The air, the earth, the sea,—  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for thee.

4 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine;  
Be thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory thine.

## 1028

*Messiah's Reign.*

M. BRUCE.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise

## IMMORTALITY. 7s, 6s. D.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands; Be - side its ancient  
por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands; He on - ly can un - do it, And  
o - pen wide the door; And mortals who pass through it Are mortal nev - er - more.

1030

*"They seek a country."*

T. MACKELLAR.

THERE is a land immortal,  
The beautiful of lands;  
Beside its ancient portal  
A silent sentry stands;  
He only can undo it,  
And open wide the door;  
And mortals who pass through it,  
Are mortal nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage  
That leadeth to the gate,  
Yet grace attends the message,  
To souls that watch and wait:  
And at the time appointed  
A messenger comes down,  
And guides the Lord's anointed  
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,  
They're blessed in their tears;  
Their journey heavenward winging,  
They leave on earth their fears:  
Death like an angel seemeth;  
"We welcome thee," they cry;  
Their face with glory beameth—  
'Tis life for them to die!

1031

*The New Paradise.*

T. DAVIS.

O PARADISE eternal!  
What bliss to enter thee,  
And, once within thy portals,  
Secure for ever be!  
In thee no sin nor sorrow,  
No pain nor death, is known;  
But pure glad life, enduring  
As heaven's benignant throne.

2 There all around shall love us,  
And we return their love;  
One band of happy spirits,  
One family above:  
There God shall be our portion,  
And we his jewels be;  
And gracing his bright mansions,  
His smile reflect and see.

3 So songs shall rise for ever,  
While all creation fair,  
Still more and more reveal'd,  
Shall wake fresh praises there:  
O Paradise eternal!  
What joys in thee are known!  
O God of mercy! guide us,  
Till all be felt our own.



LOWRY (or HILLSDALE). L. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Now let our souls, on wings sub-lime, Rise from the van - i - ties of time,  
 Draw back the part - ing vail, and see The glo - ries of e - ter - ni - ty.

## 1032

*"Eye hath not seen."*

T. GIBBONS.

NOW LET our souls, on wings sublime,  
 Rise from the vanities of time,  
 Draw back the parting vail, and see  
 The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,  
 Why should we grovel here on earth?  
 Why grasp at transitory joys,  
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,  
 When we are walking back to God?  
 For strangers into life we come,  
 And dying is but going home.

4 To dwell with God—to feel his love,  
 Is the full heaven enjoyed above;  
 And the sweet expectation now  
 Is the young dawn of heaven below.

## 1033

*"A Rest."*

RAY PALMER.

LORD, thou wilt bring the joyful day!  
 Beyond earth's weariness and pains,  
 Thou hast a mansion far away,  
 Where for thine own a rest remains.

2 No sun there climbs the morning sky,  
 There never falls the shade of night;  
 God and the Lamb, for ever nigh,  
 O'er all shed everlasting light.

3 The bow of mercy spans the throne,  
 Emblem of love and goodness there;  
 While notes to mortals all unknown,  
 Float on the calm celestial air.

4 Around that throne bright legions stand,  
 Redeemed by blood from sin and hell;  
 And shining forms, an angel band,  
 The mighty chorus join to swell.

5 O Jesus, bring us to that rest,  
 Where all the ransomed shall be found,  
 In thine eternal fullness blest,  
 While ages roll their cycles round!

## 1034

*"Many mansions."*

RAY PALMER.

THY Father's house! thine own bright home!  
 And thou hast there a place for me!  
 Though yet an exile here I roam,  
 That distant home by faith I see.

2 I see its domes resplendent glow,  
 Where beams of God's own glory fall;  
 And trees of life immortal grow,  
 Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall

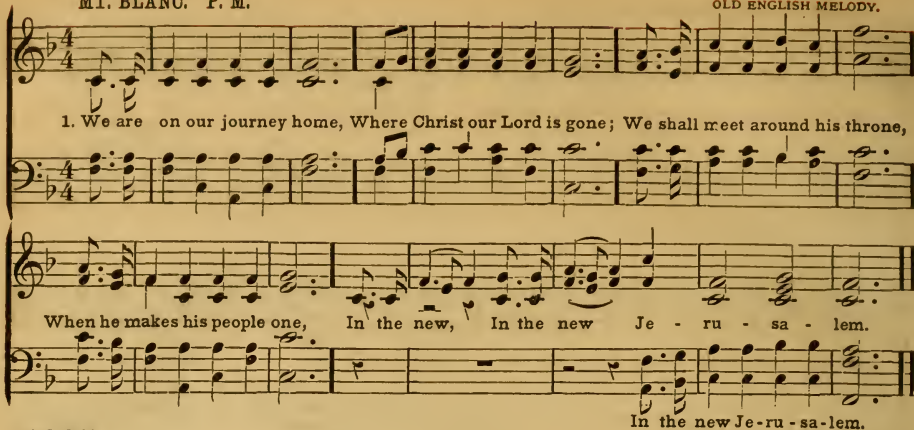
3 I know that thou, who on the tree  
 Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,  
 Wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee,  
 And waitest to receive me there!

4 Thy love will there array my soul  
 In thine own robe of spotless hue;  
 And I shall gaze, while ages roll,  
 On thee, with raptures ever new!

5 Oh, welcome day! when thou my feet  
 Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er;  
 A Father's warm embrace to meet,  
 And dwell at home for evermore!

## MT. BLANC. P. M.

OLD ENGLISH MELODY.



1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around his throne,  
When he makes his people one, In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.  
In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

1035

"The Holy City."

C. BEECHER.

WE are on our journey home,  
Where Christ our Lord is gone;  
We shall meet around his throne,  
When he makes his people one,  
In the new Jerusalem.

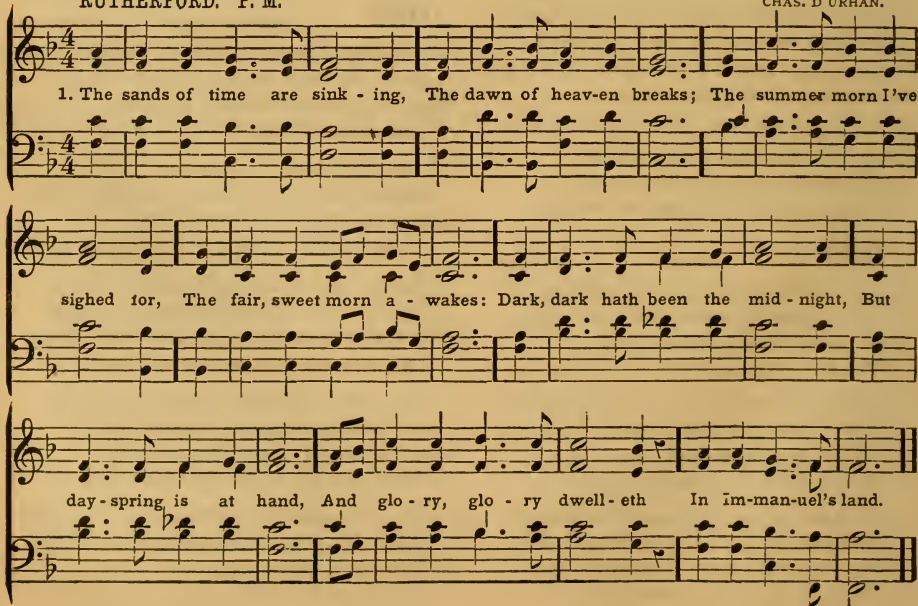
2 We can see that distant home,  
Though clouds rise dark between;  
Faith views the radiant dome,  
And a lustre flashes keen  
From the new Jerusalem.

3 Oh, holy, heavenly home!  
Oh, rest eternal there!  
When shall the exiles come,  
Where they cease from earthly care,  
In the new Jerusalem!

4 Our hearts are breaking now  
Those mansions fair to see;  
O Lord, thy heavens bow,  
And raise us up with thee,  
To the new Jerusalem.

## RUTHERFORD. P. M.

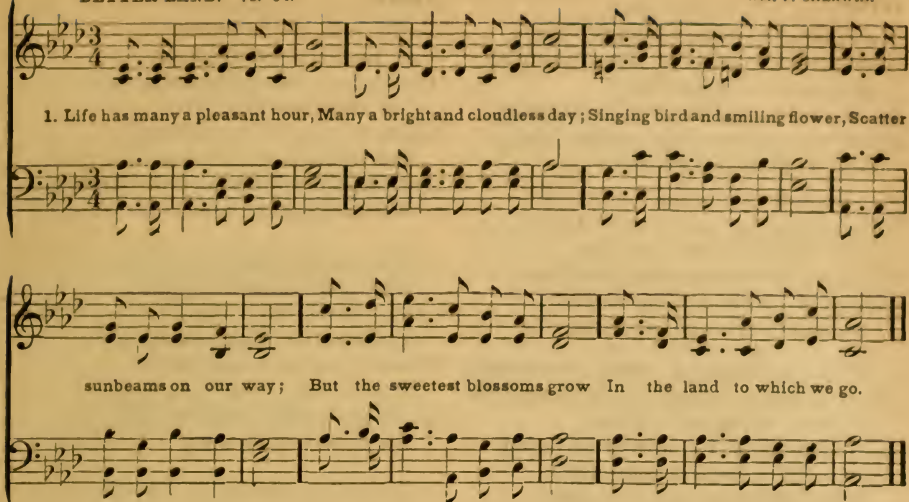
CHAS. D'URHAN.



1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks; The summer morn I've  
sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes: Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But  
day - spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In im-man-uel's land.

## BETTER LAND. 7s. 6l.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



## 1036

*The better land.* F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

LIFE has many a pleasant hour,  
Many a bright and cloudless day;  
Singing bird and smiling flower,  
Scatter sunbeams on our way;  
But the sweetest blossoms grow  
In the land to which we go.

2 Earth has many a cool retreat,  
Many a spot to memory dear;  
Oft we find our weary feet  
Lingering by some fountain clear;  
Yet the purest waters flow  
In the land to which we go.

3 Like a cloud that floats away,  
Like the early morning dew,  
Here the fairest things decay;  
There, are pleasures ever new.  
Only joy the heart will know  
In the land to which we go.

4 'Tis the Christian's promised land;  
There is everlasting day;  
There a Saviour's loving hand  
Wipes the mourner's tears away;  
Oh! the rapture we shall know  
In the land to which we go.

## 1037

*P. M. Immanuel's Land.* A. R. COUSIN.

THE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair sweet morn awakes:  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But day-spring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, Christ, he is the fountain,  
The deep sweet well of love;  
The streams of earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above.

There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of Grace—  
Not at the crown he gifteth,  
But on his pierced hand;—  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.



## 1038

C. P. M. *Celestial Praise.* C. WINKWORTH, *fr.*

THY mighty working, mighty God !  
Wakes all my powers ; I look abroad,  
And can no longer rest ;  
I, too, must sing when all things sing,  
And from my heart the praises ring  
The Highest loveth best.

2 If thou, in thy great love to us,  
Wilt scatter joy and beauty thus  
O'er this poor earth of ours ;  
What nobler glories shall be given  
Hereafter in thy shining heaven,  
Set round with golden towers !

3 What thrilling joy when on our sight  
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light  
Where all the air is sweet ;  
Still laden with the unwearied hymn  
From all the thousand seraphim  
Who God's high praise repeat !

4 Oh, were I there ! oh, that I now  
Before thy throne, my God, could bow,  
And bear my heavenly palm !  
Then, like the angels, would I raise  
My voice, and sing thine endless praise  
In many a sweet-toned psalm.

## 1039

L. M. "*The Lamb is the Light.*" A. STEELE.

OH, for a sweet, inspiring ray,  
To animate our feeble strains,  
From the bright realms of endless day—  
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns !

2 There, low before his glorious throne,  
Adoring saints and angels fall ;  
And, with delightful worship, own  
His smile their bliss, their heaven,  
their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,  
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,  
And love and joy, and triumph spread  
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles,—and seraphs tune their  
songs  
To boundless rapture, while they gaze ;  
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues  
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the followers of the Lamb  
Shall join at last the heavenly choir :  
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme  
Awake our faith and warm desire !

## 1040

S. M. D. "*No night there.*" F. M. KNOLLIS.

THERE is no night in heaven ;  
In that blest world above  
Work never can bring weariness,  
For work itself is love.  
There is no grief in heaven ;  
For life is one glad day,  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.

2 There is no want in heaven ;  
The Lamb of God supplies  
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,  
Life's spring which never dries.  
There is no sin in heaven ;  
Behold that blessed throng !  
All holy is their spotless robe,  
All holy is their song.

3 There is no death in heaven ;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.  
There is no death in heaven ;  
But when the Christian dies,  
The angels wait his parted soul,  
And waft it to the skies !

## 1041

C. M. *The New Song.* I. WATTS.

EARTH has engrossed my love too long ;  
'T is time I lift mine eyes  
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,  
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits ;  
The God, how bright he shines !  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs with elevated strains  
Circle the throne around ;  
And move, and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;  
Jesus, my love, they sing ;  
Jesus, the life of both our joys,  
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me dwell on earth no more,  
But mount in haste above,  
To bless the God that I adore,  
And sing the Man I love.

**1042** 75, 68, D. "*A Holy City.*"

ANON.

THERE is a holy city,  
A happy world above,  
Beyond the starry regions,  
Built by the God of love ;  
An everlasting temple—  
And saints arrayed in white,  
There serve their great Redeemer,  
And dwell with him in light.

2 The meanest child of glory  
Outshines the radiant sun ;  
But who can speak the splendor  
Of that eternal throne  
Where Jesus sits exalted,  
In god-like majesty ?  
The elders fall before him,  
The angels bend the knee.

3 The hosts of saints around him  
Proclaim his work of grace ;  
The patriarchs and prophets,  
And all the godly race,  
Who speak of fiery trials  
And tortures on their way—  
They came from tribulation  
To everlasting day.

4 And what shall be my journey,  
How long my stay below,  
Or what shall be my trials,  
Are not for me to know ;  
In every day of trouble,  
I'll raise my thoughts on high ;  
I'll think of the bright temple,  
And crowns above the sky.

**1043** 68, D. *The Rest remaineth.*

H. W. BAKER.

THERE is a blessed home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well ;  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell ;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One,  
And Spirit, ever more.

3 Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe ;  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

**1044** 88, 78, 61. "*The Lamb's Wife.*"J. M. NEALE, *fr.*

BLESSED Salem, long expected,  
Vision bright of peace and dear !  
Who, of living stones erected,  
Moulded in the heavenly sphere,  
And, by angel-guards protected,  
Dost in bridal-pomp appear.

2 From the heaven of heavens descend—  
All prepared to meet thy Head, [ing,  
In thy robes of light attending,  
Thou art to his presence led ;  
Golden glories, richly blending,  
Round thy streets and walls are shed.

3 Bright with pearls thy gates are beam—  
Wide unfolded they remain : [ing,  
Thither come, through grace redeeming,  
All who wear Christ's lowly chain :  
And, his last award esteeming,  
Gladly share his cup of pain.

**1045** P. M. "*The Golden Shore.*"

ANON.

Lo, the seal of death is breaking ;  
Those who slept its sleep are waking,  
Heaven opes its portals fair !  
Hark ! the harps of God are ringing,  
Hark ! the seraph's hymn is flinging  
Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,  
Suns without a cloud are shining  
O'er the land of life and love ;  
There the founts of life are flowing,  
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,  
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth ;  
There no tear of misery wellet ;  
Hearts will bleed or break no more ;  
Past is all the cold world's scorning,  
Gone the night and broke the morning  
Over all the golden shore !

## ST. GEORGE. 7s. D.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home! All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin:

God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to be supplied: Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

## 1046

*Song for Harvest.*

H. ALFORD.

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!  
 All is safely gathered in,  
 Ere the winter storms begin:  
 God our Maker doth provide  
 For our wants to be supplied:  
 Come to God's own temple, come,  
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,  
 Fruit unto his praise to yield:  
 Wheat and tares together sown,  
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
 First the blade, and then the ear,  
 Then the full corn shall appear:  
 Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we  
 Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
 And shall take his harvest home:  
 From his field shall in that day  
 All offences purge away:  
 Give his angels charge at last  
 In the fire the tares to cast:  
 But the fruitful ears to store  
 In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,  
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!  
 All are safely gathered in,  
 Free from sorrow, free from sin:

There, for ever purified,  
 In God's garner to abide:  
 Come, ten thousand angels, come,  
 Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

## 1047

*The close of the year.* RAY PALMER.

Thou who roll'st the year around,  
 Crowned with mercies large and free,  
 Rich thy gifts to us abound,  
 Warm our praise shall rise to thee.  
 Kindly to our worship bow,  
 While our grateful thanks we tell,  
 That, sustained by thee, we now  
 Bid the parting year—farewell!

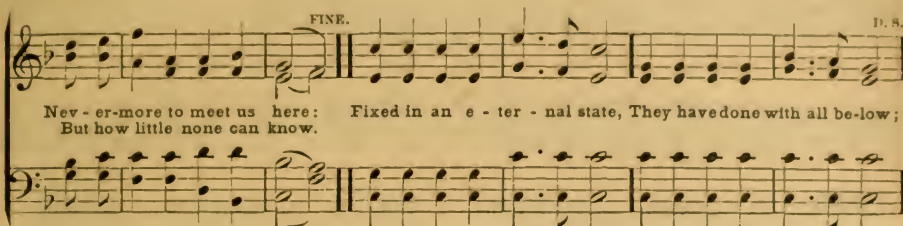
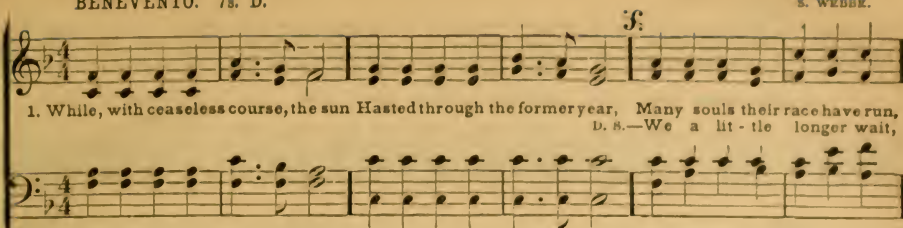
2 All its numbered days are sped,  
 All its busy scenes are o'er,  
 All its joys for ever fled,  
 All its sorrows felt no more.  
 Mingled with the eternal past,  
 Its remembrance shall decay;  
 Yet to be revived at last  
 At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive!  
 Cleanse us from each guilty stain;  
 Let thy grace within us live,  
 That we spend not years in vain.  
 Then, when life's last eve shall come,  
 Happy spirits, may we fly  
 To our everlasting home,  
 To our Father's house on high!



## BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

S. WEBBE.



## 1048

*New Year.*

J. NEWTON.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Nevermore to meet us here:  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below;  
We a little longer wait,—  
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live,  
With eternity in view:  
Bless thy word to young and old;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above!

## 1049

*Independence Day.*

N. STRONG.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;  
Praises to our God belong;  
Saints and angels join to sing  
Praises to the heavenly King.

Blessings from his liberal hand  
Flow around this happy land:  
Kept by him, no foes annoy;  
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway  
May we cheerfully obey;  
Never feel oppression's rod,  
Ever own and worship God.  
Hark! the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings;  
Let us join the choral song,  
And the grateful notes prolong.

## 1050

*Thanksgiving.*

A. L. BARBAULD.

PRaise to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days:  
Bounteous Source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ.  
For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield;  
For the fruits in full supply,  
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;—

2 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;  
These to thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow:  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

GLASGOW. C. M.

G. F. ROOT.

1. Lord! while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev-ery elime and coast,  
Oh, hear us for our na-tive land, The land we love the most.

**1051***National.*

J. R. WRETFORD.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
Oh, hear us for our native land,  
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless,  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and thee:  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,  
Smile on our Sabbath hours;  
And piety and virtue bless  
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be thou her refuge and her trust,  
Her everlasting friend.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness we'll adore;  
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
Shall join our souls to thee.

**1052***The Traveler's Hymn.*

J. ADDISON.

How ARE thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.

**1053***Prayer for Seamen.*

P. H. BROWN.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,  
And, with united plea,  
We meet and pray for those who roam  
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow  
The sailor's heart to thee,  
Till tears of deep repentance flow,  
Like rain-drops in the sea!

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love  
Pour peace into his breast,  
And waft him to the port above  
Of everlasting rest.

## NEW YORK TUNE. C. M.

## SCOTCH MELODY.

1. Our Fa - ther! through the com - ing year We know not what shall be;  
But we would leave with - out a fear Its or - dering all to thee.

## 1054

*New Year.*

W. GASKELL.

OUR Father! through the coming year  
We know not what shall be;  
But we would leave without a fear  
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain  
For what the world holds fair;  
And all the good we thought to gain  
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend  
Our love with anxious fears,  
And snatch away the valued friend,  
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days  
And nights of lingering pain;  
And bid us take a farewell gaze  
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;  
No fears our trust shall move;  
Thou knowest what for each is best,  
And thou art Perfect Love.

## 1055

*Close of the Year.*

I. WATTS.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!  
And humbly own to thee  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're traveling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
The eternal state of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on every breath;  
And yet, how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
To walk this dangerous road!  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

## 1056

*Close of the Year.* P. DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, ye saints! and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high:  
Awake, and praise the sovereign love,  
That shows salvation nigh.

2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near:  
Then welcome each declining day.  
Welcome each closing year.

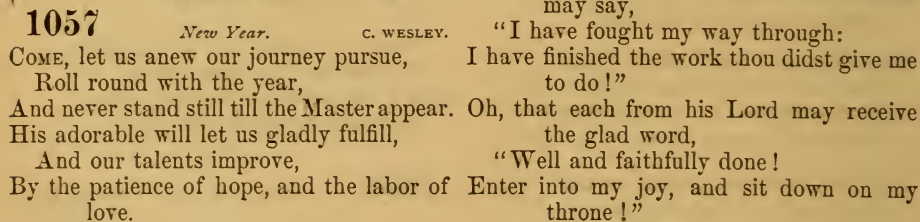
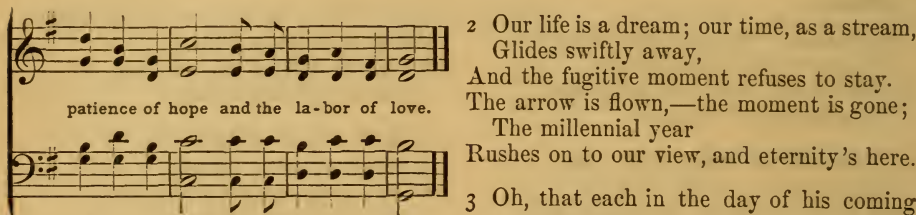
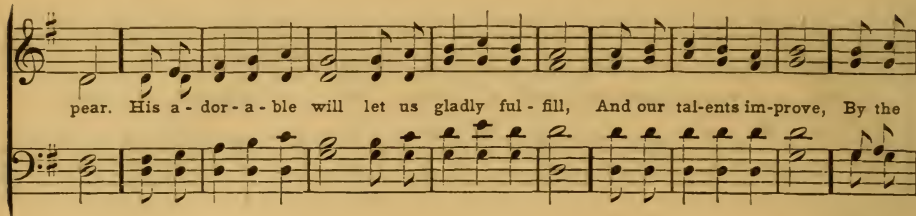
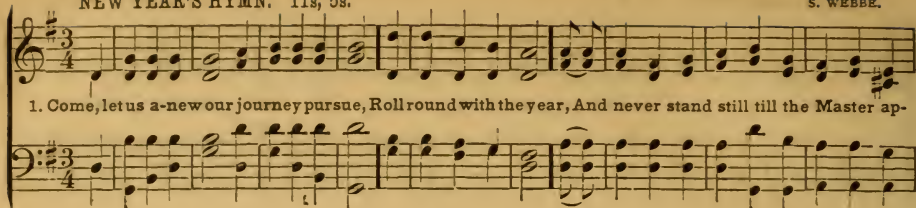
3 Not many years their rounds shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed,  
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature! speed your course;  
Ye mortal powers! decay;  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.



## NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 11s, 5s.

S. WEBBE.



1057

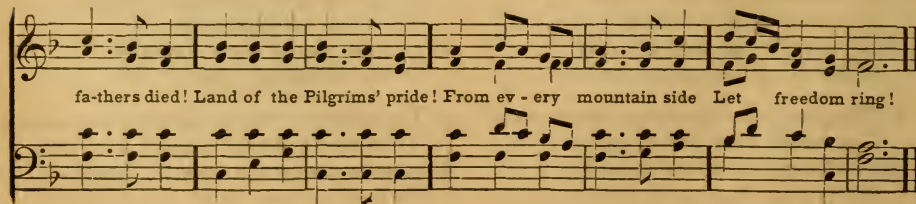
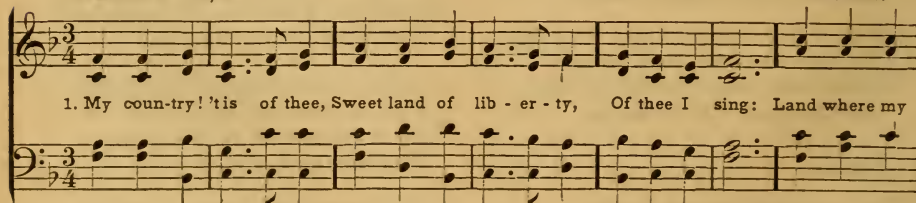
New Year.

C. WESLEY.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.  
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of  
love.

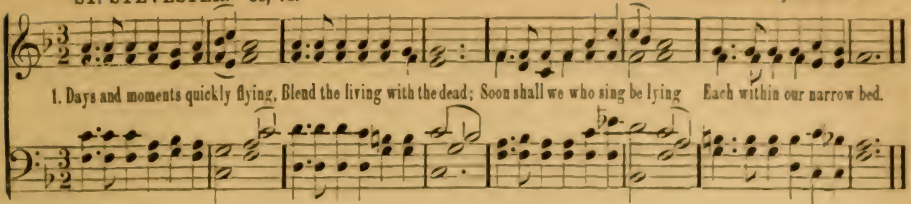
## AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

H. CAREY.



ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Days and moments quickly flying, Blend the living with the dead; Soon shall we who sing be lying Each within our narrow bed.

1058

*Last Day of the year.* E. CASWALL.

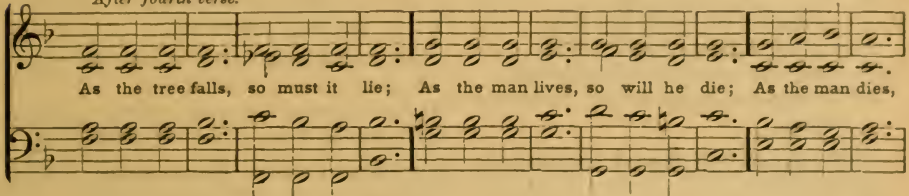
DAYS and moments quickly flying  
Blend the living with the dead;  
Soon shall we who sing be lying,  
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them  
Will have sped their rapid flight;  
Able now by grace to save them,  
Oh, that while we can we might!

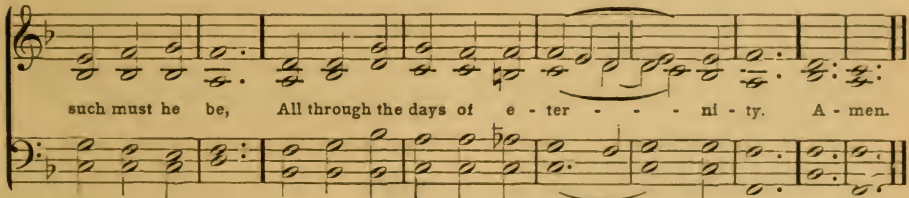
3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,  
Maker of this mighty frame;  
Teach, oh, teach us to remember  
What we are, and whence we came:—

4 Whence we came, and whither wending;  
Soon we must through darkness go,  
To inherit bliss unending,  
Or eternity of woe.

*After fourth verse.*



As the tree falls, so must it lie; As the man lives, so will he die; As the man dies,



such must he be, All through the days of e - ter - - - ni - ty. A - men.

1059

6s, 4s. *National Song.*

S. F. SMITH.

My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!

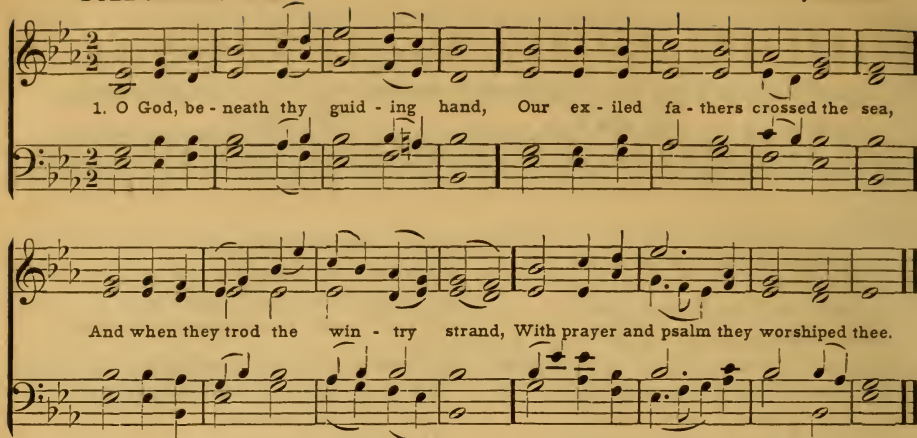
2 My native country, thee—  
Land of the noble, free—  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

## DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



## 1060

*Forefathers' Day.*

L. BACON.

O God, beneath thy guiding hand,  
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,  
And when they trod the wintry strand,  
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer—  
Thy blessing came; and still its power  
Shall onward through all ages bear  
The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! through pathless wilds  
no more  
The fierce and naked savage roams:  
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,  
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,  
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here thy name, O God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And spring adorns the earth no more.

## 1061

*The New Year.* P. DODDRIDGE.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand  
By which supported still we stand;  
The opening year thy mercy shows;  
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God;

By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

## 1062

*The New Year.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

Our Helper, God! we bless thy name,  
Whose love forever is the same;  
The tokens of thy gracious care  
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,  
Supported by thy guardian hand;  
And see, when we review our ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;  
Thus far we make thy mercy known;  
And while we tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;  
Then bear in thy bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.

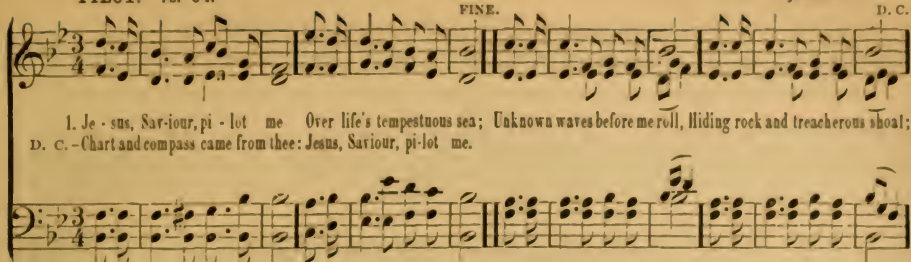


## PILOT. 7a. 6l.

FINE.

J. E. GOULD.

D. C.



1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
D. C. - Chart and compass came from thee: Jesus, Saviour, pi-lot me.

## 1063

*Life's Sea.*

E. HOPPER.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass came from thee:  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey thy will

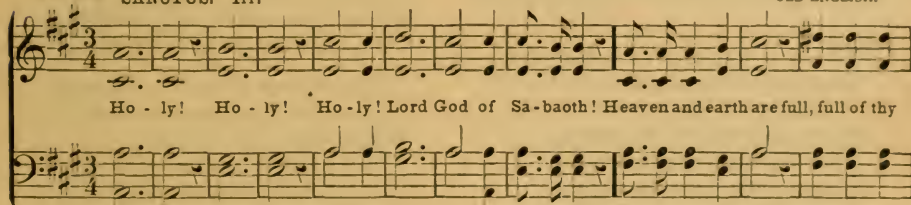
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on thy breast,  
May I hear thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

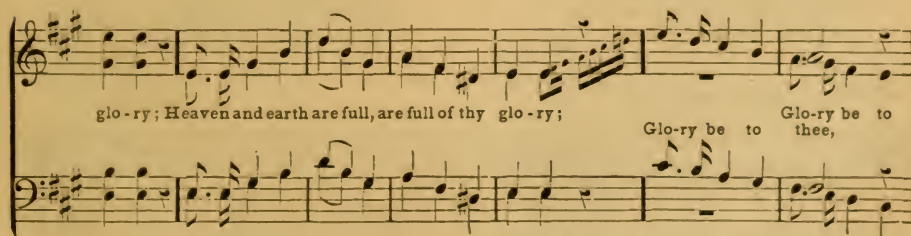
## 1064

SANCTUS. Irr.

OLD ENGLISH.

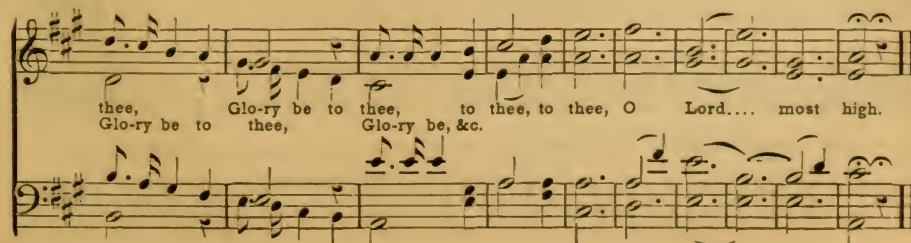


Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full, full of thy



glo - ry; Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glo - ry;

Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee,



thee, Glo-ry be to thee, to thee, to thee, O Lord.... most high.  
Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be, &c.

## GOD'S LOVE. 7s, 6s. D.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Grander than ocean's sto-ry Or songs of forest trees— Purer than breath of morning Or

evening's gentle breeze—Clearer than mountain echoes Ring out from peaks above—Rolls on the glorious

anthem Of God's e - ter - nal love.

1065

*Giving of thanks.* W. F. SHERWIN.

GRANDER than ocean's story,  
Or songs of forest trees—  
Purer than breath of morning,  
Or evening's gentle breeze—  
Clearer than mountain echoes  
Ring out from peaks above—  
Rolls on the glorious anthem  
Of God's eternal love.

2 Dearer than any lovings,  
The truest friends bestow;  
Stronger than all the yearnings,  
A mother's heart can know;  
Deeper than earth's foundations,  
And far above all thought;  
Broader than heaven's high arches—  
The love that Christ has brought.

3 Richer than all earth's treasure,  
The wealth my soul receives;  
Brighter than royal jewels,  
The crown that Jesus gives;  
Wondrous the condescension,  
And grace beyond degree!  
I would be ever singing  
The love of Christ to me.

## 1066 GLORIA PATRI. Irr.

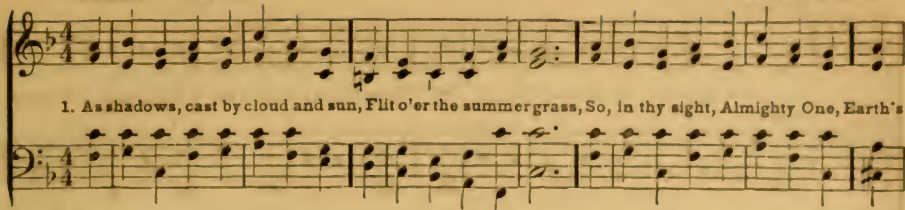
GREATOREX COLL.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

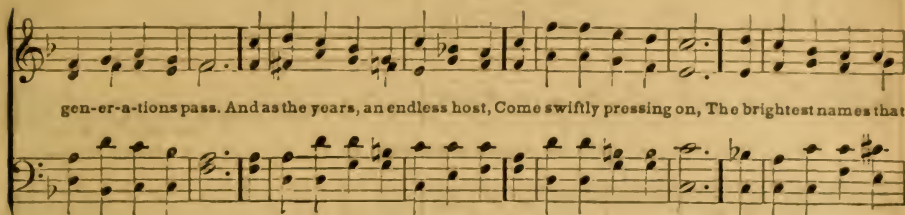
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: A - men, A - men.

BRYANT. O. M. D.

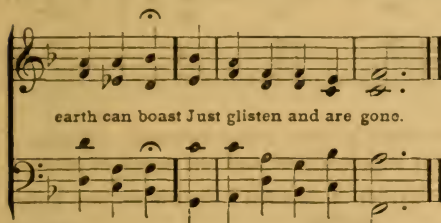
WM F. SHERWIN.



1. As shadows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the summer grass, So, in thy sight, Almighty One, Earth's



gen-er-a-tions pass. And as the years, an endless host, Come swiftly pressing on, The brightest names that



earth can boast Just glisten and are gone.

1067

*Anniversary.*

W. C. BRYANT.

AS SHADOWS cast by cloud and sun,  
Flit o'er the summer grass,  
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,  
Earth's generations pass.  
And as the years, an endless host,  
Come swiftly pressing on,  
The brightest names that earth can boast  
Just glisten and are gone.

2 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed  
A lustre pure and sweet;  
And still it leads, as once it led,  
To the Messiah's feet.  
O Father, may that holy star  
Grow every year more bright,  
And send its glorious beams afar  
To fill the world with light.

1068

*The Seasons.*

L. WATTS.

WITH songs and honors sounding loud  
Address the Lord on high;  
Over the heavens he spread his cloud,  
And waters veil the sky.

His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.

2 He sends his word and melts the snow.  
The fields no longer mourn;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.  
The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey his mighty word;  
With songs and honors sounding loud  
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

1069

*God's Mercies.*

H. F. LYTH.

THE mercies of my God and King  
My tongue shall still pursue:  
Oh, happy they, who, while they sing  
Those mercies, share them too!  
As bright and lasting as the sun,  
As lofty as the sky,  
From age to age, thy word shall run,  
And chance and change defy.

2 The covenant of the King of kings  
Shall stand for ever sure;  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings  
Thy saints repose secure.  
In earth below, in heaven above,  
Who, who is Lord like thee?  
Oh, spread the gospel of thy love,  
Till all thy glories see!



MORNING PRAISE. 10s.  
CONGREGATION.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. A - gain the day re- turns of ho - ly rest Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;  
ORGAN.

When, like his own, he bade our la- bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty and all be peace.

1070

*The Lord's Day.*

WM. MASON.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest  
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah  
blessed;

When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,  
And all be piety and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;

So shall he hear when fervently we raise  
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes  
confide,  
Whose power defends us and whose pre-  
cepts guide,

In life our Guardian and in death our Friend,  
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

## DOMINUS REGIT ME.

LOWELL MASON.

A - men.

1071

*Psalm 23.*

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green  
pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his |  
name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest  
my head with oil; my | cup | runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall fol-  
low me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- |  
ever || A - | men.

## EVENING PRAISE. P. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy-ing in the West; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship while the night

CHORUS.

Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky. Holy, holy, ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts!

Heav'n and earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high!

1072

"Day is dying." M. A. LATHBURY.

Day is dying in the West;  
 Heaven is touching earth with rest:  
 Wait and worship while the night  
 Sets her evening lamps alight  
 Through all the sky.  
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!  
 Heaven and earth are full of thee!  
 Heaven and earth are praising thee,  
 O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome  
 Of the Universe, thy home,  
 Gather us who seek thy face  
 To the fold of thy embrace,  
 For thou art nigh.  
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!  
 Heaven and earth are full of thee!  
 Heaven and earth are praising thee,  
 O Lord most high!

## DE PROFUNDIS.

ANON.

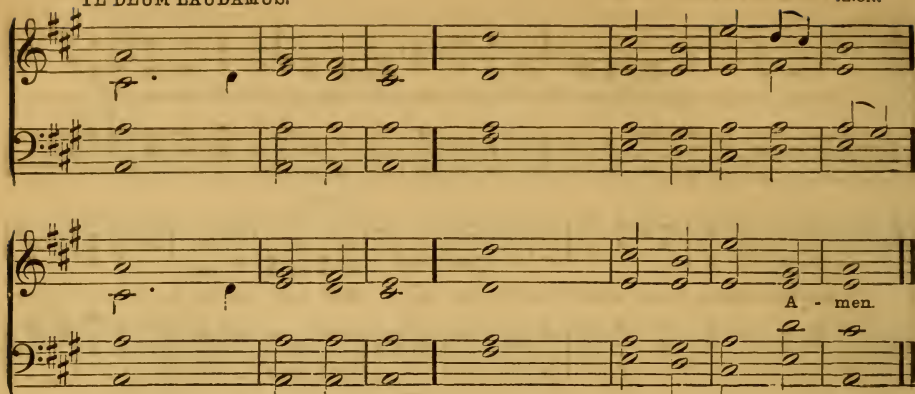
1073

Palm 130.

- 1 Out of the | depths || Have I cried unto to thee, O | Lord ! ||
- 2 Lord, hear my | voice: || Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my suppli- |  
cations. ||
- 3 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, || O Lord ! who shall | stand ? ||
- 4 But there is forgiveness with | thee, || That thou mayest be | feared. ||
- 5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait, || And in his word do I | hope. ||
- 6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning: || I say,  
more than they that watch for the | morning. ||
- 7 Let Israel hope in the | Lord; || For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is  
plenteous re- | demption. ||
- 8 And he shall redeem | Israel || From all his in- | iquities. ||

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

ANON.



## 1074

*The Ancient "Te Deum."*

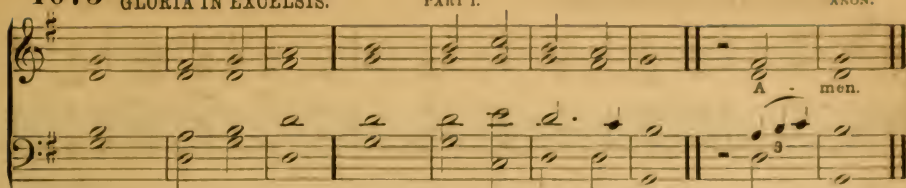
- 1 WE praise thee, | O — | God; || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord. ||  
All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the Father | ever- | last- — | ing. ||
- 2 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, || the heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.  
To thee cherubim and seraphim, con- | tinually · · do | cry, || Holy, holy, holy, Lord |  
God of | Saba- | oth; ||
- 3 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of thy | glory. || The glorious company  
of the apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise — |  
thee. ||  
The noble army of martyrs | praise — | thee. || The holy church throughout all the |  
world · · doth ac- | knowledge | thee, ||
- 4 The Father, of an | infi- · · nite | majesty; || thine adorable, | true and | only | Son; ||  
Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter. || Thou art the King of glory, O Christ, thou  
art the everlasting | Son · · of the | Fa- — | ther. ||
- 5 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to be |  
born — | of a | virgin. ||  
When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · · of | death, || thou didst open the kingdom  
of | heaven · · to | all be- | lievers. ||
- 6 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the | glory · · of the | Father. || We believe  
that thou shalt | come to | be our | judge.  
We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redeemed | with thy |  
precious | blood. ||
- 7 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, || in | glory | ever- | lasting. ||  
O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage; || govern them and | lift them | up  
for- | ever. ||
- 8 Day by day we | magni- · · fy | thee; || and we worship thy name ever, | world with- |  
out — | end. ||  
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with- out | sin; || O Lord, have mercy upon us  
have | mer- cy up- | on — | us. ||
- 9 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust — | is in | thee. ||  
O Lord, in | thee · · have I | trusted; || let me | never | be con- | founded. || A- | men. ||



1075 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

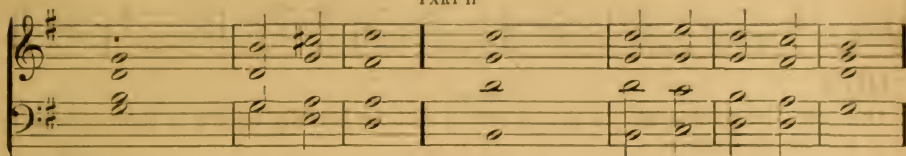
PART I.

ANON.



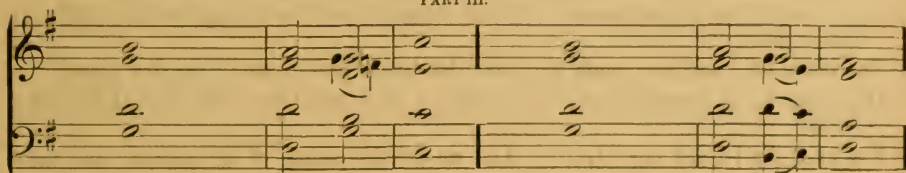
- 1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will . . towards | men.  
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks  
to | thee for | thy great | glory.

PART II



- 3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty !  
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son |  
of the | Father,

PART III.



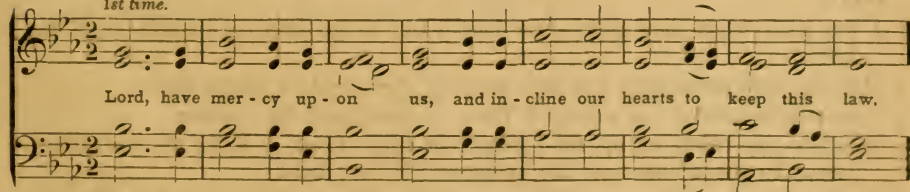
- 5 That takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.  
6 Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.  
7 Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || re-|ceive our | prayer.  
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.

RETURN TO PART I.

- 9 For thou | only . . art | holy: || thou | only | art the | Lord:  
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory . . of | God  
the | Father. || A- | men

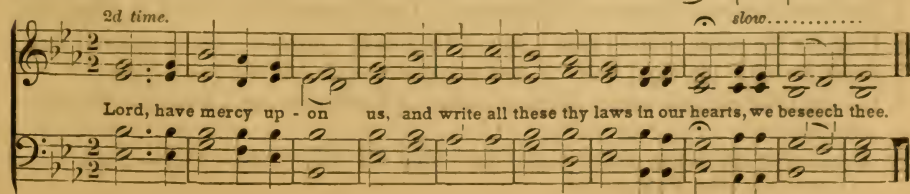
1076 RESPONSE TO THE DECALOGUE.

1st time.



Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

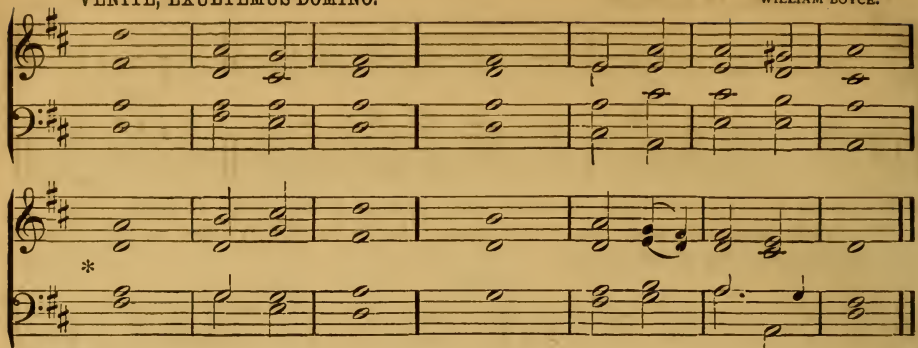
2d time.



Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.

## VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

WILLIAM BOYCE.



1077

*Psalm 95.*

- 1 OH, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength  
of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving; || And show ourselves | glad  
in | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great— | God; || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is |  
his— | also.
- 5 The sea is his | and he | made it; || And his hands pre- | pared | the dry | land.
- 6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down; || And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our |  
Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord our | God; || And we are the people of his pasture, and the |  
sheep of | his— | hand.
- 8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty · · of | holiness; || Let the whole | earth · · stand  
in | awe of | him.
- \*9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || And with righteousness to  
judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
- 10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · · shall | be, || World without | end.  
A- | men, A- | men.

1078

*Psalm 122.*

- 1 I was glad when they said | unto | me, || Let us go into the | house— | of the |  
Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O— | —Je- | rusa- | lem!
- 3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || That | is com- | pact to- | gether:
- 4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes · · of the | Lord, || Unto the testimony of  
Israel, to give thanks unto the | name— | of the | Lord
- 5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || The thrones of the | house of | Da- | vid.
- 6 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem: | They shall | prosper · · that | love— | thee.
- 7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls, || And prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
- 8 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, || I will now say, | Peace— | be with- |  
in thee.
- \*9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I will | seek— | thy— | good  
Glory be to the Father, &c.

MISERERE MEI, DEUS

THOMAS TALLIS.



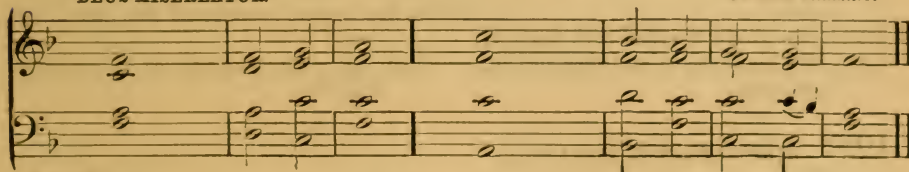
1079

*Psalm 51.*

- 1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: || According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
- 2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, || And cleanse me from my sin.
- 3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: || And my sin is ever before me.
- 4 Hide thy face from my sins, || And blot out all mine iniquities.
- 5 Create in me a clean heart, O God; || And renew a right spirit within me.
- 6 Cast me not away from thy presence; || And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
- 7 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; || And uphold me with thy free Spirit.
- 8 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; || And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
- 9 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: || And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
- 10 O Lord, open thou my lips: || And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
- 11 For thou desirest not sacrifice; || else would I give it: || Thou delightest not in burnt-offering.
- 12 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: || A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

RICHARD FARRANT.



1080

*Psalm 67.*

- 1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; || And show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us.
- 2 That thy way may be known upon earth; || Thy saving health among all nations.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, O God. || Yea, let all the people praise thee.
- 4 Oh, let the nations rejoice and be glad; || For thou shall judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
- 5 Let the people praise thee, O God; || Yea, let all the people praise thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase; || And God, even our own God shall give us his blessing.
- 7 God shall bless us; || And all the ends of the world shall fear him.
- 8 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, || And to the Holy Ghost;
- 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, || World without end.  
Amen.



## A LITTLE WHILE. 11s, 10s.

F. L. BENJAMIN.

1. Oh, for the peace which floweth like a riv - er, Making life's desert places bloom and smile!

Oh, for the faith to grasp heav'n's bright "forever," A - mid the shadows of earth's "little while."

## 1081

*"A little while."* J. CREWDSON.

Oh, for the peace which floweth like a river,  
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!

Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright  
"forever,"  
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,  
To face the storm, to battle with the strong;

A little while to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song!

3 A little while to keep the oil from failing,  
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim;

And then, the Bridegroom's coming foot-  
steps hailing,  
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn!

4 And he who is himself the gift and giver,—  
The future glory and the present smile,—  
With the bright promise of the glad "for ever"

Will light the shadows of the "little while!"

## 1082

## RESPONSE AFTER DECALOGUE.

1st time.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

2d time.

Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

ASSURANCE. 10s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Why is thy faith, O child of God, so small? Why doth thy heart shrink back at duty's call?

Art thou obeying this—"Abide in me," And doth the Master's word abide in thee?

1083

"Abide in me."

W. F. SHERWIN.

Why is thy faith, O child of God, so small? 3 "Ask what thou wilt," but, oh, remember  
Why doth thy heart shrink back at duty's call? this,—

We ask and have not, for we ask amiss  
Art thou obeying this—"Abide in me," When, weak in faith, we only half believe  
And doth the Master's word abide in thee? That what we ask we really shall receive.

2 Oh, blest assurance from our risen Lord! 4 Increase our faith, and clear our vision,  
Oh, precious comfort breathing from the Lord;  
Word! Help us to take thee at thy simple word,

How great the promise! could there great- No more with cold distrust to bring thee  
er be? [thee!" grief;

"Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done for Lord, we believe! help thou our unbelief.

1084

RESPONSE AFTER DECALOGUE.

1st time.

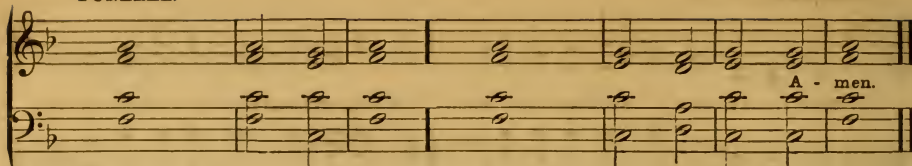
1. Lord, have mercy up-on us, And in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

2d time.

Lord, have mercy up-on us, And write all these thy laws in our hearts, We beseech thee.

## FUNERAL.

THOS. TALLIS.



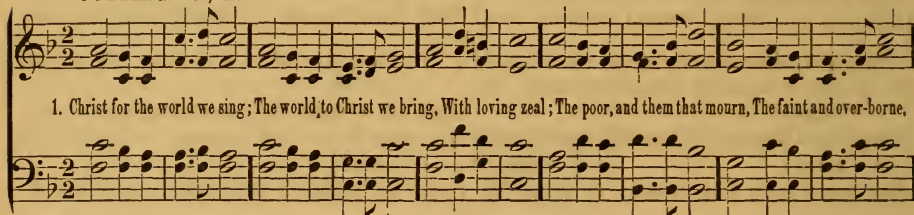
1085

*Selections.*

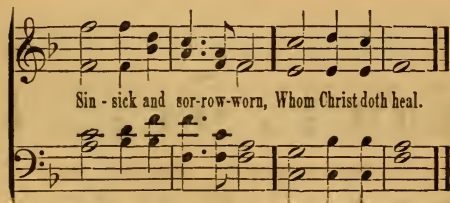
- 1 BLESSED are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.
- 2 Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | biding; || We are but of yesterday; there is but a | step .. between | us and | death;
- 3 Man's days are as grass: as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth; || He appear-eth for a little time, then | van-ish- | eth a- | way.
- 4 Watch ! for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come; || Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man— | cometh.
- 5 It is the Lord; let him do what | seemeth .. him | good; || The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and | blessed .. be the | name .. of the | Lord.
- 6 Blesséd are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

## CUTTING. 6s, 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With loving zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and over-borne,



Sin - sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

1086

*Christ for the World.* S. WOLCOTT.

- CHRIST for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With loving zeal;  
The poor, and them that mourn,  
The faint and overborne,  
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,  
Whom Christ doth heal.
- 2 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With fervent prayer;

The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passions tossed,  
Redeemed, at countless cost,  
From dark despair.

- 3 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With one accord;  
With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our Lord.
- 4 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.



# DOXOLOGIES.

---

I L. M.

PRaise God, from whom all blessings  
flow !

Praise him, all creatures here below !  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host !  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

2 L. M. 6l.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, three in one,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

3 L. M. D.

ETERNAL Father, throned above,  
Thou fountain of redeeming love !  
Eternal Word ! who left thy throne  
For man's rebellion to atone ;  
Eternal Spirit, who dost give  
That grace whereby our spirits live :  
Thou God of our salvation, be  
Eternal praises paid to thee !

4 C. M.

To FATHER, SON, and Holy Ghost,  
One God whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

5 C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, be adored,  
Where there are works to make him  
known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

6 C. M. D.

THE God of mercy be adored,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by his redeeming word  
And new-creating breath ;  
To praise the Father and the Son  
And Spirit all-divine,—  
The one in three, and three in one—  
Let saints and angels join.

7 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
And bless the Spirit, too.

8 S. M.

THE Father and the Son  
And Spirit we adore ;  
We praise, we bless, we worship thee,  
Both now and evermore !

9 H. M.

To God the Father's throne  
Your highest honors raise ;  
Glory to God the Son ;  
To God, the Spirit, praise ;  
With all our powers, Eternal King,  
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

10 7s.

SING we to our God above  
Praise eternal as his love ;  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

11 7s, 6l.

PRaise the name of God most high,  
Praise him, all below the sky,  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore his praise shall last.

12 7s, D.

PRaise our glorious King and Lord,  
Angels waiting on his word,  
Saints that walk with him in white,  
Pilgrims walking in his light :  
Glory to the Eternal One,  
Glory to his only Son,  
Glory to the Spirit be  
Now, and through eternity.

## 13 C. P. M.

TO FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Be praise amid the heavenly host,  
 And in the church below;  
 From whom all creatures draw their  
 breath,  
 By whom redemption blessed the earth,  
 From whom all comforts flow.

## 14 8s, 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,  
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;  
 As it was, and is, be given  
 Glory through eternal days.

## 15 8s, 7s. 6l.

PRAISE and honor to the Father,  
 Praise and honor to the Son,  
 Praise and honor to the Spirit,  
 Ever Three and ever One;  
 One in might and one in glory,  
 While eternal ages run.

## 16 8s, 7s. D.

PRAISE the God of all creation;  
 Praise the Father's boundless love:  
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation,  
 Priest and King enthroned above:  
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,  
 Him by whom our spirits live:  
 Undivided adoration  
 To the one Jehovah give.

## 17 8s, 7s, 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,  
 Glory be to God the Son,  
 Glory be to God the Spirit,  
 Glory to the Three in One;  
 Hallelujah!  
 God, the LORD is God alone.

## 18 8s, 7s, 4s.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,  
 God the Father, God the Son,  
 God the Spirit, joined in glory  
 On the same eternal throne;  
 Endless praises  
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

## 19 10s.

TO FATHER, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,  
 Eternal praise and worship be addressed;  
 From age to age, ye saints, his name  
 adore,  
 And spread his fame, till time shall be  
 no more.

## 20 6s, D.

TO FATHER and to Son,  
 And, Holy Ghost! to thee,  
 Eternal Three in One!  
 Eternal glory be;  
 As hath been, and is now,  
 And shall be evermore:  
 Before thy throne we bow,  
 And thee, our God, adore.

## 21 7s, 6s.

TO THEE be praise for ever,  
 Thou glorious King of kings!  
 Thy wondrous love and favor  
 Each ransomed spirit sings:  
 We'll celebrate thy glory  
 With all thy saints above,  
 And shout the joyful story  
 Of thy redeeming love.

## 22 7s, 6s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One God, whom we adore,  
 Join we with the heavenly host  
 To praise thee evermore:  
 Live, by heaven and earth adored,  
 Three in One, and One in Three,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 All glory be to thee!

## 23 11s, OR 5s, 6s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,  
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever  
 blest,  
 All glory and worship, from earth and  
 from heaven,  
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be  
 given.

## 24 6s, 4s.

TO GOD—the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit—Three in One,  
 All praise be given!  
 Crown him in every song;  
 To him your hearts belong;  
 Let all his praise prolong—  
 On earth, in heaven.

# INDEX OF TUNES.

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In the world will.... 732	Joined in one body.... 884	Let thy blood, by.... 880	Lord, teach our hear.... 33
In thee I place.... 532	Joined in one spirit.... 666	Let thy good Spirit.... 355	Lord, thy last here.... 211
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Loud hallelujahs ...	744	My Saviour's prelo	965	Nothing in my ...	874	O, learn to scorn ...	538
Love and grief our ...	869	My soul! ask what ...	72	Nothing more can ...	174	O, let a holy ...	353
Love and peace they	1016	My soul at rest ...	528	Now behold him ...	311	O, let me think ...	261
Love in loving ...	631	My soul he doth ...	602	Now bless, thou God	811	O, let me wing ...	714
Love is the golden ...	823	My soul its every ...	528	Now for the love ...	409	O, let my hand ...	69
Love to God and ...	870	My soul lies humbl	471	Now he bids us ...	308	O, let my soul ...	113
Love's redeeming ...	395	My soul looks back ...	382	Now in the Father's	332	O, let that glorious ...	967
Low at thy feet ...	460	My soul obeys the ...	350	Now in thy holy ...	12	O, let the dead ...	667
Low before thee, Lo	451	My soul rejoices ...	173	Now let me dwell ...	1041	O, let the kingdoms	910
		My soul shall pray ...	20	Now let our souls be	844	O, let them spread ...	750
Make me to walk ...	171	My soul would leave	610	Now, Lord, before ...	126	O, let thy Spirit ...	517
Make my stubborn ...	478	My soul would thith	996	Now may the King ...	10	O, let thy table ...	851
Make us eternal tri	377	My table thou hast	602	Now redemption ...	283	O light of Zion ...	1965
Man may trouble an	520	My terrors all van	619	Now, Saviour, now	863	O long-expected ...	44
Many days have ...	62	My thirsty, fainting	29	Now, Saviour, now	879	O long-expected daw	893
March on in your ...	542	My thoughts, before	188	Now shall my head ...	91	O Lord! amid this ...	512
Martvrs, in a noble	101	My thoughts lie ope	200	Now the full glories	196	O Lord and Master ...	72
May erring minds ...	790	My tongue repeats ...	513	Now to Jesus our	982	O Lord! in ways ...	707
May every heart con	637	My trust is fixed ...	513	Now the heralds ...	433	O Lord, increase ...	839
May faith grow firm	760	My willing soul ...	30	Now, though he relg	280	O Lord! our guilt ...	92
May grace, each idlo	40			Now thy quickening	371	O Lord, prevent ...	957
May I remember ...	710	Naught have I of ...	691	Now to the God ...	950	O, lovely attitude ...	421
May peace attend ...	1	Near the Cross! ...	459	Now to the Lamb th	990	O Love! how cheeri	760
May the blood of ...	868	Nearer my Father's	949	Now to our eyes ...	364	O, magnify the Lord	671
May they that leas	761	Nearer the bound ...	949	Now to the God ...	45	O, make but trial ...	671
May thy gospel's ...	13	Needful art thou my	393	Now to you my ...	837	O, make thy church ...	174
May thy rich grace	600	Needful is thy most	393	Now truth and hono	696	O, may I bear ...	196
May we thy bountie	780	Ne'er think the vict	547	Now, what thee ven	496	O, may I, Lord ...	713
Mean are all offering	795	Never bowed a ...	294	Now we will bless ...	724	O, may I, now ...	760
Mean the joys of ...	504	Never, from thy pas	817	Now we may bow ...	320	O, may I reach ...	794
Men die in darkness	804	Now grace avails ...	16	Now, ye mourners ...	731	O, may our syn ...	704
Mercy and truth on	696	Night unto night ...	25			O, may our willing ...	460
'Mid keen reproach ...	262	No act falls fruitless	796	O, bid this trifling ...	46	O, may that faith ...	534
Might I enjoy the ...	39	No bliss I'll seek ...	742	O, bless the Lord ...	669	O, may the Holy ...	1653
Mighty to redeem ...	717	No burning heats ...	701	O, blessed hope with	819	O, may the sweet ...	226
Mighty Victor, relg	310	No chilling winds ...	989	O, blessed work ...	140	O, may these heav'n	172
" Mine is an unchan	839	No condemnation ...	689	O, blessed assurance fr	1083	O, may these though	188
Mine the God whom	837	No dimly cloud o'er	1007	O, blest is he ...	538	O, may this bountie	217
Mine will the profit	363	No earthly father ...	648	O, by the pangs ...	635	O, may thy counsels	167
Mocked, imprisoned	1016	No! facing all its ...	263	O, cease, my wander	841	O, may thy love ...	474
More glorious still ...	183	No force of earth ...	582	O, change these we	385	O, may thy grace ...	825
More of myself gran	650	No! I must be calm ...	62	O, Christ! he is the ...	1037	O, may thy Spirit ...	358
More of thy presen	75	No; I must my ...	628	O, Christ, his love is	1001	O, may thy Spirit ...	813
Mortals, your homag	247	No longer would ...	491	O Christ of God's ...	281	O, may we all ...	199
Mortals with joy ...	244	No more a lily ...	758	O, come and reign ...	909	O, may we ever ...	696
Mountains shall sin	775	No more fatigue ...	44	O, could we make ...	997	O, may we ne'er ...	327
Mourn for the lost ...	781	No more let human ...	904	O, enter then his ...	79	O, much this frozen ...	393
Mourn for the ruin	781	No more let sin ...	236	O Father! thou ...	226	O, might I hear ...	298
Mourning souls, dry	533	No more shall foes ...	921	O, fill my soul ...	492	O my Saviour! Shie	628
Much of my time ...	116	No more sorrow, no	978	O, for a lowly ...	489	O, never let my ...	51
Multitudes which ...	1016	No mortal can ...	268	O, for grace our ...	585	O, no! this is not ...	965
Must I be carried ...	540	No room for doubt ...	850	O, for the living ...	156	O, not in creling ...	227
My cheerful hope ...	648	No rule alarms ...	44	O, for his own ...	511	O, not in my own ...	599
My conqueror and ...	592	No strife shall ve	1028	O, for this love ...	494	O, on that day, that	881
My days unclouded	114	No sun there climbs	1033	O, for those humble	492	O, preclous cross! ...	543
My faith would lay	382	No tanning foes the	922	O, give to every ...	228	O Saviour, I am ...	462
My Father's gracious	995	No treasures so en	168	O, give us hearts ...	264	O Saviour, I believe	462
My Father's house ...	946	No; thou art prelo	632	O, glorious day, whe	822	O Saviour, then, in	743
My feet shall never	701	No; thy dear name ...	759	O, glorious hour ...	955	O, send thy light ...	12
My feet shall travel	348	None but Christ: hi	587	O God, let people ...	224	O, send thy Spirit ...	171
My flesh shall shun	955	None in vain did ...	153	O God! my inmost ...	384	O, shall not warmer	864
My flesh would rest	38	Nor alms, nor deeds	456	O God, our King ...	39	O, shine on this ...	454
My God, how ex ...	84	Nor death nor hell ...	681	O gracious God! in	494	O, shouldst thou ...	495
My God, how wou	648	Nor do I yet ...	893	O, grant us grace ...	760	O, shouldst thou ...	377
My God, I cry ...	387	Nor earth nor all ...	593	O, guard us grace ...	169	O, shouldst thou ...	47
My God! I would	195	Nor fear thy Salem's	922	O, guard our shores	1051	O, spread thy cover ...	808
My God is reconcil	405	Nor let the good ...	735	O, happy bond, that	857	O, sweet and blessed	1004
My God, my Father!	703	Nor let these blessi	376	O, happy, happy ...	654	O, sweet and blessed	1020
My God, thy name ...	721	Nor pain, nor grief ...	966	O, happy harbor of	1097	O, teach us, Lord ...	687
My gracious Master	490	Nor shall fall from	213	O, happy hour, whe	345	O, tell me, Lord ...	680
My great Protector ...	51	Nor shall the glowin	674	O, happy souls ...	11	O, tell me the ...	615
My guilt appeared ...	387	Nor shall thy spread	158	O, hasten, Lord ...	6	O, tell of his might ...	98
My heart dissolves ...	281	Nor time, nor dis	327	O Heart! that with	887	O, tell me that my ...	987
My heart for gladne	594	Nor voice can sing ...	614	O, holy, heavenly ho	1035	O, that all may ...	672
My heart grows war	44	Nor will our days ...	149	O, holy, holy, hol	203	O, that each in the ...	1057
My heart shall tri ...	48	Nor would I drop ...	28	O, how I cry ...	712	O, that our thoughts	47
My hopes of heav'n	387	Not all that men ...	679	O, how I hate ...	275	O, that with yonder	329
My Jesus, as thou ...	726	Not all the harps ...	593	O, how long sufferin	132	O, the height of ...	453
My journey soon w	570	Not for ever by ...	789	O, I would my ears ...	1017	O, the rich depths ...	790
My knowledge of ...	537	Not in the name ...	825	O, if my Lord ...	941	O, the transporting ...	969
My life with him ...	651	Not in vain ...	287	O, if the souls ...	358	O, then arise and ...	444
My lips with shame	468	Not life itself ...	21	O, if this glimpse ...	842	O, then blessed Jesu	621
My Lord, before to	952	Not many rich or ...	758	O, in thy light ...	258	O, then, on faith's ...	1012
My love is oft-time	840	Not many years the	1056	O Jesus, bring us ...	1033	O, then what raptur	1066
My merry heart has	1003	Not so your eyes ...	423	O Jesus, ever with ...	598	O, then with hymns	751
My mistakes his ...	447	Not soft strains ...	632	O Jesus, light of ...	637	O, then stablish ...	592
My native country ...	1050	Not the fair palaces	28	O Jesus, thou art ...	464	O, thou, by whom ...	67
My pathway is not ...	722	Not the labor of ...	874	O, keep me in ...	494	O thou eternal Ru	794
My praise can only	877	Not walls nor hills ...	571	O, keep my soul ...	550	O thou great God!	506



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O thou who art .....	523	Our hearts are break .....	1035	Rise, touched with .....	421	So it shall be .....	713
O thou, whose eanst .....	176	Our hearts be pure .....	340	Riven the rock for .....	487	So Jesus looked .....	794
O thou, whose infan .....	810	Our hearts, by dyin .....	606	Rivers to the ocean .....	939	So Jesus slept; God .....	966
O, to grace how .....	818	Our heavenly Father .....	820	Rock of ages, I'm .....	584	So let thy grace .....	200
O voice of mercy .....	508	Our heavenly Father .....	379	Round each habitat .....	733	So long thy power .....	774
O, wash my soul .....	468	Our hope and expect .....	1021			So pure, so soul .....	175
O, watch, and fight .....	547	Our labors done .....	951	Sad to his toil .....	546	So shall my walk .....	493
O water, life-bestow .....	885	Our life is a dream .....	1057	Safe the dreary .....	4	So songs shall rise .....	1031
O, weak to know a .....	583	Our life while thou .....	1052	Saint after saint .....	959	So strange, so boun .....	437
O, welcome day! wh .....	1034	Our lives through .....	204	Saints below with .....	107	So, though our path .....	653
O, were I there! oh, .....	1033	Our midnight is .....	191	Saints on earth, lift .....	207	So, through the oce .....	678
O, what a pure .....	811	Our prayers assist .....	908	Salvation!—let the .....	401	So, when my latest .....	946
O, what trembling .....	983	Our quickened souls .....	391	Salvation to God .....	907	So when thou again .....	301
O, when shall that .....	122	Our restless spirits .....	598	Save us, in thy .....	755	So, when'er the .....	136
O, when will the .....	625	Our sacrifice is one .....	752	Saviour, breathe for .....	135	Soar we now where .....	305
O, while I breathe .....	882	Our sins, our guilt .....	687	Saviour! hasten .....	312	Soft descend the .....	793
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O, wondrous know .....	200	Our souls and bodies .....	888	Saviour! may our .....	5	Sometimes 'mid sea .....	737
O, wondrous love .....	515	Our souls—on thee .....	465	Saviour, Prince, en .....	458	Sons of God! your .....	929
O ye angels, hoverin .....	433	Our sun is sinking .....	119	Saviour, shine and .....	482	Soon as the evening .....	133
O, ye beneath .....	248	Our vows, our pray .....	508	Saviour! to me, in .....	492	Soon as the morn .....	639
O, yet a shelter .....	442	Our years are like .....	176	Say—live for ever .....	295	Soon as the morn .....	496
O Zion, learn to .....	759	Over our spirits first .....	915	Say, shall we yield .....	250	Soon, for me, the .....	129
O Zion! lift thy .....	242			Say to the heathen .....	904	Soon may all tribes .....	915
Obedient to thy .....	6	Paschal Lamb, by .....	282	Scenes will vary .....	531	Soon shall close thy .....	521
Obedient to thy .....	863	Partakers of the .....	666	Seal my forgiveness .....	114	Soon shall my eyes .....	289
O'er all the sons .....	331	Pass me not, O .....	418	Search for us the .....	374	Soon shall our dou .....	555
O'er all the strait .....	165	Patriarchs erst and .....	778	Seasons and months .....	184	Soon shall our doubt .....	723
O'er all those wide .....	989	Peace be within .....	20	Season of rest! .....	149	Soon our souls to .....	1058
O'er every foe victor .....	894	Peace from the bosom .....	797	Send forth thy her .....	923	Soon shall we hear .....	32
O'er the blue depths .....	240	Peace is on the .....	5	Send them thy high .....	92	"Soon the days of .....	612
Of all good art .....	158	"Peace on earth, go .....	234	Seraphs with elevat .....	1041	Soon thou wilt come .....	401
Of all the pious .....	434	Peace that glorious .....	286	Set up thy throne .....	912	Soon we pass this .....	1015
Of his deliverance I .....	671	Peace to our brethren .....	121	See celestial radiance .....	698	Sorrow and fear .....	694
Oft have our fathers .....	772	People and realms .....	911	See, dearest Lord .....	437	Sow thy seed, be .....	793
Oft I walk beneath .....	670	"Perhaps he will .....	420	See—flowers of .....	34	Speak! and the word .....	912
Oft the nights of .....	670	"Permit them to .....	809	See, from all lands .....	896	Speak thou, and fro .....	353
Oft to Marah's .....	457	Pity and save my .....	467	See, from his head .....	275	Speak thy pardonin .....	366
Old friends, old seen .....	662	Pity the nations .....	881	See heathen nations .....	895	Spirit of grace! .....	24
On all around, let .....	913	Plenteous grace wit .....	505	See, Lord, before th .....	454	Spirit of our God .....	135
On cherub and on .....	231	Praise and honor .....	870	See—Salem's gold .....	34	Spirit of purity .....	373
On earth we want .....	596	Praise be to thee .....	131	See that glory, how .....	956	Spirit of truth and .....	369
On me thy promised .....	111	Praise God, from wh .....	115	See that your lamps .....	1021	"Spread for thee, th .....	412
On me thy providen .....	158	Praise my soul, the .....	212	See, the feast of .....	673	"Sprinkled now wit .....	412
On mightier wing .....	143	Praise shall employ .....	86	See, the heaven .....	267	Stand then in his .....	579
On that my gaze .....	896	Praise to God, the .....	104	See the Judge, our .....	753	Stand up, and bless .....	557
On thee alone .....	270	Praise ye the Lord .....	785	See! the streams of .....	83	Stand up! stand up .....	557
On thee we dir, g .....	609	Pray thou, Christian .....	67	See where it shines .....	83	Still at thy mercy .....	450
On us the vast .....	511	Prayer is the burden .....	67	Seek we, then, the .....	791	Still for us he .....	207
On wheels of light .....	212	Prayer is the Christ .....	67	Shall all that now .....	893	Still in ceaseless con .....	869
On wings of love .....	794	Prayer is the con .....	67	Shall God invite .....	423	Still let the barren .....	151
Once a sinner, near .....	62	Prayer is the simp .....	67	Shall Jew and Gent .....	893	Still let the spirit .....	579
Once again beside .....	617	Prayer makes the da .....	77	Shall love like thine .....	882	Still looking to Jesu .....	620
Once did the skies .....	243	Precious banquet .....	866	Shall persecution or .....	679	Still on thy holy .....	126
Once earthly joy .....	486	Precious is the .....	440	Shall thy hosannas .....	394	Still onward urge .....	559
Once, O Lord, thy .....	897	Precious is thy .....	157	Shall we thy .....	267	Still on thy spirit .....	5
Once on the raging .....	241	Present we know .....	825	Shall we, whose son .....	890	Still through the .....	248
Once the world's Re .....	460	Prince of Life! to .....	872	Shine thou within .....	125	Still we wait for .....	758
One army of the .....	820	"Prostrate I'll lie .....	420	Should aught beguil .....	1032	Stripped of each ear .....	699
One blessed fellow .....	822	Publish, spread to .....	106	Should coming days .....	1010	Strong in the Lord .....	579
One day, amid .....	30	Put all thy beaute .....	921	Should earth again .....	682	Strong were thy foe .....	773
One more day's wor .....	140			Should I distribute .....	663	Subdue the power .....	360
One privilege my .....	91	Quick as their thoug .....	677	Should my tears for .....	871	Such blessings from .....	808
One trial more must .....	706	Quicker yet and .....	581	Should sudden veng .....	468	Such, Father, give .....	697
One with thyself .....	264			Should swift death .....	139	Such was our Lord .....	263
One word from thee .....	877	Raised on devotion's .....	229	Should thy people .....	306	Such was the pity .....	438
Only, O Lord, in .....	662	Rebel, ye slaves, en .....	164	Shortly this prison .....	991	Such was thy truth .....	260
Onward then! not lo .....	1018	Rebuke his praise .....	191	Shout, ye flock .....	538	Such was thy truth .....	260
Onward, then, ye .....	538	Rebuild thy walls .....	937	Show me what I .....	431	Such was thy truth .....	260
Onward we go, for .....	235	Reign, Prince of life .....	330	Show us some token .....	108	Such was thy truth .....	260
Open the hearts of .....	378	Rejoice in hope and .....	653	Simple, teachable an .....	672	Such was thy truth .....	260
Open thou the cryst .....	134	Rejoice when care a .....	653	Sin and sorrow .....	15	Such was thy truth .....	260
Order my footsteps .....	171	Rejoice in glorious .....	299	Since all that I .....	576	Such was thy truth .....	260
Other knowledge I .....	479	Rejoice, ye that love .....	105	Since Christ and we .....	827	Such was thy truth .....	260
Other lords have lon .....	618	Religion bears our .....	664	Since from his .....	268	Sweet—at the dawn .....	545
Our refuge have I .....	505	Remember still that .....	814	Since in thy love .....	375	Sweet fields beyond .....	992
Our blessed Lord .....	424	Remember thee, an .....	862	Since thou hast been .....	29	Sweet hour of praye .....	774
Our contrite spirits .....	22	Remember thee—th .....	864	Since thou, the ever .....	684	Sweet, in the conf .....	413
"Our daily bread .....	146	Remember thy pure .....	859	Since, with pure and .....	522	Sweet is the cross .....	413
Our daily course .....	40	Renew my will from .....	738	Sing of his dying .....	32	Sweet is the day .....	431
Our days are as .....	725	Rent the temple cur .....	778	Sing the Son's amaz .....	50	Sweet is thy speech .....	341
Our days are numbe .....	742	Repeated crimes aw .....	333	Sing we then eter .....	50	Sweet on his faith .....	514
Our eyes have seen .....	938	Restraining prayer .....	77	Sing we, too, the .....	50	Sweet on this day .....	749
Our faith adores .....	846	Return, almighty G .....	925	Sinners, believe the .....	438	Sweet the day of .....	545
Our father's God! to .....	1059	Return, O holy Dove .....	493	Sinners, see your .....	343	Sweet the look .....	711
Our fathers where .....	958	Return, O wanderer .....	419	Sinners, whose love .....	329	Sweet to play inwar .....	506
Our Fellow-sufferer .....	75	Revive our drooping .....	361	So at last, when .....	313	Swift as an eagle .....	1025
Our glad hosannas .....	253	Richer than all eart .....	1065	So fades a summer .....	942	Swift on the wings .....	526
Our God in pity .....	424	Rise, Saviour! help .....	496	So, gracious Saviour .....	349	Swift through the .....	254
Our grateful souls .....	1062					Swift to its close .....	121

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Take courage, then, . . .	470	The highest hopes . . .	998	Thou wilt I love, . . .	591	There, like streams, . . .	754
Take my soul and . . .	875	The highest place . . .	328	Thou, with the tribe . . .	590	There let the way . . .	485
Teach the things of . . .	371	The hill of Zion . . .	331	Thou hast made the . . .	937	Thine, mighty God . . .	25
Teach me all thy . . .	631	The holy church . . .	263	Their harmony shall . . .	150	Thou art the light . . .	1045
Teach me to live . . .	712	The holy church . . .	263	Their joy shall bear . . .	151	Thou art the light . . .	1045
Teach me to live . . .	712	The hopes that holy . . .	161	Their ransomed . . .	947	There on thee I . . .	283
Teach us, in every . . .	723	The hosts of God . . .	671	Their sighs are lost . . .	1030	There, purity with . . .	1011
Teach us, in watch . . .	969	The hosts of saluts . . .	1042	Their streaming tea . . .	674	There rest shall toll . . .	544
Teach us, O Lord . . .	807	The humble supplia . . .	48	Their tools are past . . .	970	There safe thou shal . . .	841
Teach us, O Lord . . .	943	The joy of all . . .	328	Thou all these waste . . .	923	There servants, mus . . .	969
Tell him, it was . . .	443	The King himself . . .	30	Thou dully wants hi . . .	676	There shall each rap . . .	32
Tell him of that . . .	443	The kingdom that I . . .	727	Thou entering the . . .	738	There shall I bathe . . .	682
Tell me how cometh . . .	247	The least and feeble . . .	683	Thou felt my soul . . .	387	There shall I offer . . .	91
Tell me the same . . .	411	The light lost . . .	239	Thou gentle carenc . . .	915	There shall I wear . . .	524
Tell me the story . . .	413	The light of smiles . . .	735	Thou if thou thy . . .	165	There shall no doub . . .	736
Tell of his wondrous . . .	298	The lofty hills and . . .	545	Thou I hope like . . .	650	There the blest Man . . .	1011
Ten thousand thous . . .	187	The Lord builds up . . .	87	Thou I am nobler . . .	338	There the glory be ev . . .	1000
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My Jesus, as thou wilt .....	726	O Christ, the Lord of heaven! to thee ..	330
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My opening eyes with rapture see ...	46	O, come, and mourn with me awhile ..	889
My Saviour! my almighty Friend .....	348	O, come, let us sing unto the Lord ...	1077
My Saviour, whom absent I love .....	626	O, could I find from day to day .....	497
My Shepherd will supply my need .....	636	O, could I speak the matchless worth ..	616
My soul, be on thy guard .....	547	O, could our thoughts and wishes fly ..	1012
My soul complete in Jesus stands .....	528	O day of rest and gladness .....	16
My soul, how lovely is the place .....	26	O, do not let the word depart .....	424
My soul lies cleaving to the dust .....	166		

	HYMN.		HYMN.
O eyes that are weary, and hearts . . .	620	O Sun of Righteousness, arise . . . . .	913
O, for a closer walk with God . . . . .	493	O, sweetly breathe the lyres above . . .	606
O, for a faith that will not shrink . . .	1008	O, tell me, thou life and delight . . . . .	615
O, for a heart to praise my God . . . . .	489	O, that I could for ever dwell . . . . .	702
O, for a shout of joy . . . . .	232	O, that the Lord would guide my ways .	171
O, for a shout of sacred joy . . . . .	347	O, that the Lord's salvation . . . . .	927
O, for a strong, a lasting faith . . . . .	189	O, the sweet wonders of that cross . . .	855
O, for a sweet, inspiring ray . . . . .	1039	O, this soul, how dark and blind . . . .	502
O, for a thousand tongues to sing . . . .	490	O thou essential Word . . . . .	218
O, for an overcoming faith . . . . .	950	O thou, from whom all goodness flows . .	455
O, for that tenderness of heart . . . . .	492	O thou God who hearest prayer . . . . .	451
O, for the death of those . . . . .	947	O thou that hearest prayer . . . . .	379
O, for the happy hour . . . . .	917	O thou whom we adore . . . . .	914
O, for the peace which floweth like a .	1081	O thou, whose bounty fills my cup . . . .	709
O, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith . . . .	654	O thou, whose mercy guides my way . . .	713
O God, beneath thy guiding hand . . . .	1060	O thou, whose own vast temple stands . .	760
O God of Bethel, by whose hand . . . . .	808	O thou, whose tender mercy hears . . . .	454
O God, the Rock of Ages . . . . .	176	O, turn, great Ruler of the skies . . . .	507
O God, to us show mercy . . . . .	224	O, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye .	427
O God! we praise thee, and confess . . .	203	O, what amazing words of grace . . . . .	399
O happy band of pilgrims . . . . .	1005	O, what if we are Christ's . . . . .	838
O, happy day, that fixed my choice . . . .	857	O, what stupendous mercy shines . . . .	805
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter . . . . .	358	O, where are kings and empires now . . .	757
O holy Saviour! Friend unseen . . . . .	728	O, where shall rest be found . . . . .	381
O, how I love thy holy law . . . . .	168	O word of God incarnate . . . . .	174
O, if my soul were formed for woe . . . .	278	O, worship the King, all-glorious . . . .	98
O Jesus, bruised and wounded more . . .	887	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness . . . .	901
O Jesus! King most wonderful . . . . .	637	On Jordan's rugged banks I stand . . . .	989
O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed . . . . .	281	On mountains and in valleys . . . . .	177
O Jesus, thou art standing . . . . .	464	On the mountain's top appearing . . . . .	900
O Jesus, we adore thee . . . . .	288	Once I thought my mountain strong . . . .	482
O, join ye the anthems of triumph . . . .	105	Once more, before we part . . . . .	126
O Lamb of God! still keep me . . . . .	289	Once more, my soul, the rising day . . . .	25
O Lord, how full of sweet content . . . .	659	One cup of healing oil and wine . . . . .	806
O Lord! how happy should we be . . . . .	561	One more day's work for Jesus . . . . .	140
O Lord, thy pitying eye surveys . . . . .	767	One prayer I have — all prayers in one .	710
O Lord, thy work revive . . . . .	918	One sole baptismal sign . . . . .	752
O Love divine! that stooped to share . .	609	One sweetly solemn thought . . . . .	949
O mother dear, Jerusalem . . . . .	1007	One there is, above all others . . . . .	585
O, not my own these verdant hills . . . .	599	Onward, Christian soldiers . . . . .	518
O, not to fill the mouth of fame . . . . .	491	Onward, Christian, though the region . . .	788
O Paradise eternal! . . . . .	1031	Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed . . .	373
O Paradise, O Paradise . . . . .	993	Our country's voice is pleading . . . . .	892
O sacred Head, now wounded . . . . .	290	Our Father, who art in heaven . . . . .	143
O Saviour, I am blind! . . . . .	462	Our Father! through the coming . . . . .	1054
O Saviour, who didst come . . . . .	839	Our God, our Help in ages past . . . . .	964
O, see how Jesus trusts himself . . . . .	269	Our heavenly Father calls . . . . .	71
O Son of God, in glory crowned . . . . .	973	Our heavenly Father, hear . . . . .	146
O Spirit of the living God . . . . .	380	Our helper, God! we bless thy name . .	1062
O, still in accents sweet and strong . . .	798	Our Lord is risen from the dead . . . . .	339



	HYMN.		HYMN.
Out of the depths have I cried unto...	1073	Saviour! teach me day by day .....	631
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.....	446	Saviour, thy dying love.....	488
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive..	704	Saviour, visit thy plantation....	897
People of the living God .....	837	Saviour, when in dust to thee.....	501
"Perfect in love!" Lord, can it be....	512	Saviour! who thy flock art feeding...	817
Planted in Christ, the living vine....	884	Scorn not the slightest word or deed..	796
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair .....	434	Searcher of hearts! from mine erase..	495
Pour out thy Spirit from on high.....	766	See a poor sinner, dearest Lord.....	470
Praise God, from whom all.....	80, 144	See! how great a flame aspires.....	929
Praise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits ...	49	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands ...	809
Praise the Lord, who reigns above.....	106	See, the Conqueror mounts in.....	313
Praise to God, immortal praise.....	1050	See the eternal Judge descending....	974
Praise to thee, thou great Creator.....	104	Servant of God, well done.....	962
Praise ye the Lord; exalt his name....	42	Shepherd! with thy tenderest love....	634
Praise ye the Lord; my heart shall....	86	Shout the glad tidings, exultingly....	247
Praise ye the Lord!—'t is good to thee..	87	Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive....	468
Praise waits in Zion, Lord! for thee....	92	Since Jesus is my Friend.....	594
Prayer is the breath of God in man....	68	Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord ...	542
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire....	67	Sing to the Lord, our Might.....	94
Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross....	860	Sing we the song of those who stand..	23
Prostrate, dear Jesus! at thy feet....	471	Sinners, turn, why will ye die.....	425
Purer yet, and purer.....	581	Sinners, will you scorn the message...	433
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.....	642	So fades the lovely, blooming flower...	945
Rejoice in God alway.....	653	So let our lips and lives express.....	664
Rejoice, rejoice, believers .....	1021	Softly fades the twilight ray.....	5
Rejoice! the Lord is king.....	299	Softly now the light of day .....	129
Rejoice to-day with one accord.....	216	Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	579
Return, my roving heart, return.....	506	Sometimes a light surprises.....	555
Return, O wanderer, to thy home....	419	Son of God! to thee I cry .....	872
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.....	322	Songs of praise the angels sang.....	107
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings..	939	Soon may the last glad song arise....	907
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path.....	535	Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom...	1025
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	871, 874	Soul, then know thy full salvation....	521
Roll on, thou mighty ocean.....	776	Sovereign of worlds! display thy ....	912
Safely through another week.....	13	Sow in the morn thy seed.....	782
Salvation is for ever nigh.....	696	Speak to me, Lord, thyself reveal....	27
Salvation!—oh, the joyful sound....	401	Stand up and bless the Lord.....	156
Saviour, again to thy dear name we... 128		Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears.	524
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing .	139	Stand up!—Stand up for Jesus .....	557
Saviour, happy would I be.....	643	Still, still with thee, my God.....	120
Saviour, I follow on.....	487	Strait is the way, the door is strait...	389
Saviour, in thy mysterious presence...	879	Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear....	112
Saviour King, in hallowed union.....	816	Sure the blest Comforter is nigh .....	355
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.....	815	Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne...	452
Saviour, more than life to me.....	568	Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of..	73
Saviour of our ruined race.....	883	Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve....	149
		Sweet is the memory of thy grace....	197
		Sweet is the work, my God, my King..	43
		Sweet is the work, O Lord .....	54
		Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go....	142

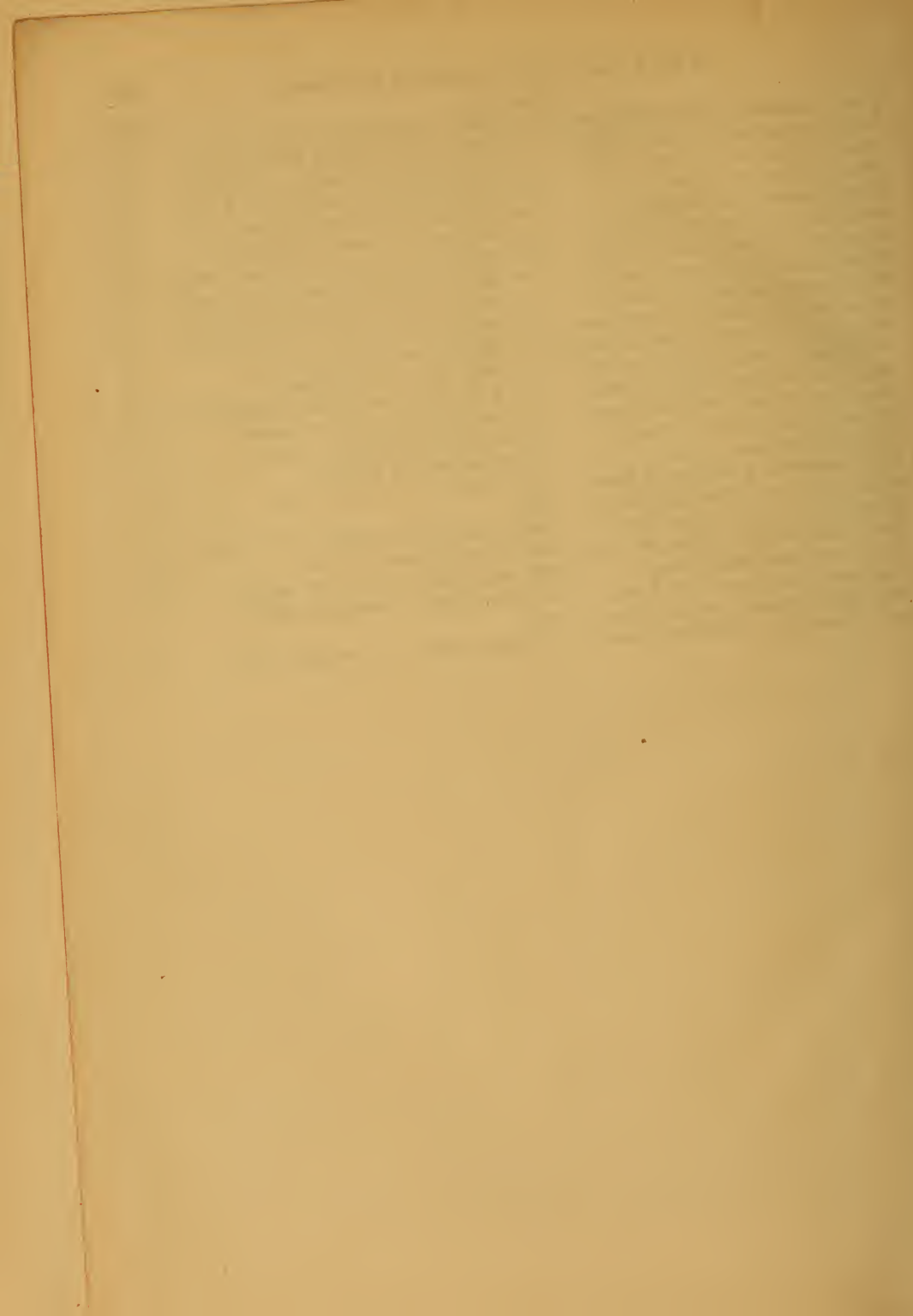


	HYMN.		HYMN.
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing...	869	The Saviour bids thee watch and.....	667
Sweet the time, exceeding sweet.....	50	The Saviour kindly calls.....	812
Sweet was the time when first I felt.....	496	The Saviour! oh, what endless.....	270
Sweeter sounds than music knows.....	628	The Son of God goes forth to war.....	799
Swell the anthem, raise the song. ....	1049	The spacious firmament on high.....	183
		The Spirit breathes upon the word ...	173
Take me, O my Father, take me!.....	460	The Spirit, in our hearts.....	441
Take my heart, O Father! take it.....	868	The starry firmament on high.....	161
"Take up thy cross," the Saviour.....	803	The swift declining day.....	118
Tarry with me, O my Saviour.....	747	The voice of free grace cries, Escape..	402
Tell me the old, old story.....	413	Thee we adore, eternal Name.....	1055
Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	1006	Thee will I love, my Strength, my....	591
Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled.....	935	There is a blessed home.....	1043
Thank and praise Jehovah's name.....	100	There is a book that all may read.....	201
That awful day will surely come.....	987	There is a fountain filled with blood..	398
The church has waited long.....	959	There is a holy city.....	1042
The church's one foundation.....	771	There is a house not made with.....	991
The day is past and gone, Great God..	122	There is a land immortal.....	1030
The day is past and gone, The.....	123	There is a land of pure delight.....	997
The day, O Lord, is spent.....	119	There is a safe and secret place.....	683
The day of praise is done.....	125	There is an hour of hallowed peace...1011	
The day of rest once more comes.....	6	There is an hour of peaceful rest....1013	
The day of resurrection.....	340	There is an hour when I must part....	743
The day of wrath! that dreadful day..	981	There is no night in heaven.....	1040
The God of Abraham praise.....	95	There were ninety and nine that....	403
The golden gates are lifted up.....	324	There's a wideness in God's mercy..	214
The harvest dawn is near.....	546	They who seek the throne of grace....	64
The head that once was crowned.....	328	Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we. ....	44
The heavens declare his glory.....	175	Thine for ever! God of love.....	834
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord..	158	Thine holy day's returning.....	17
The King of saints,—how fair his face.	345	Think gently of the erring one.....	800
The Lord descended from above.....	231	This child we dedicate to thee.....	813
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not..1071		This is not my place of resting.....	1015
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want....	564	This is the day the Lord hath made...19	
"The Lord is risen indeed".....	318	This place is holy ground.....	971
The Lord my pasture shall prepare....	8	Thou art gone to the grave! but we...934	
The Lord my Shepherd is.....	595	Thou art gone up on high.....	319
The Lord of glory is my light.....	91	Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord. ....	686
The Lord, our God, is full of might....	194	Thou art the Way; to thee alone.....	265
The Lord shall come! the earth shall..	984	Thou, from whom we never part.....	152
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.	602	Thou lovely Source of true delight...164	
The mercies of my God and King.....	1069	Thou, O Lord, in tender love.....	516
The mistakes of my life are many....	447	Thou only Sovereign of my heart.....	466
The morning light is breaking.....	895	Thou very present Aid.....	694
The peace which God alone reveals...115		Thou who art enthroned above.....	103
The people of the Lord.....	544	Thou who didst on Calvary bleed.....	293
The perfect world, by Adam trod.....	764	Thou who roll'st the year around.....1047	
The promises I sing.....	150	Thou! whose almighty word.....	369
The roseate hues of early dawn.....	998	Though faint, yet pursuing, we go....	565
The sands of time are sinking.....	1037	Though I speak with angel tongues...641	

	HYMN.		HYMN.
Though now the nations sit beneath..	905	Vain, delusive world, adieu.....	479
Though sorrows rise and dangers....	635	Vainly through night's weary hours...	791
Though troubles assail, and dangers..	574	Vital spark of heavenly flame.....	967
Through all the changing scenes of...	671		
Through every age, eternal God.....	943	Wait, my soul, upon the Lord.....	584
Through sorrow's night, and.....	951	Wait, O my soul! thy Maker's will...	182
Through the love of God our.....	519	Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn..	255
Thus far the Lord has led me on.....	116	Wake! the welcome day appeareth ...	778
Thy Father's house! thine own.....	1034	Walk in the light! so shalt thou .....	655
Thy home is with the humble, Lord...	480	Watchman! tell us of the night.....	932
Thy mighty working, mighty God.....	1038	We are on our journey home.....	1035
Thy way, not mine, O Lord .....	727	We are watching, we are waiting.....	787
Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea.....	206	We bid thee welcome in the name.....	763
Thy will be done! I will not fear ....	736	We bless thee for thy peace, O God....	697
Thy will be done! in devious way....	730	We come, O Lord, before thy throne..	1053
"Till he come;" oh, let the words...	873	We give immortal praise.....	230
Time is winging us away.....	940	We give thee but thine own.....	780
Time, thou speedest on but slowly....	1018	We may not climb the heavenly.....	271
'T is a point I long to know.....	499	We praise thee, O God; we.....	1074
'T is by the faith of joys to come ....	661	We shall see Him, in our nature.....	304
"'T is finished!"—so the Saviour ....	274	We stand in deep repentance.....	465
'T is God the Spirit leads .....	365	We would see Jesus—for the shadows. .	878
'T is midnight; and on Olive's brow ..	273	Weary, Lord, of struggling here.....	483
'T is my happiness below .....	720	Weeping will not save me.....	430
'T is not a cause of small import.....	761	Welcome, delightful morn.....	10
'T is not that I did choose thee.....	178	Welcome, sweet day of rest.....	30
To God the Father, God the Son.....	81	What a Friend we have in Jesus... ..	567
To God the only wise.....	121	What cheering words are these. ....	692
To Jesus, our exalted Lord.....	852	What equal honors shall we bring.....	338
To our Redeemer's glorious name....	296	What finite power, with ceaseless toil..	190
To thee, my God and Saviour.....	639	What grace, O Lord, and beauty.....	264
To thee, O God, we raise.....	219	What is life? 't is but a vapor .....	956
To thy pastures fair and large.....	4	What shall I render to my God.....	186
To thy temple we repair .....	3	What sinners value I resign.....	955
To us a Child of hope is born.....	237	What various hindrances we meet.....	77
Together with these symbols, Lord... .	858	When adverse winds and waves arise..	706
Traveling to the better land.....	573	When all thy mercies, O my God.....	187
Trembling before thine awful throne..	477	When along life's thorny road.....	717
Triumphant, Lord, thy goodness.....	228	When, as returns this solemn day. . .	53
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head.....	921	When downward to the darksome tomb. .	952
'T was by an order from the Lord ....	159	When gathering clouds around I view. .	708
'T was on that dark, that doleful night. .	845	When God, of old, came down from... .	370
'T was the day when God's Anointed ..	287	When human hopes all wither.....	886
		When I can read my title clear.....	682
Unshaken as the sacred hill .....	571	When I survey the wondrous cross....	275
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	966	When I view my Saviour bleeding.....	283
Upon the gospel's sacred page.....	163	When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay.....	807
Upward I lift mine eyes.....	701	When Jordan hushed his waters still..	242
		When languor and disease invade.....	711
Vain are the hopes the sons of men... .	388	When, like a stranger on our sphere... .	259

	HYMN.		HYMN.
When, marshaled on the nightly plain..	241	Why is thy faith, O child of God.....	1083
When musing sorrow weeps the past..	714	Why on the bending willows hung....	922
When my last hour is close at hand ..	977	Why should our tears in sorrow flow..	970
When on Sinai's top I see .....	835	Why should the children of a King....	359
When, overwhelmed with grief .....	699	Why should we start, and fear to die..	941
When our heads are bowed with woe..	716	Why will ye waste on trifling cares....	423
When, rising from the bed of death... ..	988	With all my powers of heart and tongue..	233
When sins and fears, prevailing, rise ..	527	With broken heart and contrite sigh ..	456
When, streaming from the eastern .....	9	With deepest reverence at thy throne..	180
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt..	957	With heavenly power, O Lord, defend..	768
When waves of trouble round me swell ..	715	With joy we hail the sacred day.....	24
Wherehigh the heavenly temple stands..	75	With joy we lift our eyes .....	33
Where the woodman's axe is ringing ..	899	With songs and honors sounding loud ..	1068
Where two or three, with sweet accord..	59	With tearful eyes I look around.....	508
While in sweet communion feeding....	865	Work, for the night is coming.....	783
While my Redeemer's near .....	578	Work while it is to-day .....	779
While shepherds watched their flocks..	238	Would you win a soul to God .....	443
While thee I seek, protecting Power ..	185	Ye angels! who stand round the throne..	625
While we lowly bow before thee.....	153	Ye messengers of Christ.....	775
While, with ceaseless course, the sun..	1048	Ye servants of God, your Master.....	97
Who are these in bright array.....	999	Your harps, ye trembling saints.....	553
Who is this that comes from Edom....	310		
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn... ..	679	Zion! awake, thy strength renew .....	906
Why do we mourn departing friends ..	953		















And they sang a new song,  
singing with a loud voice,

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain  
to receive power, and riches, and wisdom,  
and strength, and honor, and glory, and  
blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven,  
and on the earth, and under the earth,  
and such as are in the sea, and all that  
are in them, heard I saying,

Blessing, and honor, and glory, and  
power, be unto him that sitteth upon the  
throne, and unto the Lamb for ever  
and ever.



